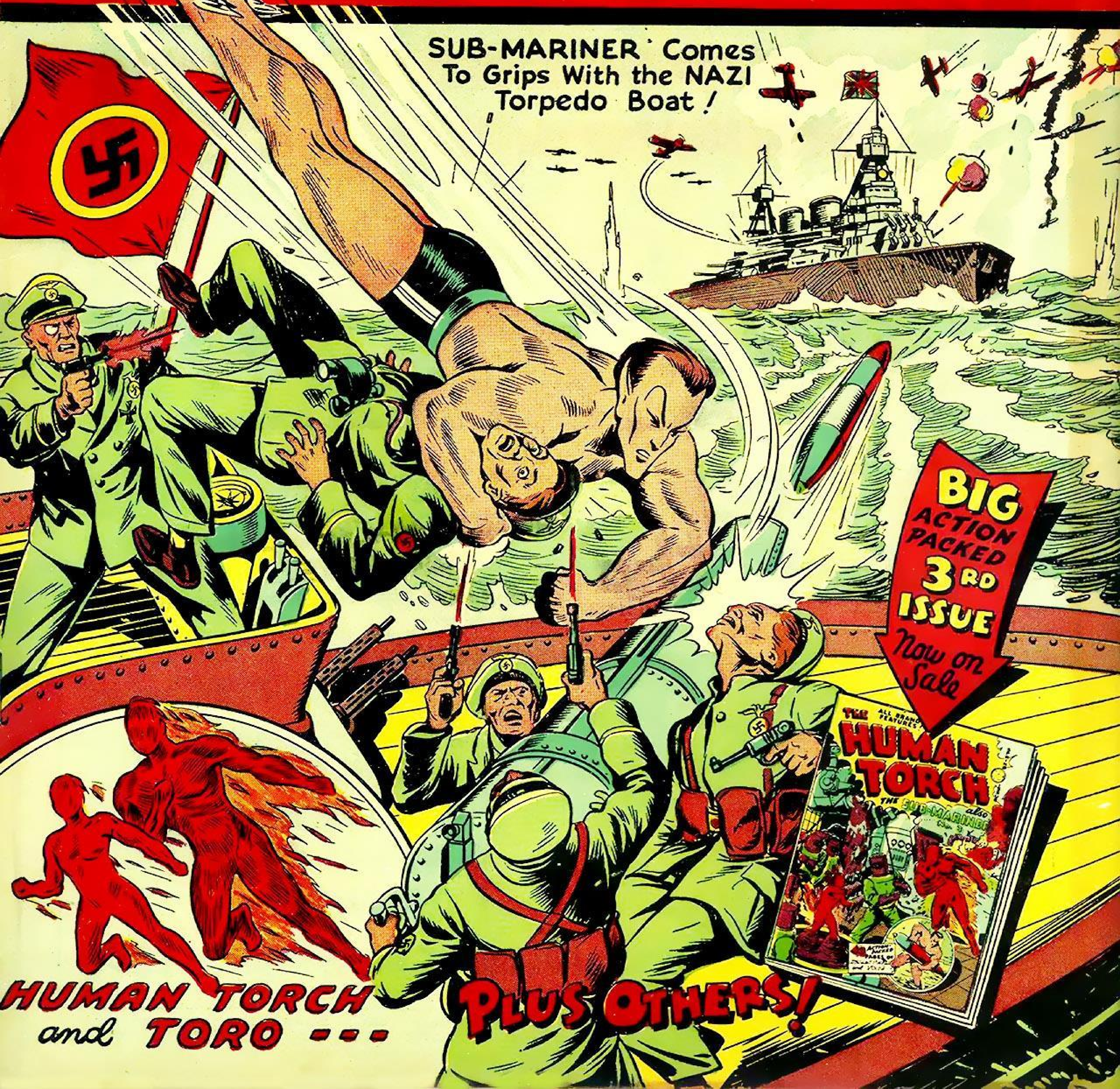
MARVEL

No. 20

JUNE 10¢

MYSTERY COMICS


SUB-MARINER Comes To Grips With the NAZI Torpedo Boat!
BIG ACTION PACKED 3RD ISSUE Now on Sale
ALL BRAND NEW FEATURES! THE HUMAN TORCH also THE SUB-MARINER No. 3
HUMAN TORCH and TORO ---
PLUS OTHERS!

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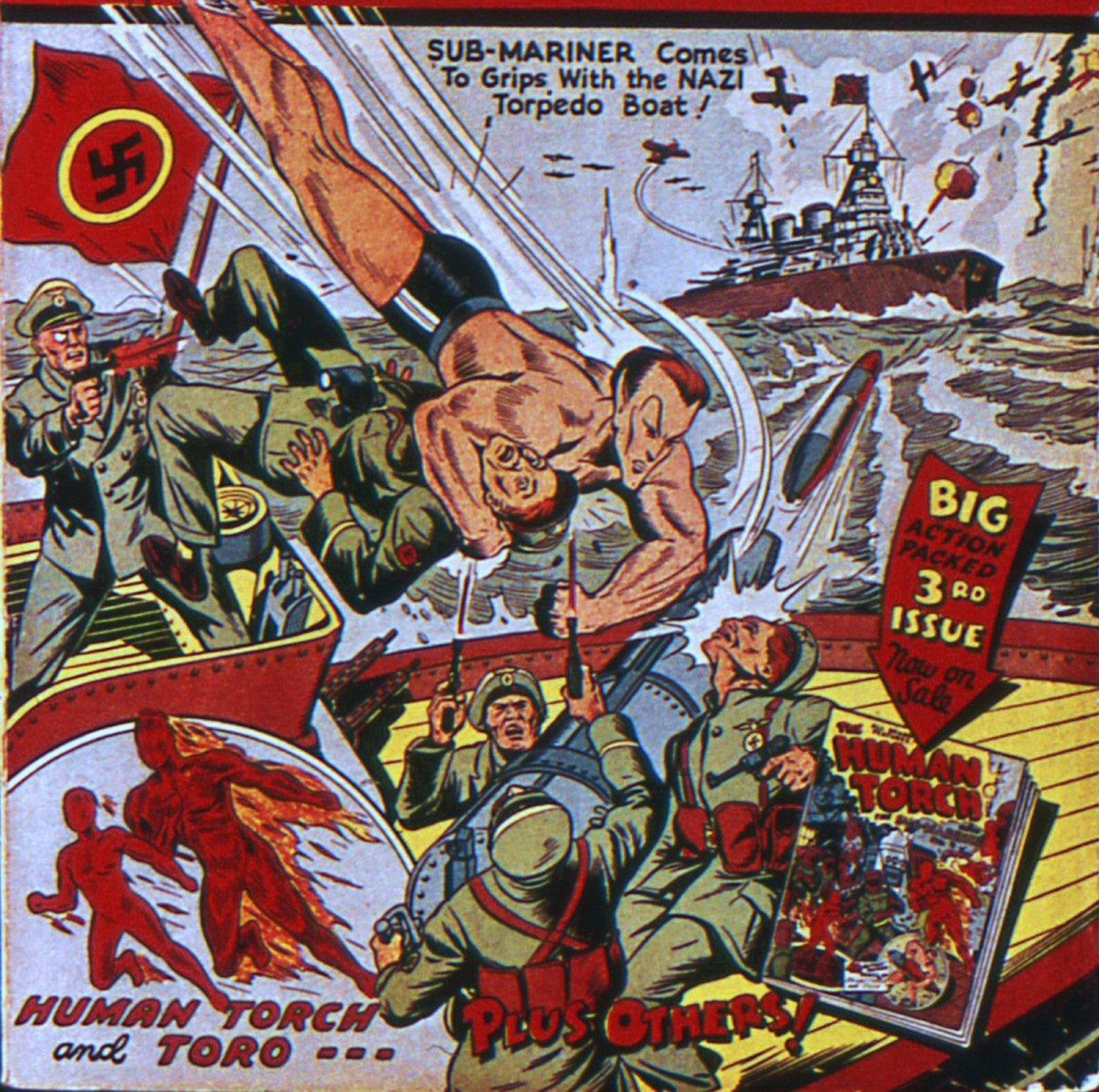
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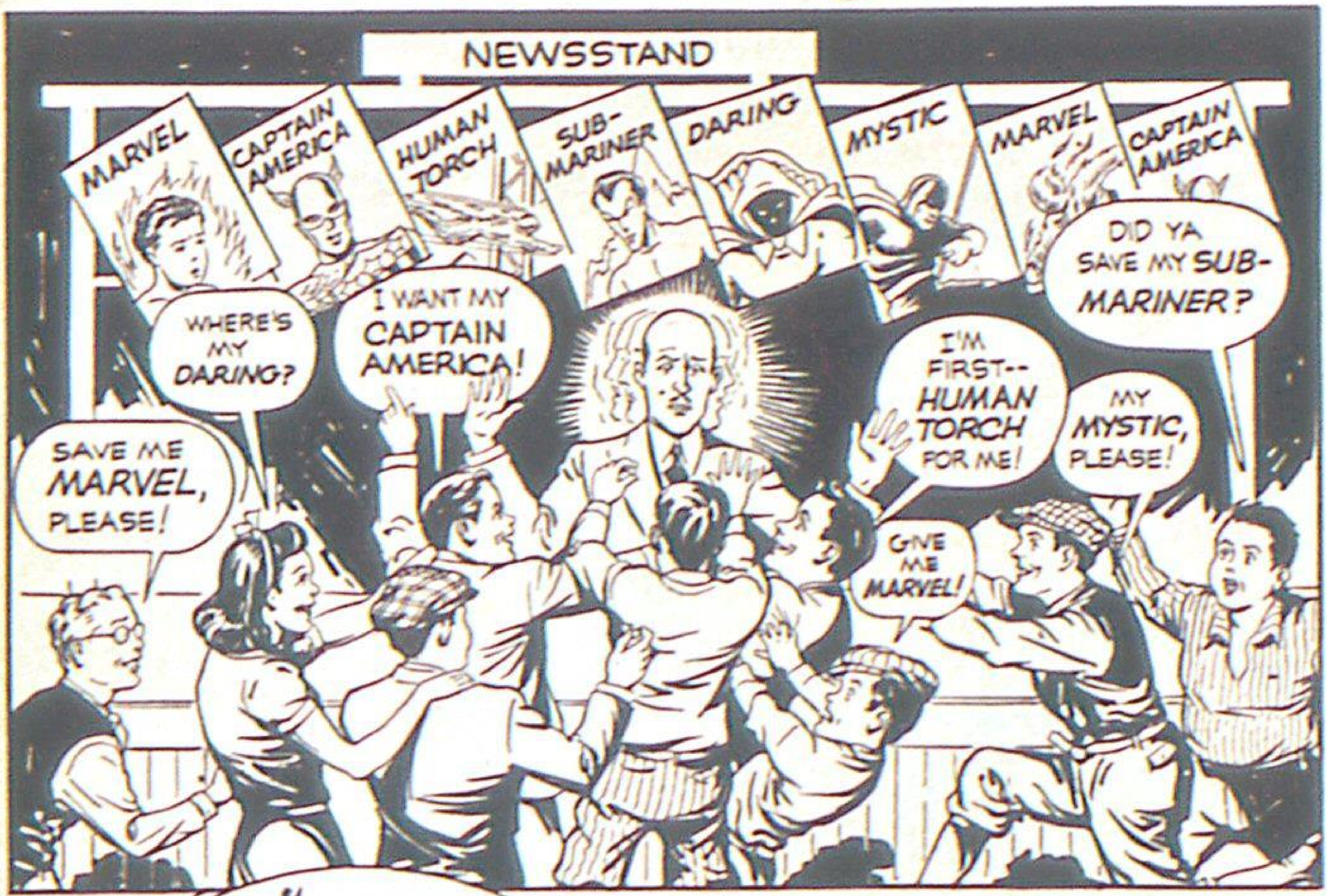
HUMAN TORCH
HUMAN TORCH and TORO ---
PLUS OTHERS!

They Know What They WANT!

EVERY MONTH!


NEWSSTAND
MARVEL
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
DARING
MYSTIC
MARVEL
CAPTAIN AMERICA
WHERE'S MY DARING?
I WANT MY CAPTAIN AMERICA!
SAVE ME MARVEL, PLEASE!
I'M FIRST-- HUMAN TORCH FOR ME!
DID YA SAVE MY SUB-MARINER?
MY MYSTIC, PLEASE!
GIVE ME MARVEL!

They Want the BEST!

for EXCITING...DARING ACTION-PACKED COMIC THRILLERS...

READ..

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Captain AMERICA Comics
MYSTIC Comics
HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
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THE ANGEL

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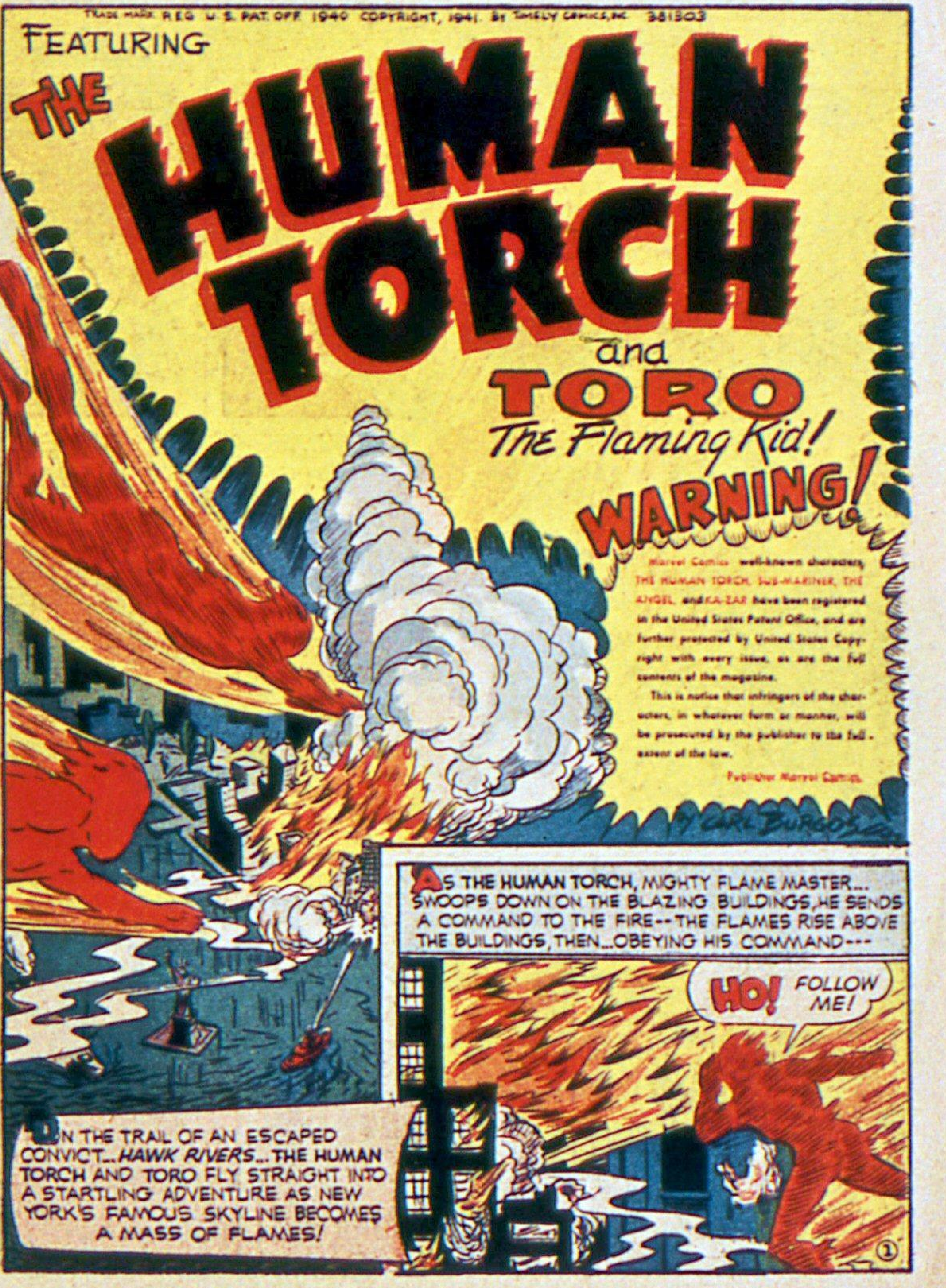
FEATURING
THE HUMAN TORCH
and
TORO
The Flaming Kid!
WARNING!
by CARL BURGOS
AS THE HUMAN TORCH, MIGHTY FLAME MASTER... SWOOPS DOWN ON THE BLAZING BUILDINGS, HE SENDS A COMMAND TO THE FIRE--THE FLAMES RISE ABOVE THE BUILDINGS, THEN...OBEYING HIS COMMAND---
HO! FOLLOW ME!
ON THE TRAIL OF AN ESCAPED CONVICT... *HAWK RIVERS*... THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO FLY STRAIGHT INTO A STARTLING ADVENTURE AS NEW YORK'S FAMOUS SKYLINE BECOMES A MASS OF FLAMES!

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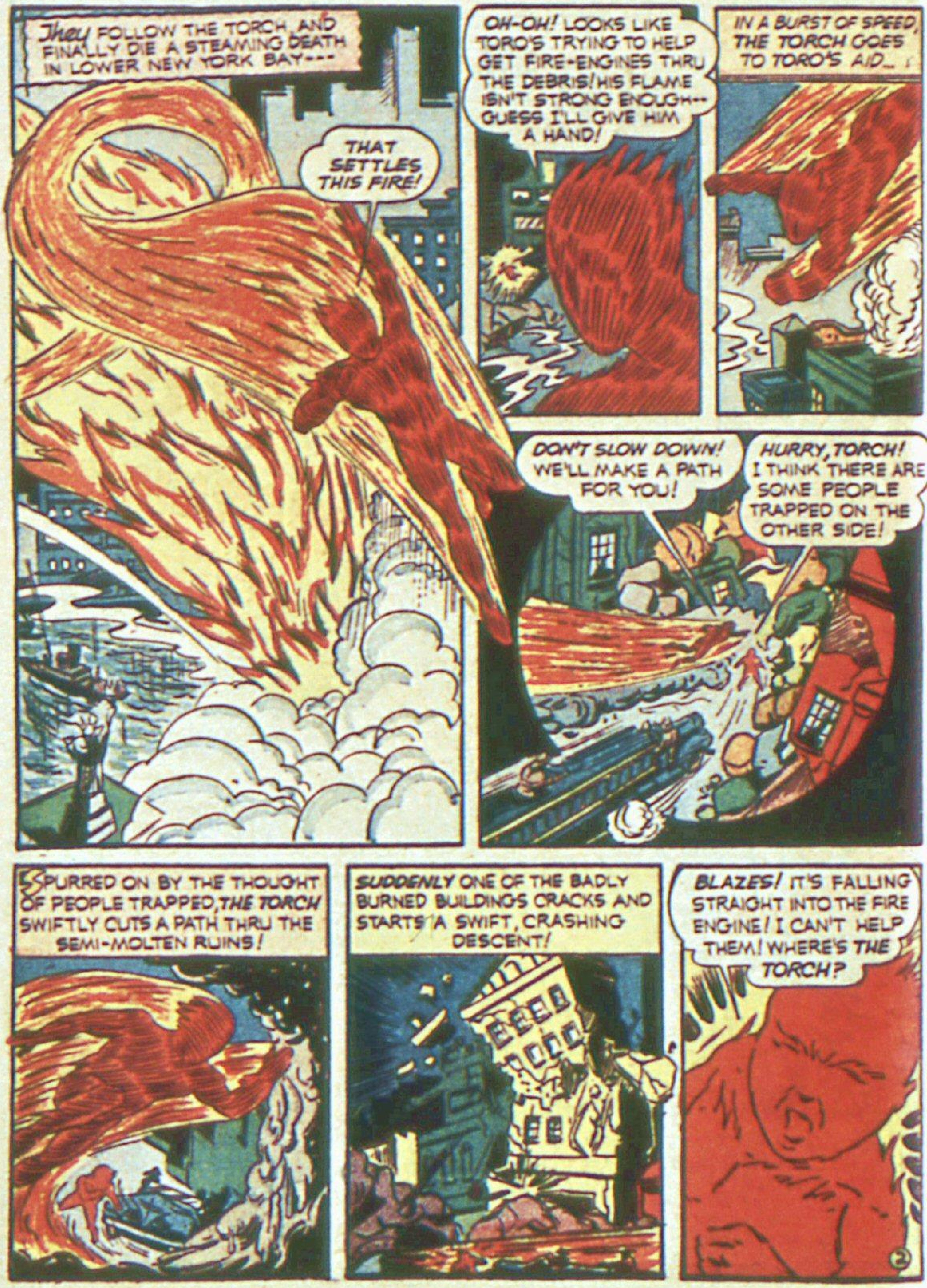
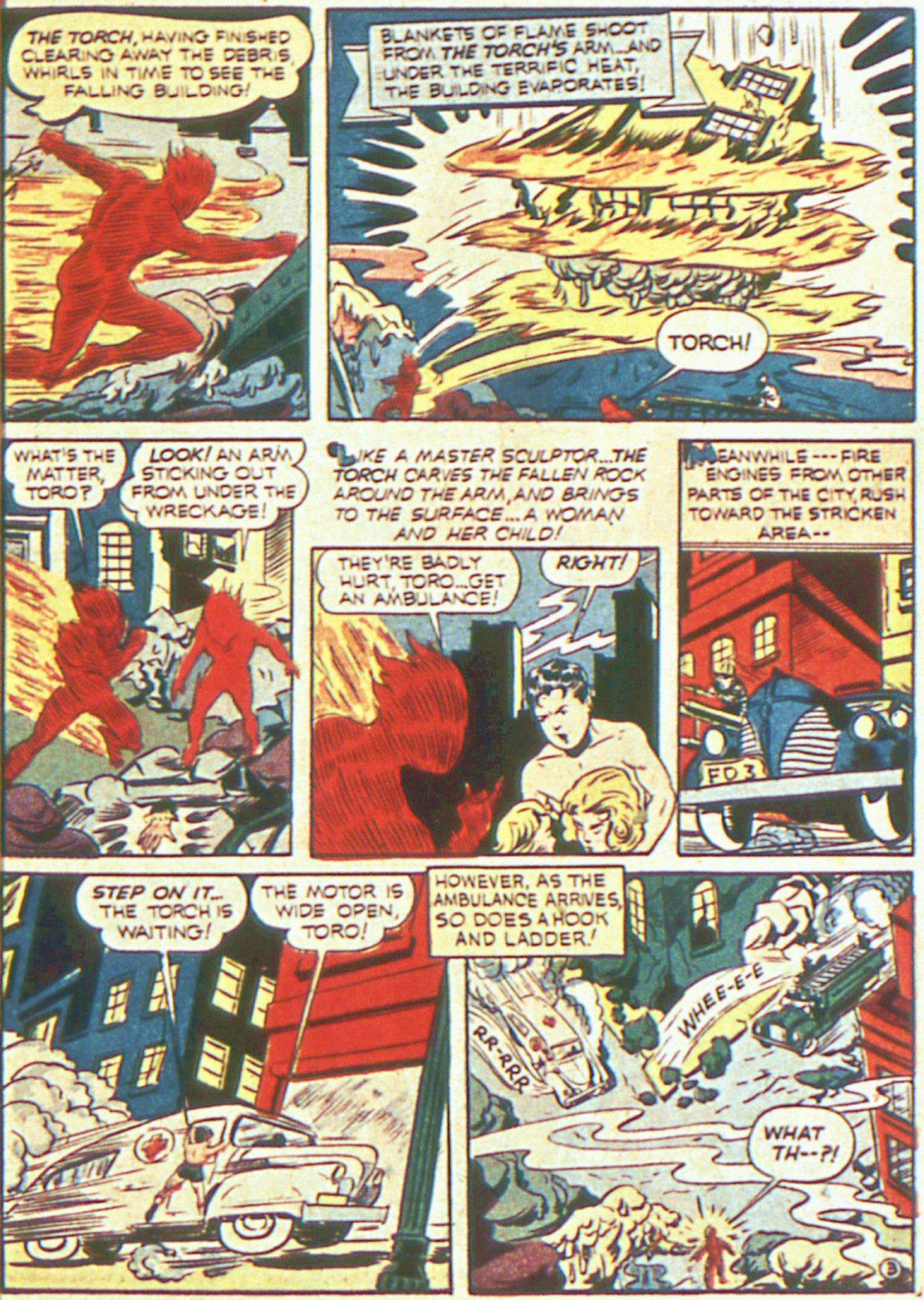
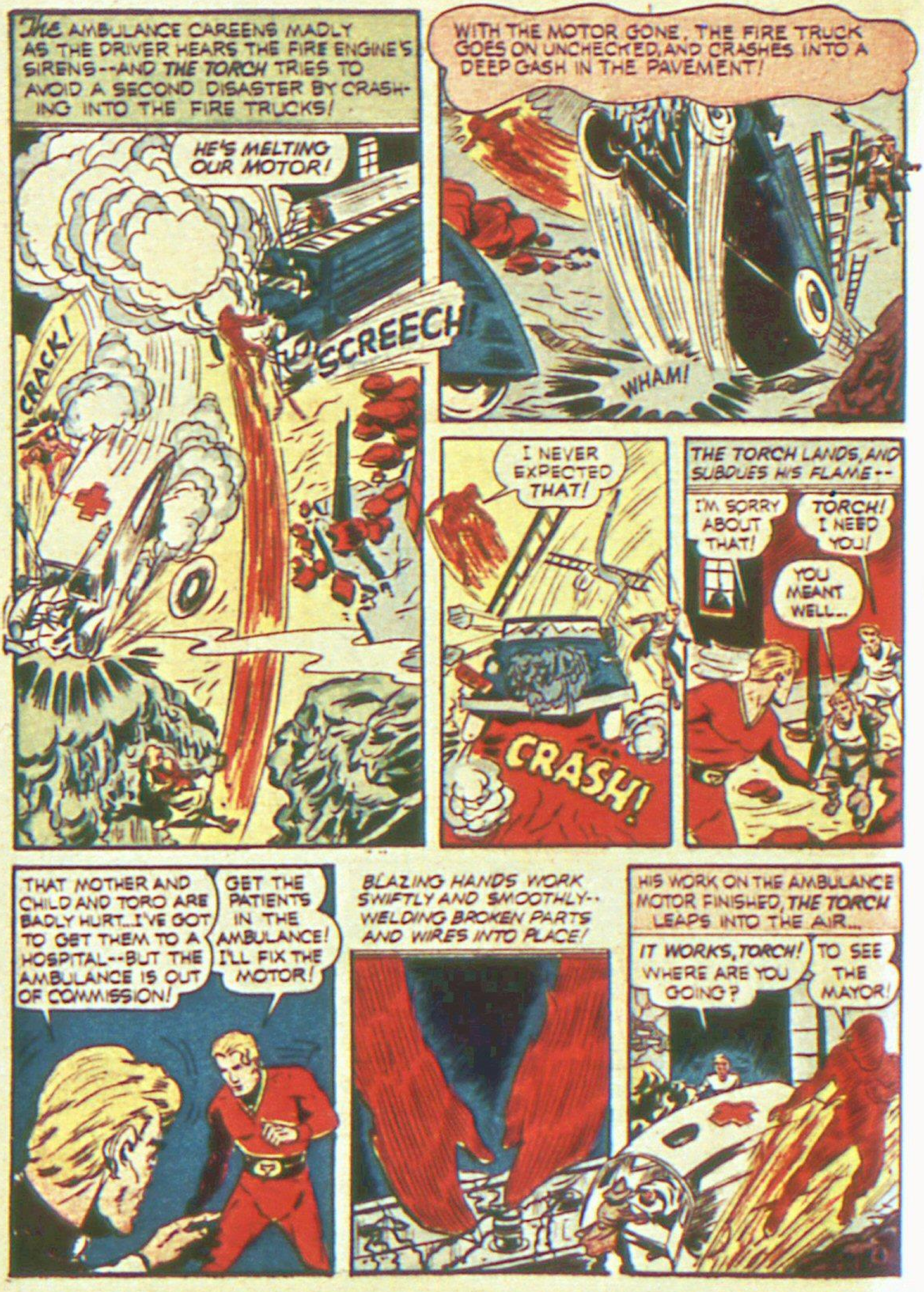
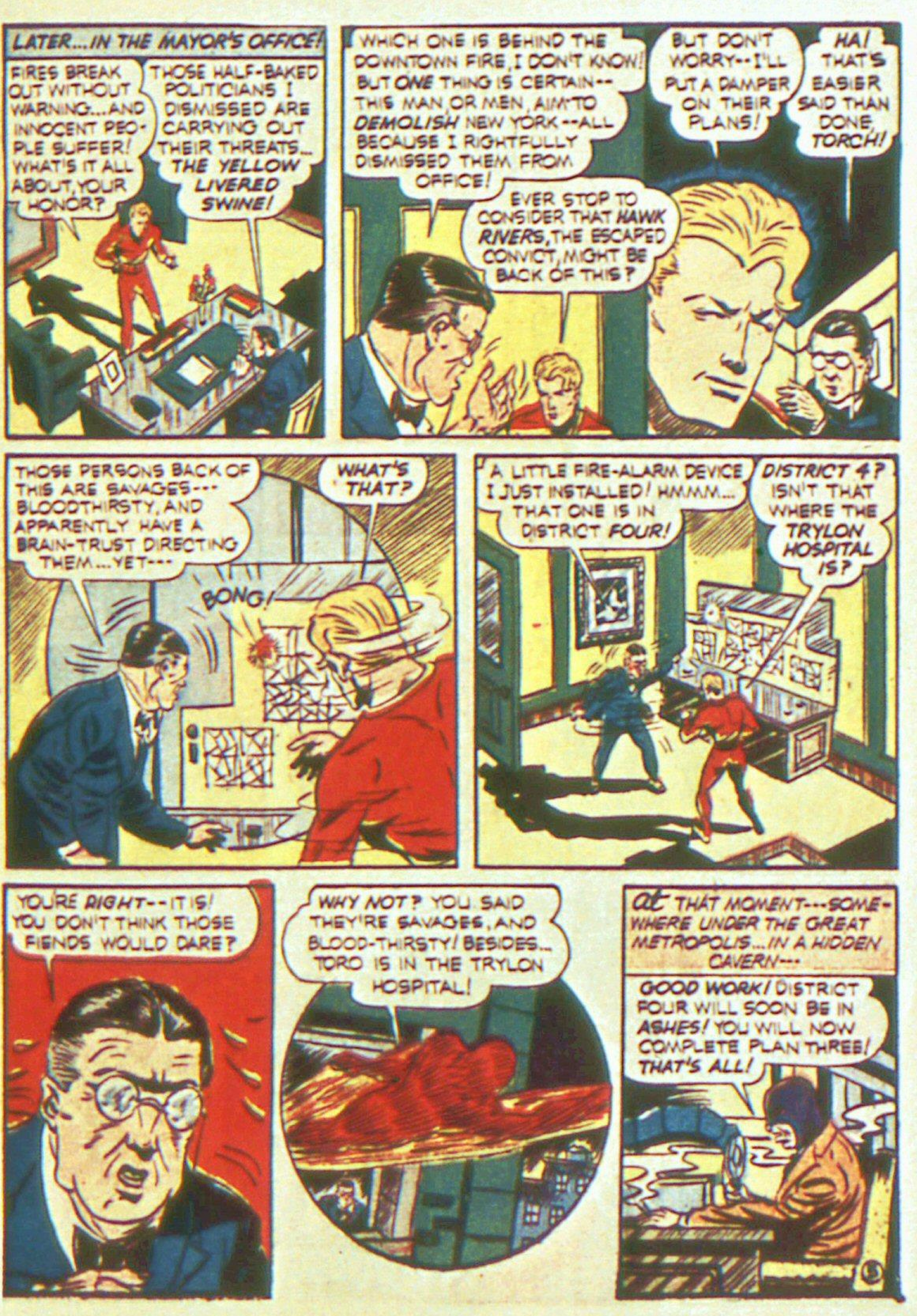
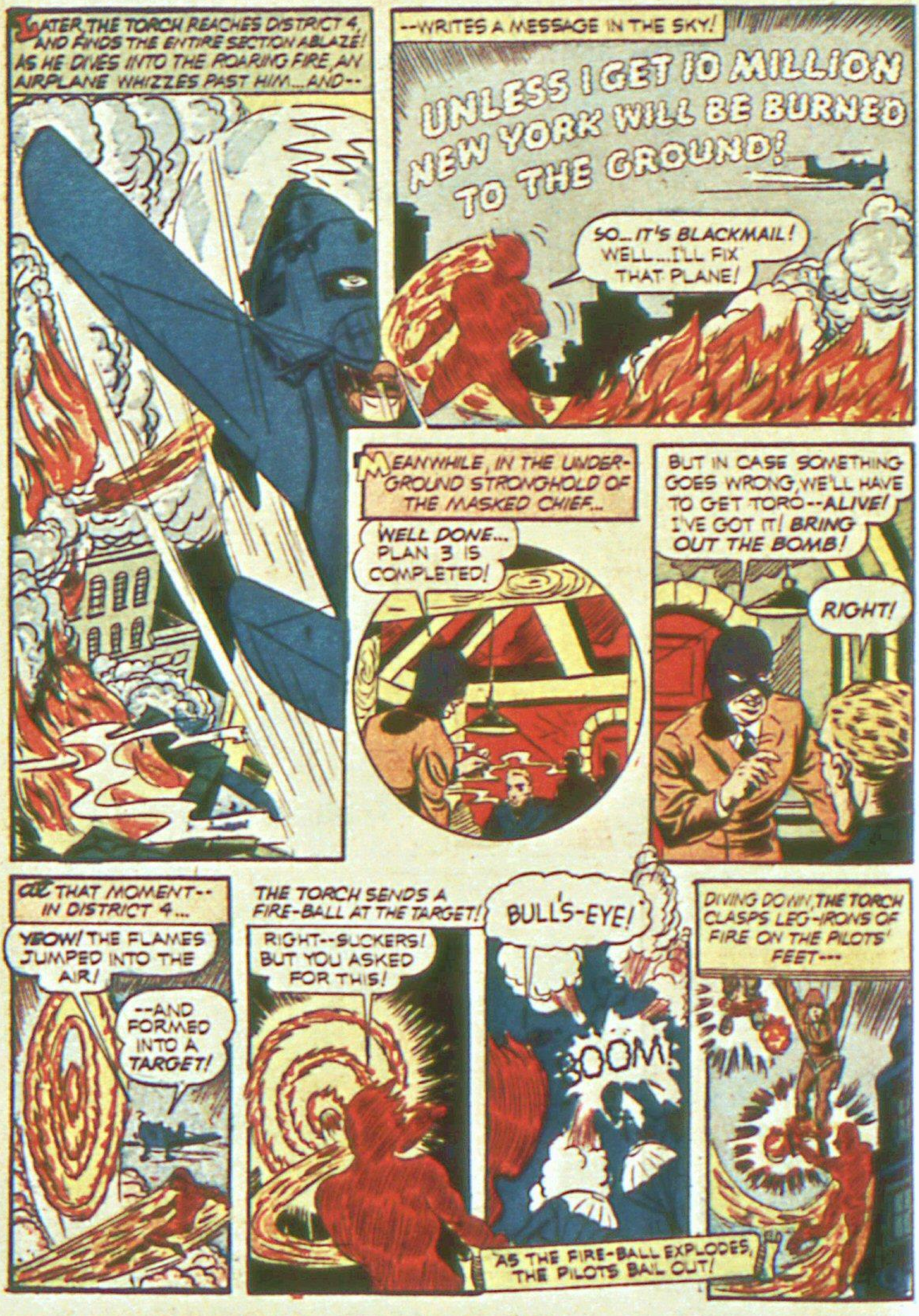
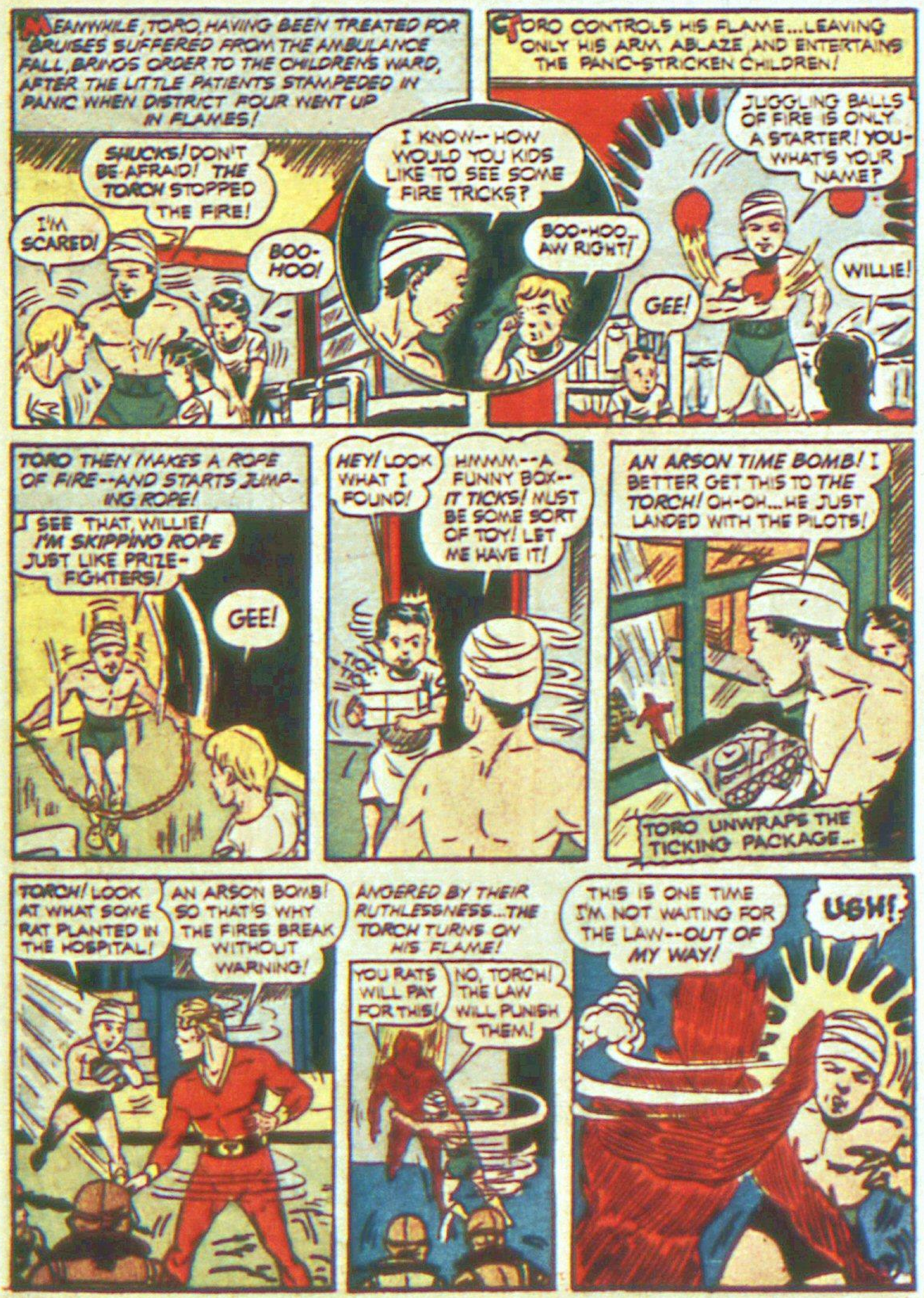

They FOLLOW THE TORCH AND FINALLY DIE A STEAMING DEATH IN LOWER NEW YORK BAY---
THAT SETTLES THIS FIRE!
OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE TORO'S TRYING TO HELP GET FIRE-ENGINES THRU THE DEBRIS! HIS FLAME ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH-- GUESS I'LL GIVE HIM A HAND!
IN A BURST OF SPEED, THE TORCH GOES TO TORO'S AID...
DON'T SLOW DOWN! WE'LL MAKE A PATH FOR YOU!
HURRY, TORCH! I THINK THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE TRAPPED ON THE OTHER SIDE!
SPURRED ON BY THE THOUGHT OF PEOPLE TRAPPED, THE TORCH SWIFTLY CUTS A PATH THRU THE SEMI-MOLTEN RUINS!
SUDDENLY ONE OF THE BADLY BURNED BUILDINGS CRACKS AND STARTS A SWIFT, CRASHING DESCENT!
BLAZES! IT'S FALLING STRAIGHT INTO THE FIRE ENGINE! I CAN'T HELP THEM! WHERE'S THE TORCH?

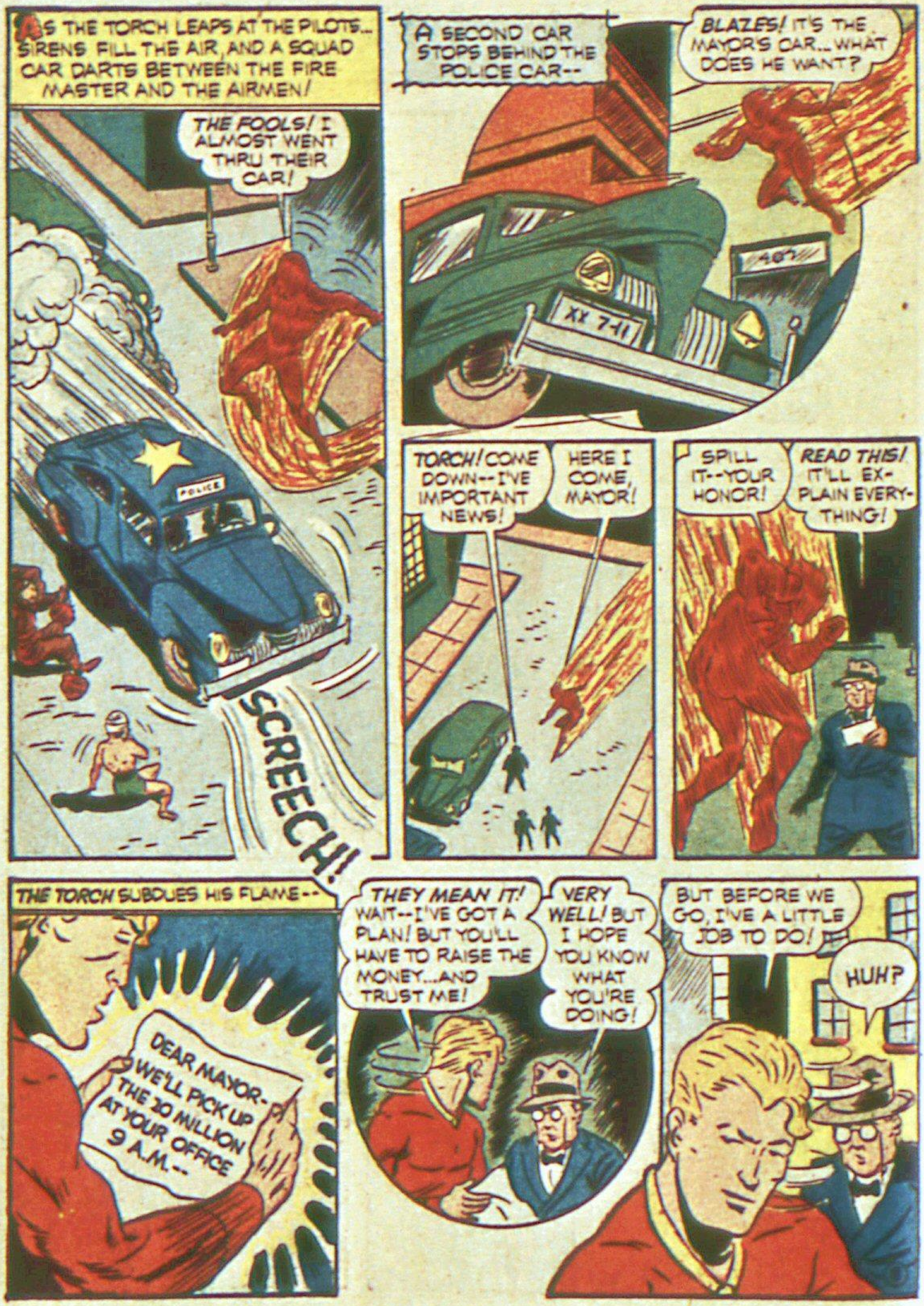

THE TORCH, HAVING FINISHED CLEARING AWAY THE DEBRIS, WHIRLS IN TIME TO SEE THE FALLING BUILDING!
BLANKETS OF FLAME SHOOT FROM THE TORCH'S ARM...AND UNDER THE TERRIFIC HEAT, THE BUILDING EVAPORATES!
TORCH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, TORO?
LOOK! AN ARM STICKING OUT FROM UNDER THE WRECKAGE!
LIKE A MASTER SCULPTOR...THE TORCH CARVES THE FALLEN ROCK AROUND THE ARM, AND BRINGS TO THE SURFACE.... A WOMAN AND HER CHILD!
THEY'RE BADLY HURT, TORO...GET AN AMBULANCE!
RIGHT!
MEANWHILE --- FIRE ENGINES FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE CITY, RUSH TOWARD THE STRICKEN AREA--
FD 3
STEP ON IT... THE TORCH IS WAITING!
THE MOTOR IS WIDE OPEN, TORO!
HOWEVER, AS THE AMBULANCE ARRIVES, SO DOES A HOOK AND LADDER!
RR-RRR
WHEE-E-E
WHAT TH--?!

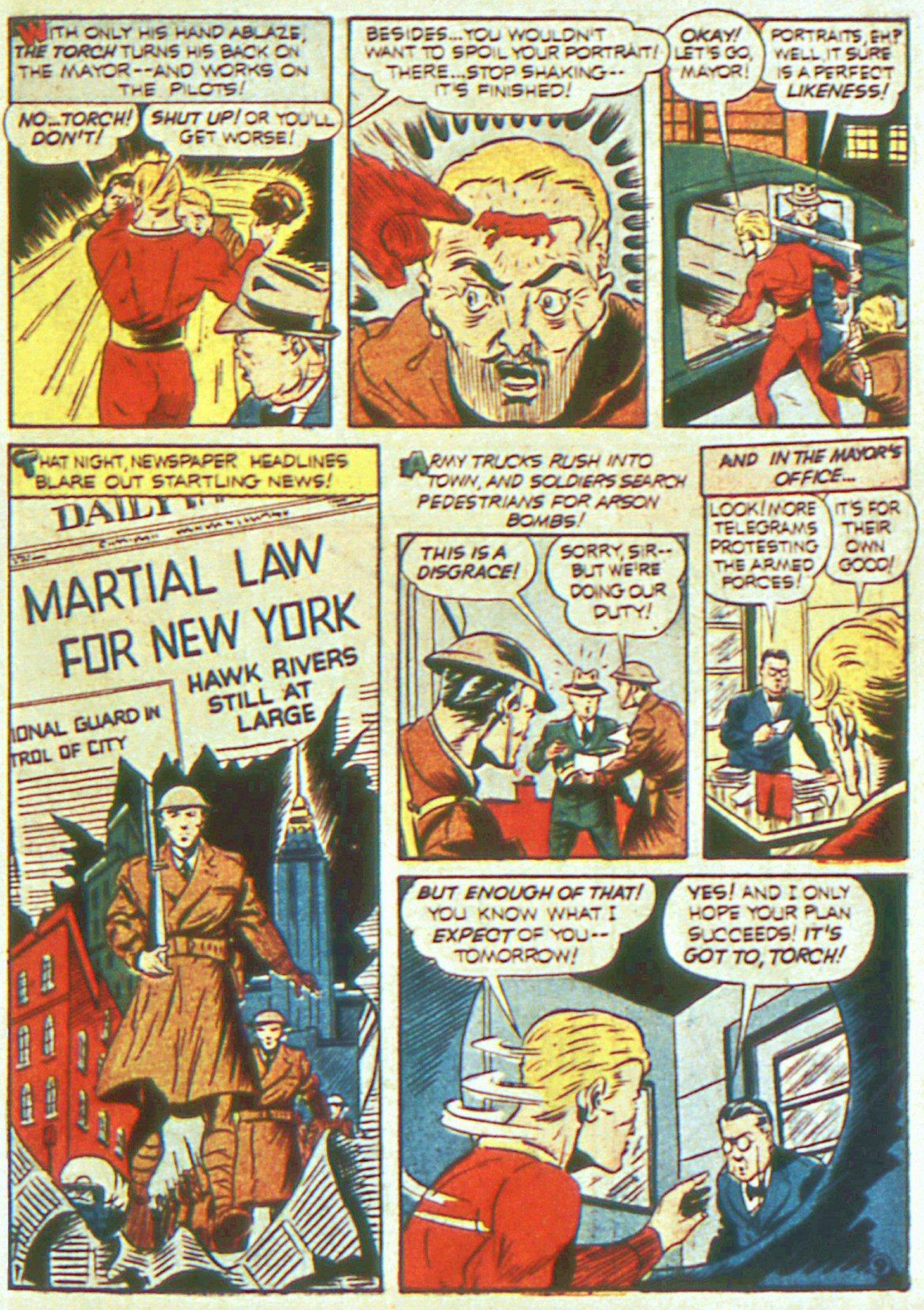

The AMBULANCE CAREENS MADLY AS THE DRIVER HEARS THE FIRE ENGINE'S SIRENS--AND THE TORCH TRIES TO AVOID A SECOND DISASTER BY CRASHING INTO THE FIRE TRUCKS!
HE'S MELTING OUR MOTOR!
SCREECH!
CRACK!
WITH THE MOTOR GONE, THE FIRE TRUCK GOES ON UNCHECKED, AND CRASHES INTO A DEEP GASH IN THE PAVEMENT!
WHAM!
I NEVER EXPECTED THAT!
CRASH!
THE TORCH LANDS, AND SUBDUES HIS FLAME--
I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT!
TORCH! I NEED YOU!
YOU MEANT WELL...
THAT MOTHER AND CHILD AND TORO ARE BADLY HURT...I'VE GOT TO GET THEM TO A HOSPITAL--BUT THE AMBULANCE IS OUT OF COMMISSION!
GET THE PATIENTS IN THE AMBULANCE! I'LL FIX THE MOTOR!
BLAZING HANDS WORK SWIFTLY AND SMOOTHLY--WELDING BROKEN PARTS AND WIRES INTO PLACE!
HIS WORK ON THE AMBULANCE MOTOR FINISHED, THE TORCH LEAPS INTO THE AIR...
IT WORKS, TORCH! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO SEE THE MAYOR!

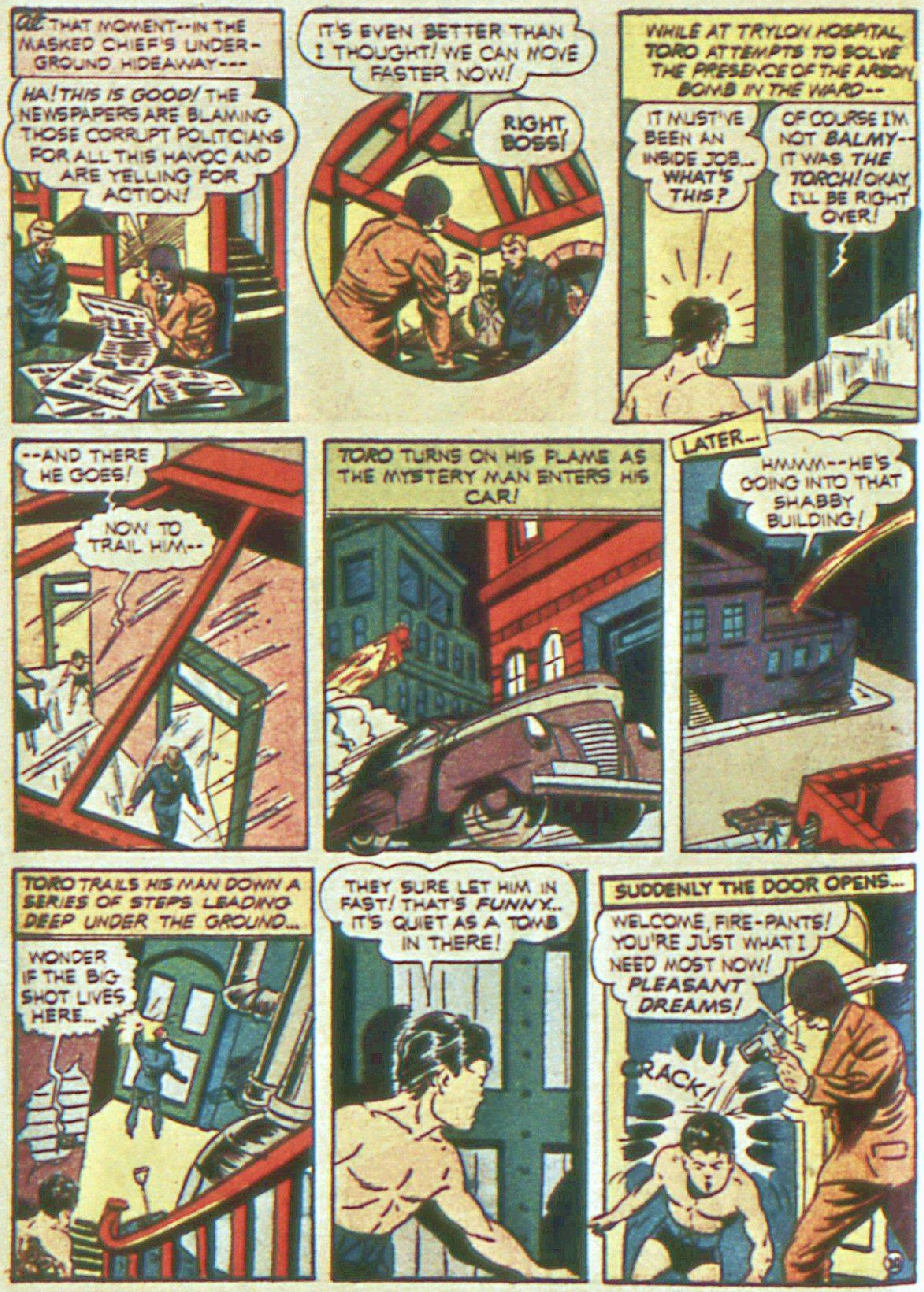

LATER... IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE!
FIRES BREAK OUT WITHOUT WARNING... AND INNOCENT PEOPLE SUFFER! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, YOUR HONOR?
THOSE HALF-BAKED POLITICIANS I DISMISSED ARE CARRYING OUT THEIR THREATS... THE YELLOW LIVERED SWINE!
WHICH ONE IS BEHIND THE DOWNTOWN FIRE, I DON'T KNOW! BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN-- THIS MAN, OR MEN, AIM TO DEMOLISH NEW YORK--ALL BECAUSE I RIGHTFULLY DISMISSED THEM FROM OFFICE!
EVER STOP TO CONSIDER THAT HAWK RIVERS, THE ESCAPED CONVICT, MIGHT BE BACK OF THIS?
BUT DON'T WORRY--I'LL PUT A DAMPER ON THEIR PLANS!
HA! THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE, TORCH!
THOSE PERSONS BACK OF THIS ARE SAVAGES--- BLOODTHIRSTY, AND APPARENTLY HAVE A BRAIN-TRUST DIRECTING THEM... YET---
BONG!
WHAT'S THAT?
A LITTLE FIRE-ALARM DEVICE I JUST INSTALLED! HMMM... THAT ONE IS IN DISTRICT FOUR!
DISTRICT 4? ISN'T THAT WHERE THE TRYLON HOSPITAL IS?
YOU'RE RIGHT--IT IS! YOU DON'T THINK THOSE FIENDS WOULD DARE?
WHY NOT? YOU SAID THEY'RE SAVAGES, AND BLOOD-THIRSTY! BESIDES... TORO IS IN THE TRYLON HOSPITAL!
AT THAT MOMENT---SOMEWHERE UNDER THE GREAT METROPOLIS... IN A HIDDEN CAVERN---
GOOD WORK! DISTRICT FOUR WILL SOON BE IN ASHES! YOU WILL NOW COMPLETE PLAN THREE! THAT'S ALL!
5

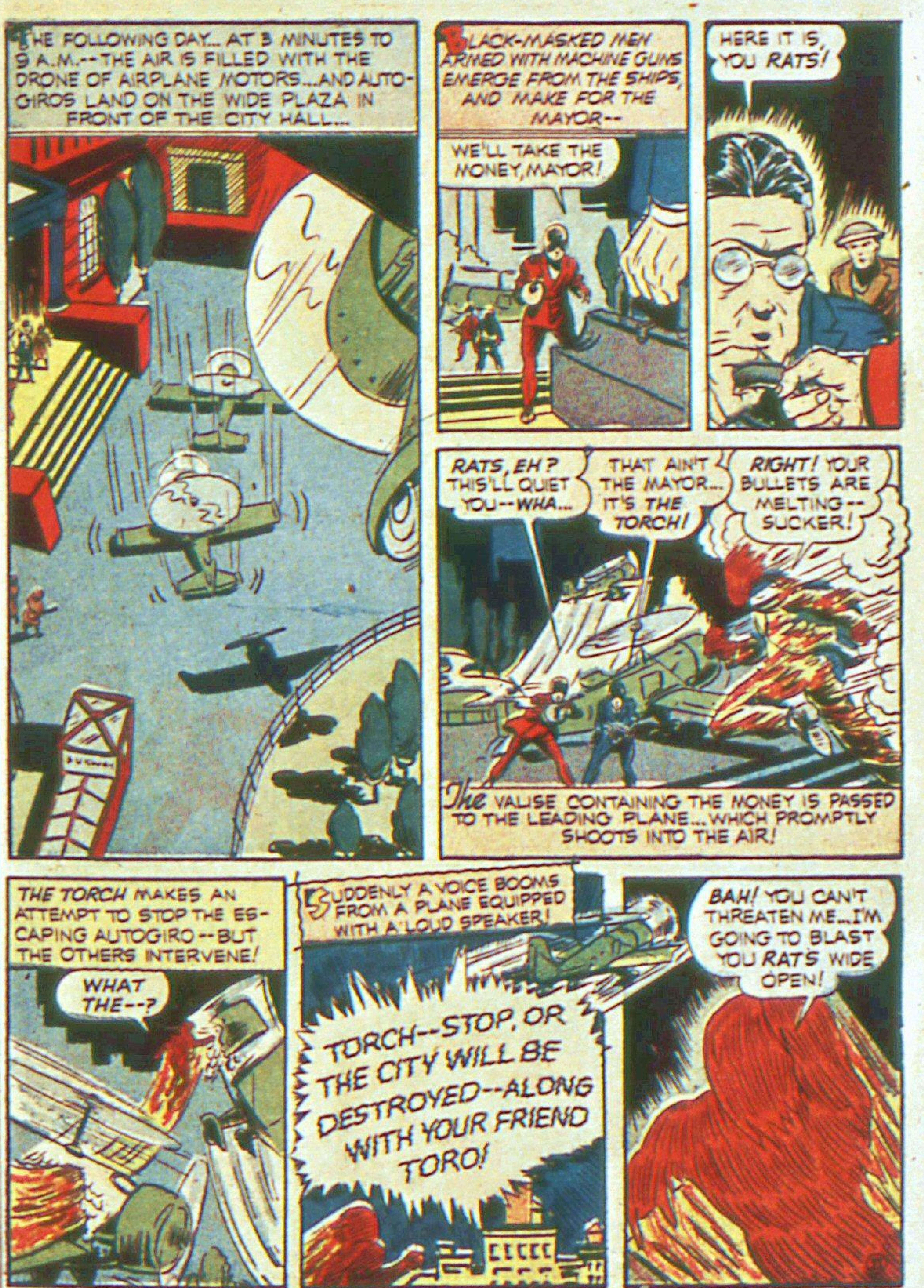

LATER THE TORCH REACHES DISTRICT 4, AND FINDS THE ENTIRE SECTION ABLAZE! AS HE DIVES INTO THE ROARING FIRE, AN AIRPLANE WHIZZES PAST HIM...AND--
--WRITES A MESSAGE IN THE SKY!
UNLESS I GET 10 MILLION NEW YORK WILL BE BURNED TO THE GROUND!
SO...IT'S BLACKMAIL! WELL...I'LL FIX THAT PLANE!
MEANWHILE, IN THE UNDERGROUND STRONGHOLD OF THE MASKED CHIEF...
WELL DONE... PLAN 3 IS COMPLETED!
BUT IN CASE SOMETHING GOES WRONG, WE'LL HAVE TO GET TORO--ALIVE! I'VE GOT IT! BRING OUT THE BOMB!
RIGHT!
AT THAT MOMENT-- IN DISTRICT 4...
YEOW! THE FLAMES JUMPED INTO THE AIR!
--AND FORMED INTO A TARGET!
THE TORCH SENDS A FIRE-BALL AT THE TARGET!
RIGHT--SUCKERS! BUT YOU ASKED FOR THIS!
BULL'S-EYE!
BOOM!
AS THE FIRE-BALL EXPLODES, THE PILOTS BAIL OUT!
DIVING DOWN, THE TORCH CLASPS LEG-IRONS OF FIRE ON THE PILOTS' FEET---

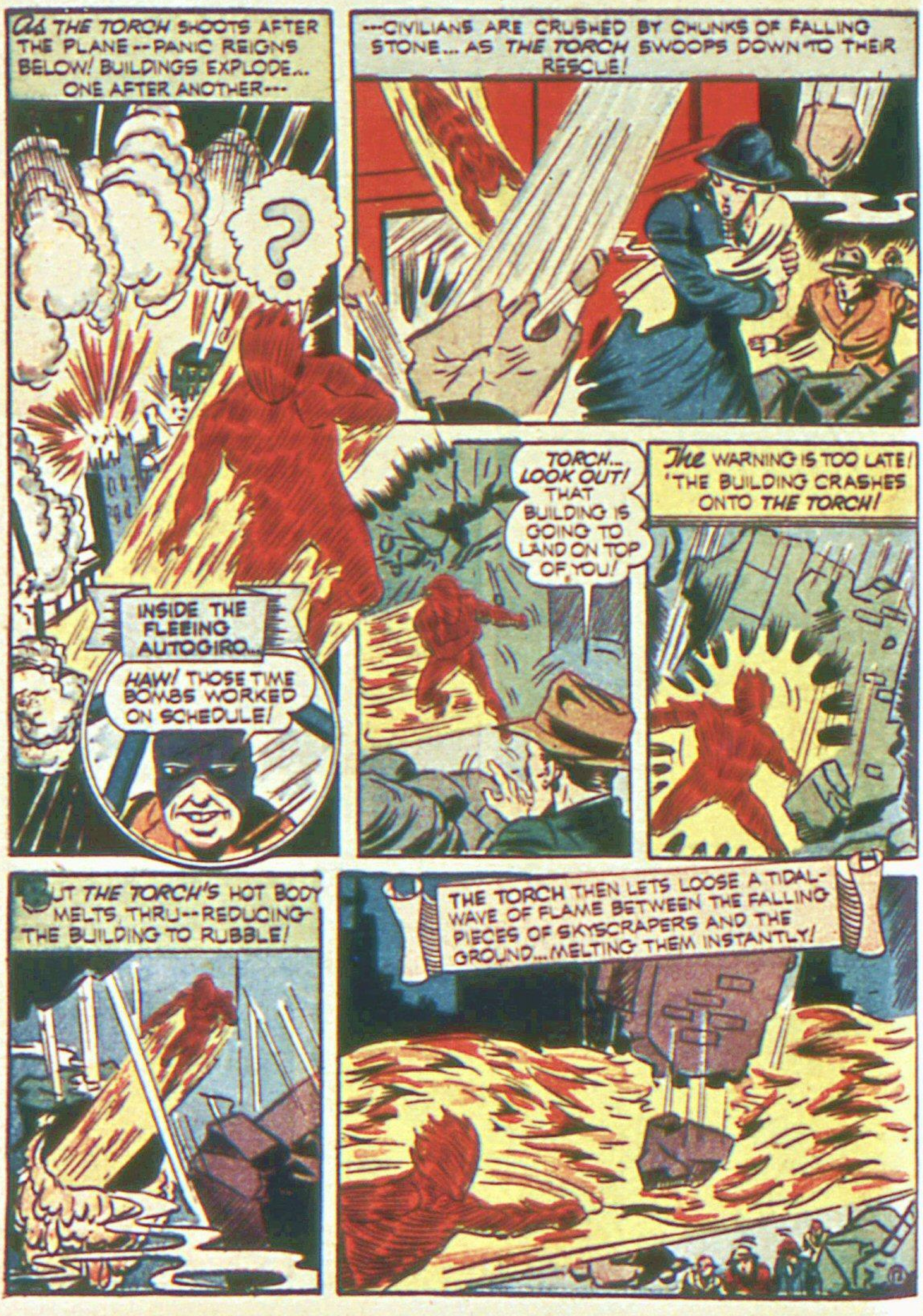

MEANWHILE, TORO, HAVING BEEN TREATED FOR BRUISES SUFFERED FROM THE AMBULANCE FALL, BRINGS ORDER TO THE CHILDREN'S WARD, AFTER THE LITTLE PATIENTS STAMPEDED IN PANIC WHEN DISTRICT FOUR WENT UP IN FLAMES!
SHUCKS! DON'T BE AFRAID! THE TORCH STOPPED THE FIRE!
I'M SCARED!
BOO-HOO!
I KNOW-- HOW WOULD YOU KIDS LIKE TO SEE SOME FIRE TRICKS?
BOO-HOO AW RIGHT!
TORO CONTROLS HIS FLAME...LEAVING ONLY HIS ARM ABLAZE AND ENTERTAINS THE PANIC-STRICKEN CHILDREN!
JUGGLING BALLS OF FIRE IS ONLY A STARTER! YOU- WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
GEE!
WILLIE!
TORO THEN MAKES A ROPE OF FIRE--AND STARTS JUMPING ROPE!
SEE THAT, WILLIE! I'M SKIPPING ROPE JUST LIKE PRIZE-FIGHTERS!
GEE!
HEY! LOOK WHAT I FOUND!
HMMM--A FUNNY BOX-- IT TICKS! MUST BE SOME SORT OF TOY! LET ME HAVE IT!
TICK TICK
AN ARSON TIME BOMB! I BETTER GET THIS TO THE TORCH! OH-OH...HE JUST LANDED WITH THE PILOTS!
TORO UNWRAPS THE TICKING PACKAGE...
TORCH! LOOK AT WHAT SOME RAT PLANTED IN THE HOSPITAL!
AN ARSON BOMB! SO THAT'S WHY THE FIRES BREAK WITHOUT WARNING!
ANGERED BY THEIR RUTHLESSNESS...THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME!
YOU RATS WILL PAY FOR THIS!
NO, TORCH! THE LAW WILL PUNISH THEM!
THIS IS ONE TIME I'M NOT WAITING FOR THE LAW--OUT OF MY WAY!
UGH!

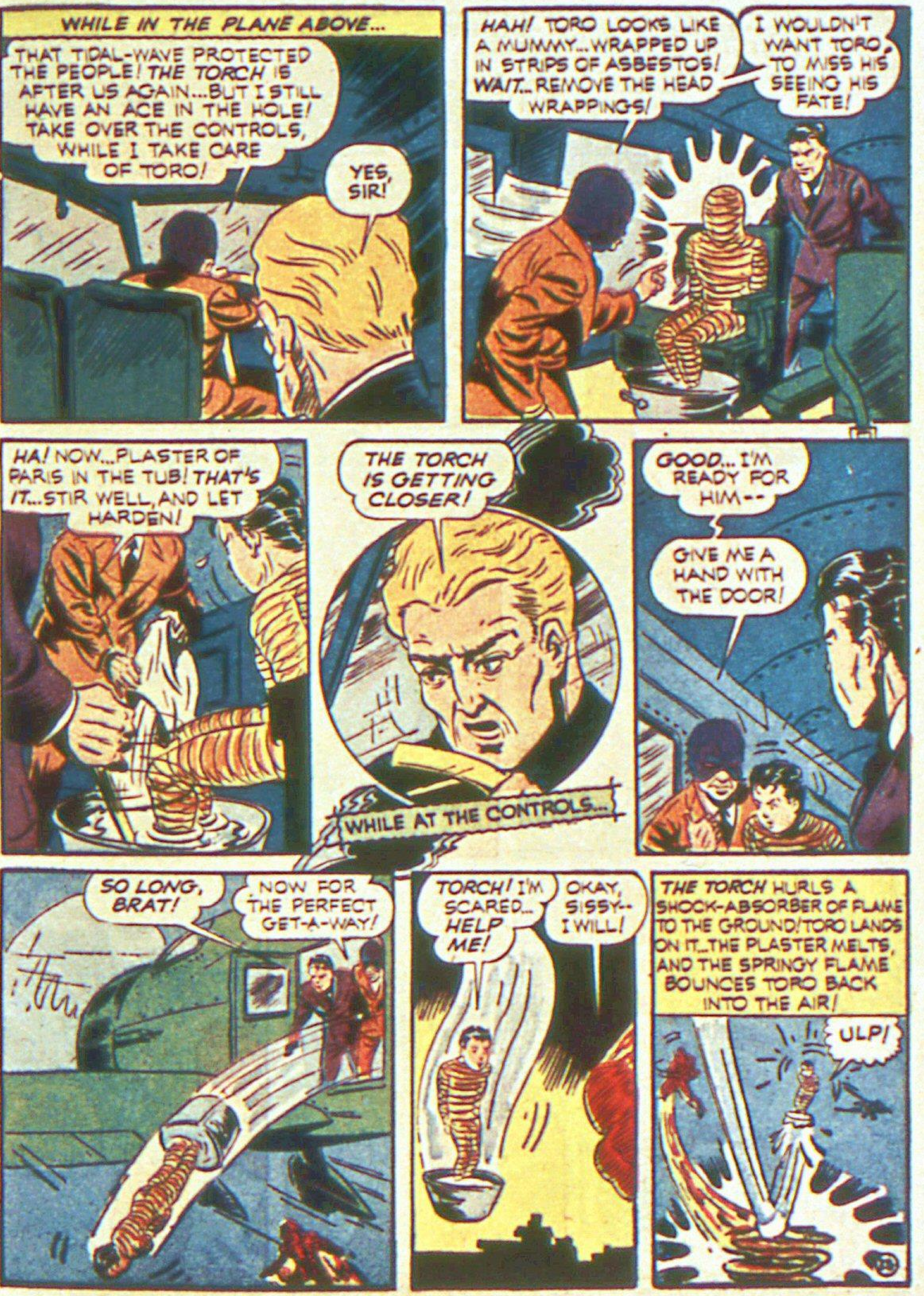

AS THE TORCH LEAPS AT THE PILOTS.. SIRENS FILL THE AIR, AND A SQUAD CAR DARTS BETWEEN THE FIRE MASTER AND THE AIRMEN!
THE FOOLS! I ALMOST WENT THRU THEIR CAR!
POLICE
SCREECH!
A SECOND CAR STOPS BEHIND THE POLICE CAR--
BLAZES! IT'S THE MAYOR'S CAR... WHAT DOES HE WANT?
XX 741
407
TORCH! COME DOWN--I'VE IMPORTANT NEWS!
HERE I COME, MAYOR!
SPILL IT--YOUR HONOR!
READ THIS! IT'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME--
DEAR MAYOR- WE'LL PICK UP THE 20 MILLION AT YOUR OFFICE 9 A.M.--
THEY MEAN IT! WAIT--I'VE GOT A PLAN! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO RAISE THE MONEY...AND TRUST ME!
VERY WELL! BUT I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
BUT BEFORE WE GO, I'VE A LITTLE JOB TO DO!
HUH?

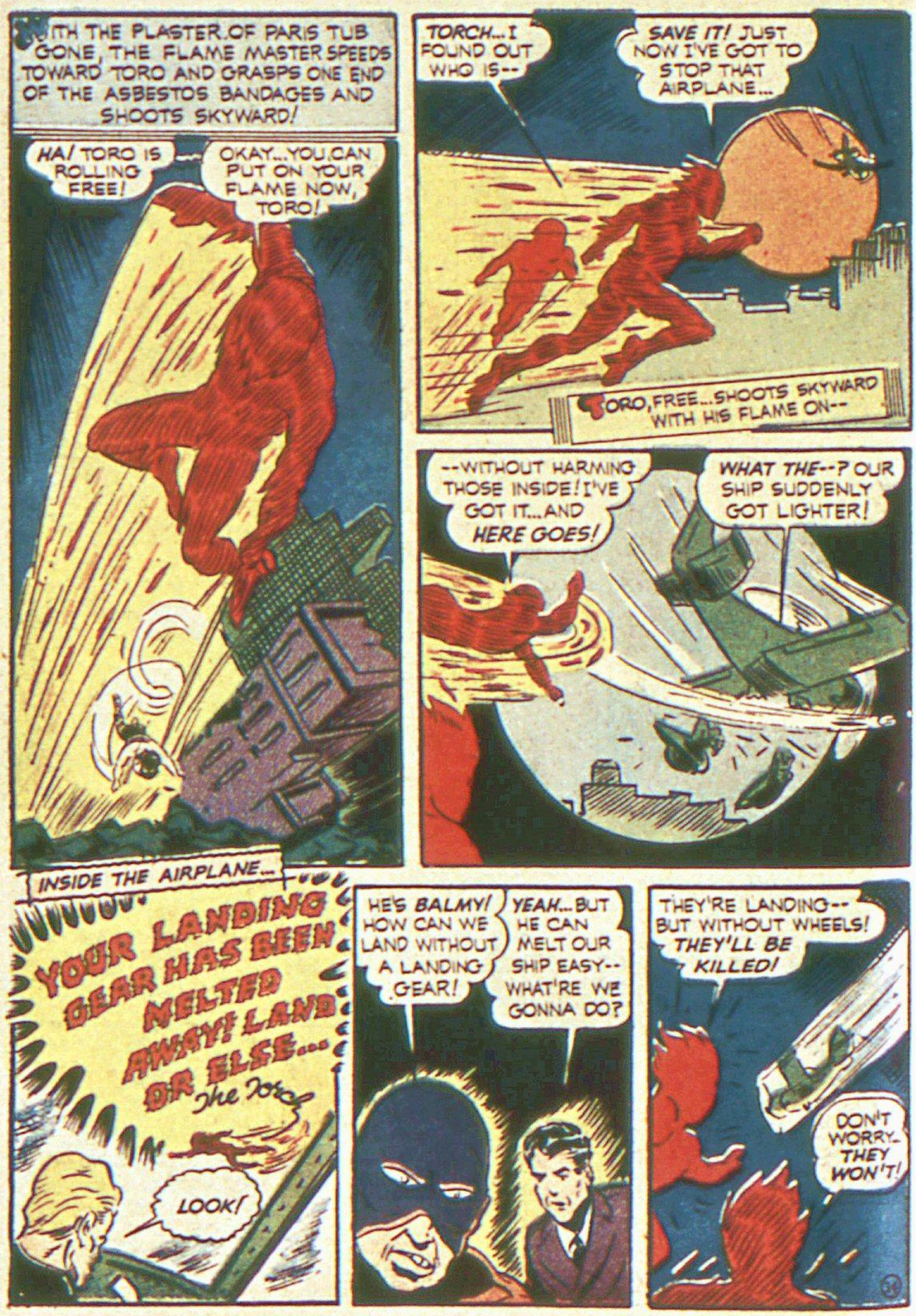

WITH ONLY HIS HAND ABLAZE, THE TORCH TURNS HIS BACK ON THE MAYOR--AND WORKS ON THE PILOTS!
NO...TORCH! DON'T!
SHUT UP! OR YOU'LL GET WORSE!
BESIDES...YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO SPOIL YOUR PORTRAIT! THERE...STOP SHAKING-- IT'S FINISHED!
OKAY! LET'S GO, MAYOR!
PORTRAITS, EH? WELL, IT SURE IS A PERFECT LIKENESS!
THAT NIGHT, NEWSPAPER HEADLINES BLARE OUT STARTLING NEWS!
DAILY
MARTIAL LAW FOR NEW YORK
HAWK RIVERS STILL AT LARGE
IONAL GUARD IN
TROL OF CITY
ARMY TRUCKS RUSH INTO TOWN, AND SOLDIERS SEARCH PEDESTRIANS FOR ARSON BOMBS!
THIS IS A DISGRACE!
SORRY, SIR-- BUT WE'RE DOING OUR DUTY!
AND IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...
LOOK! MORE TELEGRAMS PROTESTING THE ARMED FORCES!
IT'S FOR THEIR OWN GOOD!
BUT ENOUGH OF THAT! YOU KNOW WHAT I EXPECT OF YOU-- TOMORROW!
YES! AND I ONLY HOPE YOUR PLAN SUCCEEDS! IT'S GOT TO, TORCH!

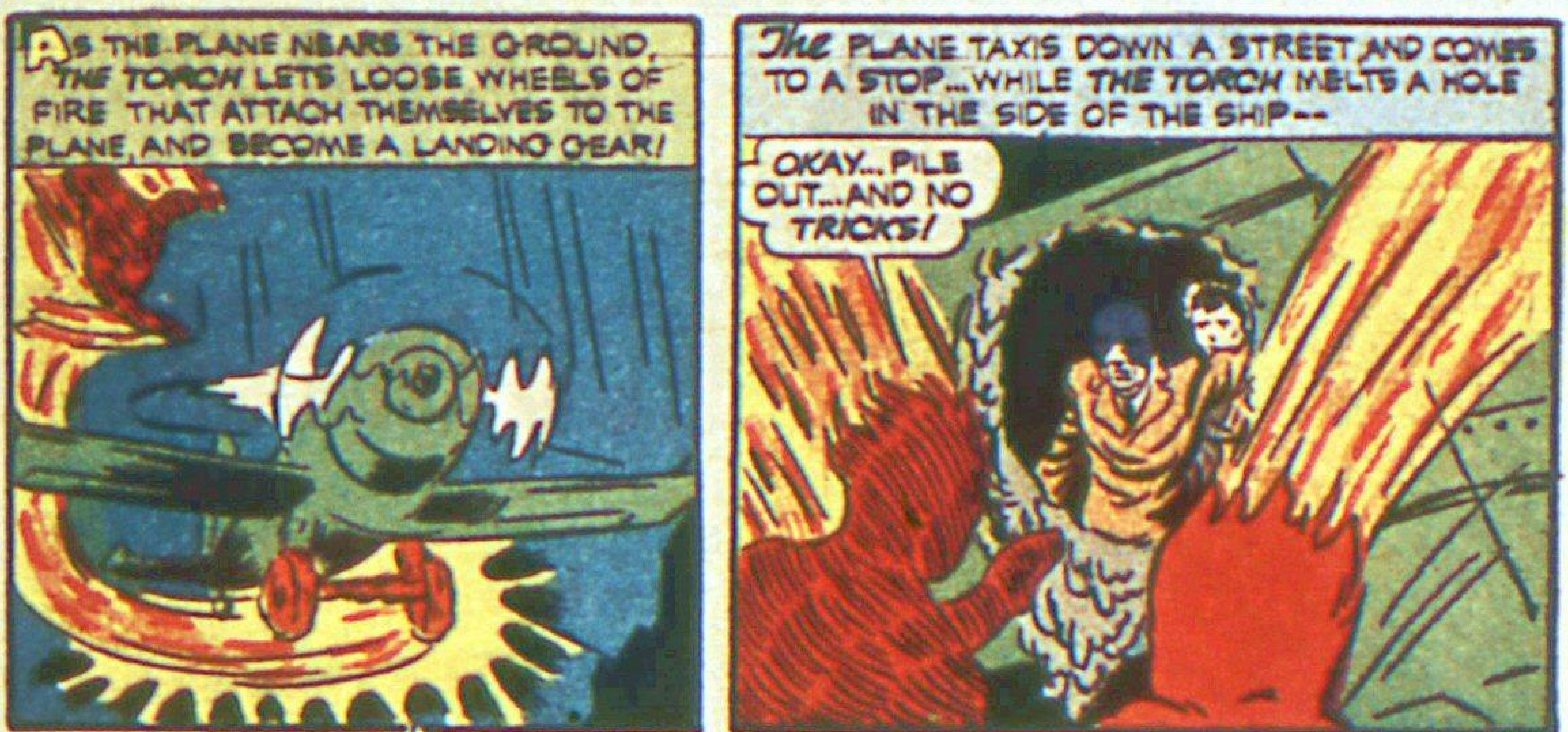

AT THAT MOMENT--IN THE MASKED CHIEF'S UNDERGROUND HIDEAWAY---
HA! THIS IS GOOD! THE NEWSPAPERS ARE BLAMING THOSE CORRUPT POLITICIANS FOR ALL THIS HAVOC AND ARE YELLING FOR ACTION!
IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN I THOUGHT! WE CAN MOVE FASTER NOW!
RIGHT, BOSS!
WHILE AT TRYLON HOSPITAL, TORO ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE THE PRESENCE OF THE ARSON BOMB IN THE WARD--
IT MUST'VE BEEN AN INSIDE JOB... WHAT'S THIS?
OF COURSE I'M NOT BALMY--IT WAS THE TORCH! OKAY I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
--AND THERE HE GOES!
NOW TO TRAIL HIM--
TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME AS THE MYSTERY MAN ENTERS HIS CAR!
LATER...
HMMM--HE'S GOING INTO THAT SHABBY BUILDING!
TORO TRAILS HIS MAN DOWN A SERIES OF STEPS LEADING DEEP UNDER THE GROUND...
WONDER IF THE BIG SHOT LIVES HERE...
THEY SURE LET HIM IN FAST! THAT'S FUNNY... IT'S QUIET AS A TOMB IN THERE!
SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS...
WELCOME, FIRE-PANTS! YOU'RE JUST WHAT I NEED MOST NOW! PLEASANT DREAMS!
CRACK!

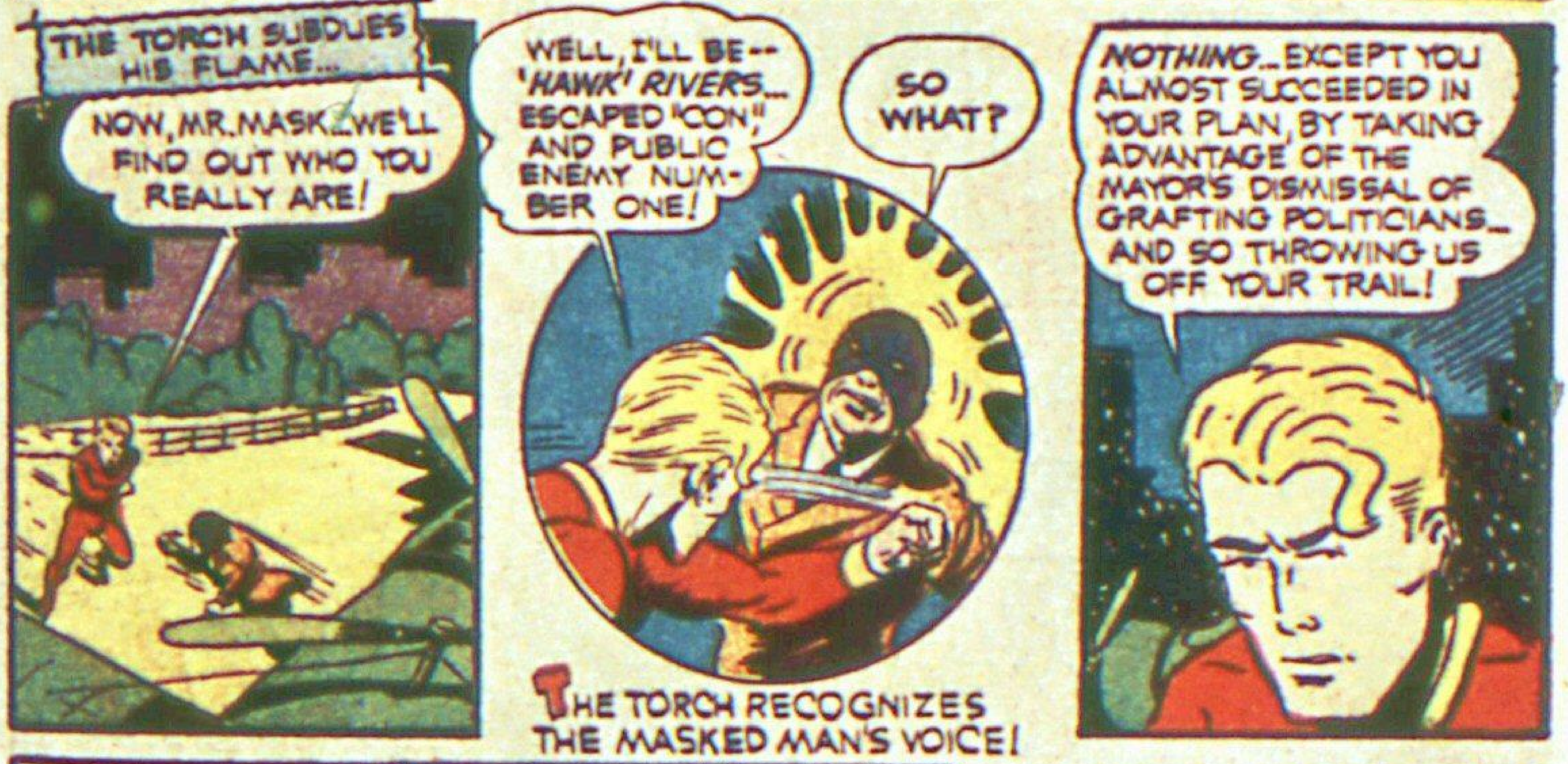

THE FOLLOWING DAY... AT 3 MINUTES TO 9 A.M.--THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE DRONE OF AIRPLANE MOTORS...AND AUTOGIROS LAND ON THE WIDE PLAZA IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL...
BLACK-MASKED MEN ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS EMERGE FROM THE SHIPS, AND MAKE FOR THE MAYOR--
WE'LL TAKE THE MONEY, MAYOR!
HERE IT IS, YOU RATS!
RATS, EH? THIS'LL QUIET YOU--WHA...
THAT AIN'T THE MAYOR... IT'S THE TORCH!
RIGHT! YOUR BULLETS ARE MELTING--SUCKER!
THE VALISE CONTAINING THE MONEY IS PASSED TO THE LEADING PLANE...WHICH PROMPTLY SHOOTS INTO THE AIR!
THE TORCH MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO STOP THE ESCAPING AUTOGIRO--BUT THE OTHERS INTERVENE!
WHAT THE--?
SUDDENLY A VOICE BOOMS FROM A PLANE EQUIPPED WITH A LOUD SPEAKER!
TORCH--STOP, OR THE CITY WILL BE DESTROYED--ALONG WITH YOUR FRIEND TORO!
BAH! YOU CAN'T THREATEN ME...I'M GOING TO BLAST YOU RATS WIDE OPEN!

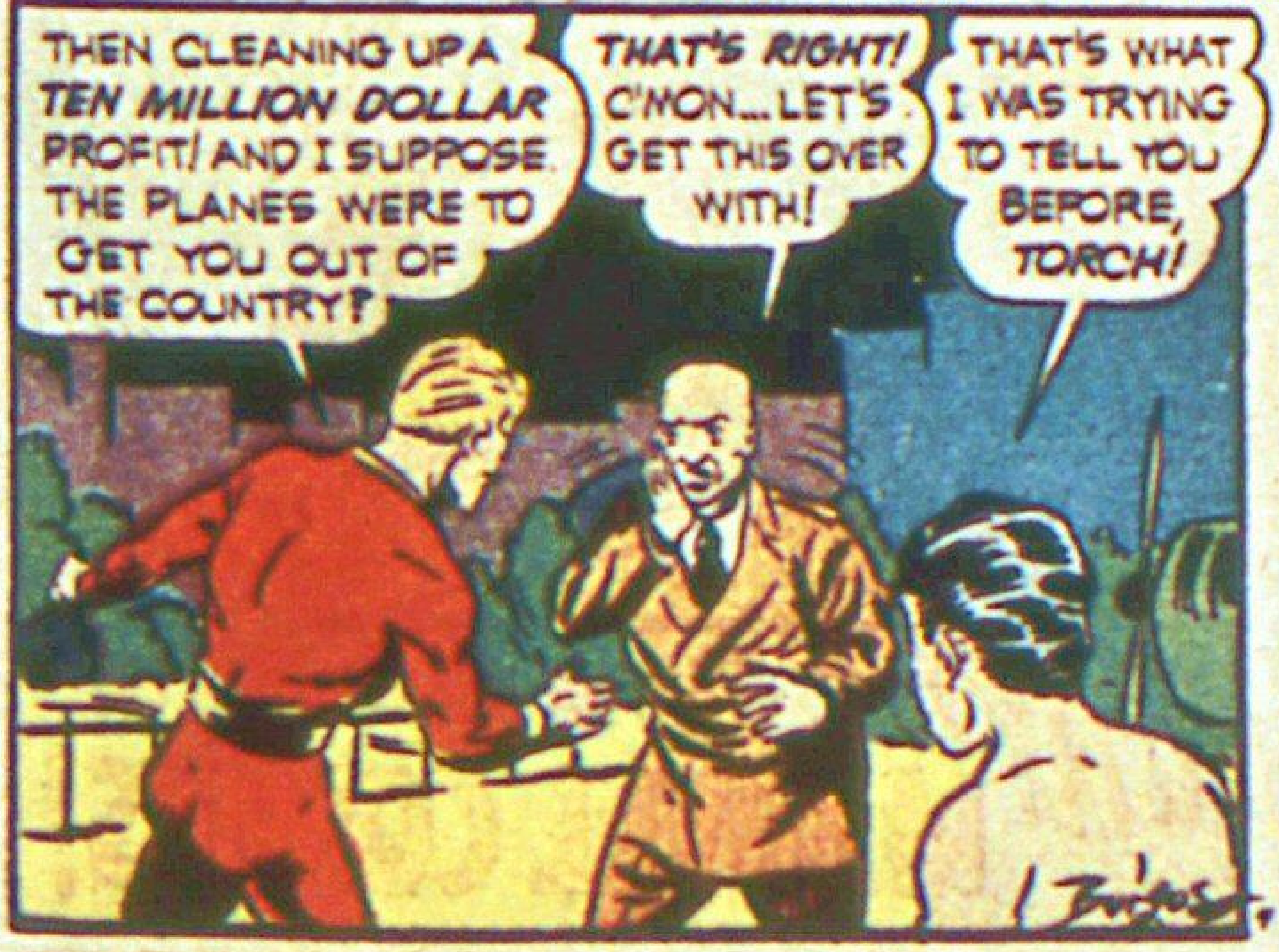

As THE TORCH SHOOTS AFTER THE PLANE--PANIC REIGNS BELOW! BUILDINGS EXPLODE... ONE AFTER ANOTHER---
---CIVILIANS ARE CRUSHED BY CHUNKS OF FALLING STONE... AS THE TORCH SWOOPS DOWN TO THEIR RESCUE!
?
INSIDE THE FLEEING AUTOGIRO...
HAW! THOSE TIME BOMBS WORKED ON SCHEDULE!
TORCH... LOOK OUT! THAT BUILDING IS GOING TO LAND ON TOP OF YOU!
The WARNING IS TOO LATE! THE BUILDING CRASHES ONTO THE TORCH!
BUT THE TORCH'S HOT BODY MELTS THRU--REDUCING THE BUILDING TO RUBBLE!
THE TORCH THEN LETS LOOSE A TIDAL-WAVE OF FLAME BETWEEN THE FALLING PIECES OF SKYSCRAPERS AND THE GROUND...MELTING THEM INSTANTLY!


WHILE IN THE PLANE ABOVE...
THAT TIDAL-WAVE PROTECTED THE PEOPLE! THE TORCH IS AFTER US AGAIN...BUT I STILL HAVE AN ACE IN THE HOLE! TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS, WHILE I TAKE CARE OF TORO!
YES, SIR!
HAH! TORO LOOKS LIKE A MUMMY...WRAPPED UP IN STRIPS OF ASBESTOS! WAIT...REMOVE THE HEAD WRAPPINGS!
I WOULDN'T WANT TORO, TO MISS HIS SEEING HIS FATE!
HA! NOW...PLASTER OF PARIS IN THE TUB! THAT'S IT...STIR WELL, AND LET HARDEN!
THE TORCH IS GETTING CLOSER!
WHILE AT THE CONTROLS...
GOOD... I'M READY FOR HIM--
GIVE ME A HAND WITH THE DOOR!
SO LONG, BRAT!
NOW FOR THE PERFECT GET-A-WAY!
TORCH! I'M SCARED... HELP ME!
OKAY, SISSY-- I WILL!
THE TORCH HURLS A SHOCK-ABSORBER OF FLAME TO THE GROUND! TORO LANDS ON IT...THE PLASTER MELTS, AND THE SPRINGY FLAME BOUNCES TORO BACK INTO THE AIR!
ULP!

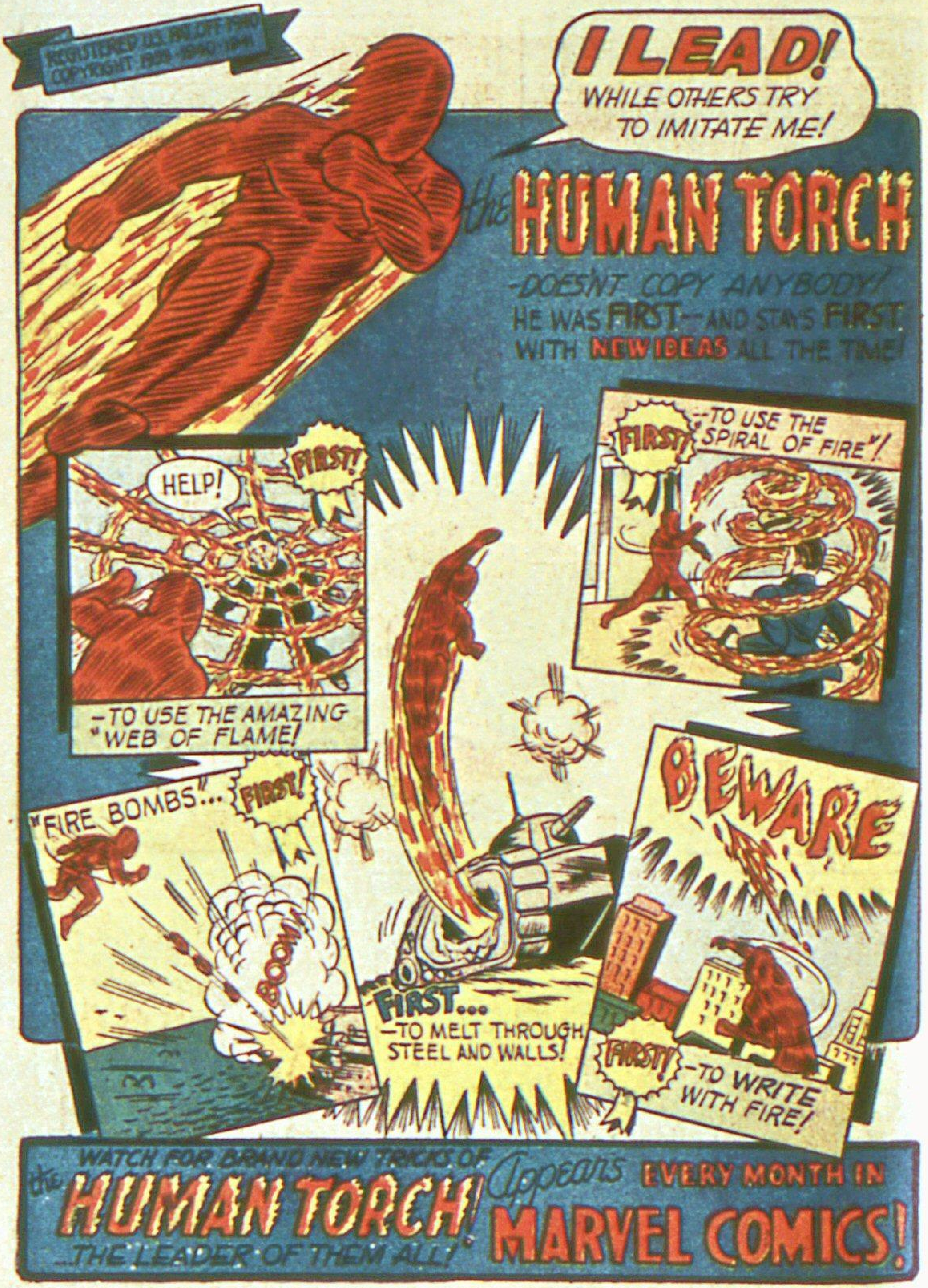

WITH THE PLASTER OF PARIS TUB GONE, THE FLAME MASTER SPEEDS TOWARD TORO AND GRASPS ONE END OF THE ASBESTOS BANDAGES AND SHOOTS SKYWARD!
HA! TORO IS ROLLING FREE!
OKAY...YOU CAN PUT ON YOUR FLAME NOW, TORO!
TORCH...I FOUND OUT WHO IS--
SAVE IT! JUST NOW I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT AIRPLANE...
TORO, FREE...SHOOTS SKYWARD WITH HIS FLAME ON--
--WITHOUT HARMING THOSE INSIDE! I'VE GOT IT...AND HERE GOES!
WHAT THE--? OUR SHIP SUDDENLY GOT LIGHTER!
INSIDE THE AIRPLANE...
YOUR LANDING GEAR HAS BEEN MELTED AWAY! LAND OR ELSE...
The Torch
LOOK!
HE'S BALMY! HOW CAN WE LAND WITHOUT A LANDING GEAR!
YEAH...BUT HE CAN MELT OUR SHIP EASY-- WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?
THEY'RE LANDING-- BUT WITHOUT WHEELS! THEY'LL BE KILLED!
DON'T WORRY- THEY WON'T!


AS THE PLANE NEARS THE GROUND, THE TORCH LETS LOOSE WHEELS OF FIRE THAT ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE PLANE, AND BECOME A LANDING GEAR!
THE PLANE TAXIS DOWN A STREET AND COMES TO A STOP...WHILE THE TORCH MELTS A HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE SHIP--
OKAY...PILE OUT...AND NO TRICKS!


THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME...
NOW, MR. MASK...WE'LL FIND OUT WHO YOU REALLY ARE!
WELL, I'LL BE-- 'HAWK' RIVERS... ESCAPED "CON," AND PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!
SO WHAT?
THE TORCH RECOGNIZES THE MASKED MAN'S VOICE!
NOTHING... EXCEPT YOU ALMOST SUCCEEDED IN YOUR PLAN, BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE MAYOR'S DISMISSAL OF GRAFTING POLITICIANS... AND SO THROWING US OFF YOUR TRAIL!


THEN CLEANING UP A TEN MILLION DOLLAR PROFIT! AND I SUPPOSE THE PLANES WERE TO GET YOU OUT OF THE COUNTRY?
THAT'S RIGHT! C'MON... LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU BEFORE, TORCH!

NEXT MONTH Another Complete
HUMAN TORCH
PICTURE ACTION ADVENTURE


REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1939-1940-1941
I LEAD! WHILE OTHERS TRY TO IMITATE ME!
the HUMAN TORCH
-DOESN'T COPY ANYBODY! HE WAS FIRST--AND STAYS FIRST WITH NEW IDEAS ALL THE TIME!
HELP!
FIRST!
-TO USE THE AMAZING "WEB OF FLAME!
FIRST!
--TO USE THE "SPIRAL OF FIRE"!
"FIRE BOMBS"... FIRST!
BOOM
FIRST...
-TO MELT THROUGH STEEL AND WALLS!
BEWARE
FIRST!
-TO WRITE WITH FIRE!
WATCH FOR BRAND NEW TRICKS OF the HUMAN TORCH! ...THE LEADER OF THEM ALL!
Appears EVERY MONTH IN MARVEL COMICS!

PRINCE NAMOR – THE SUB-MARINER

BY Bill Everett

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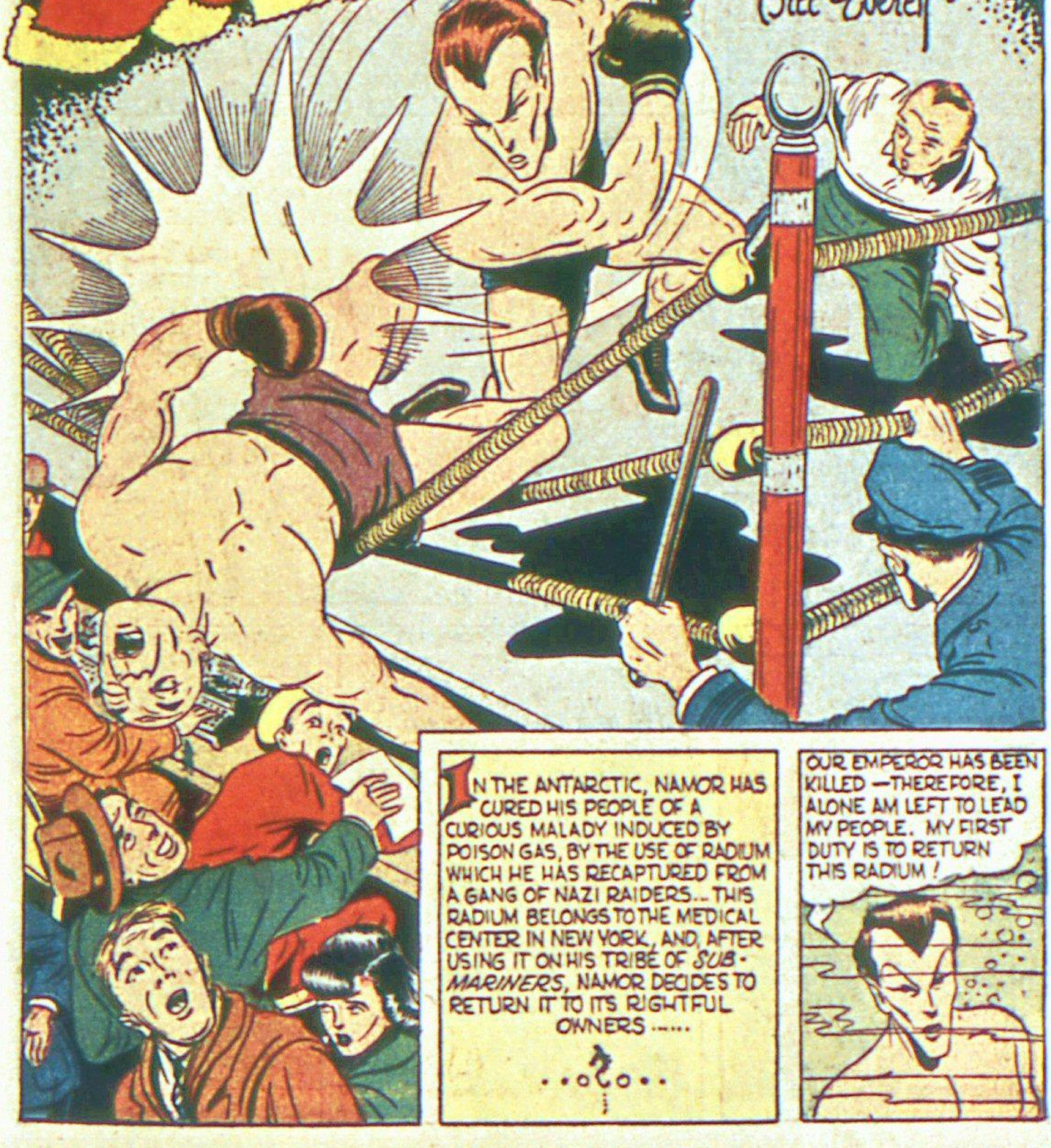
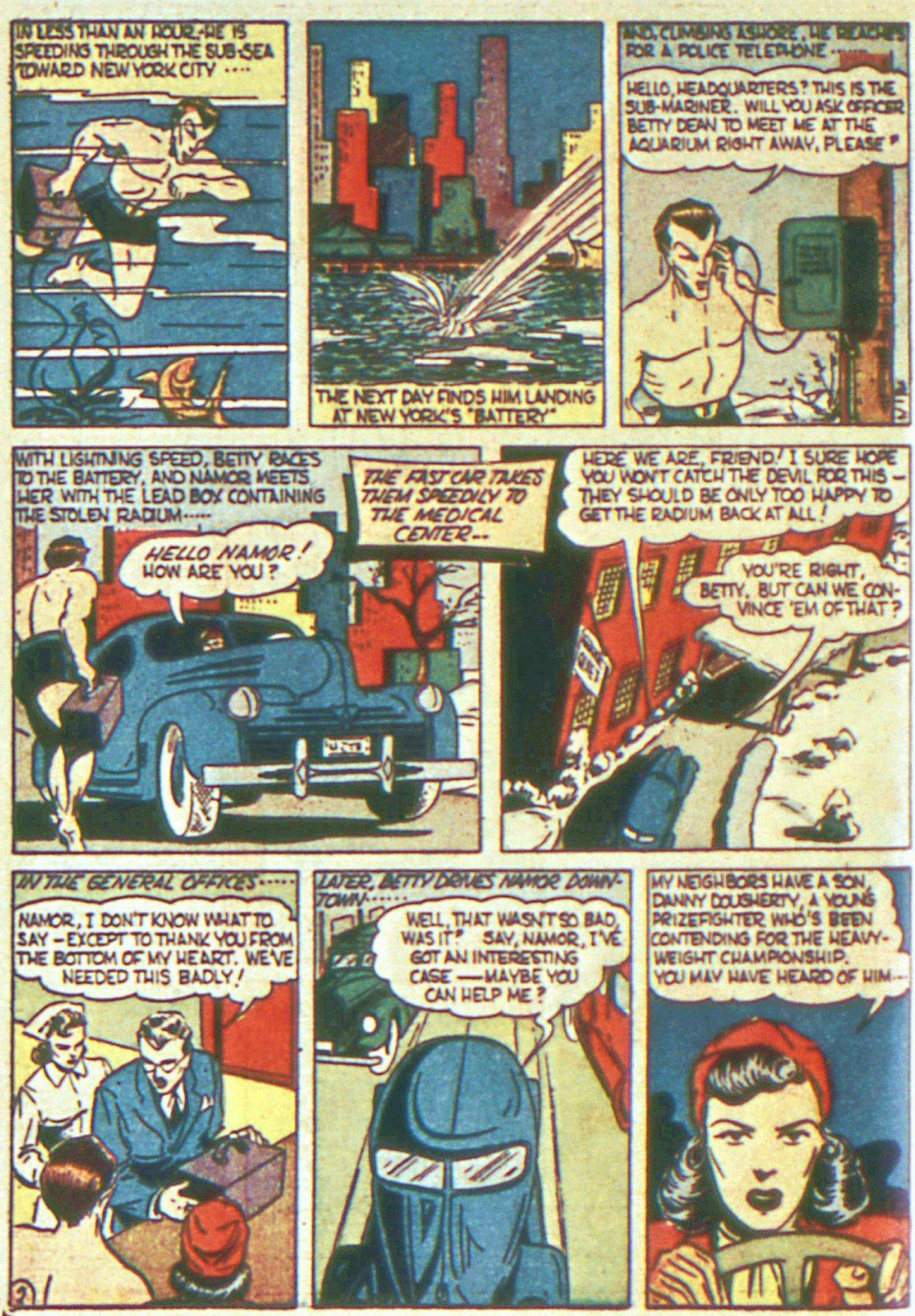
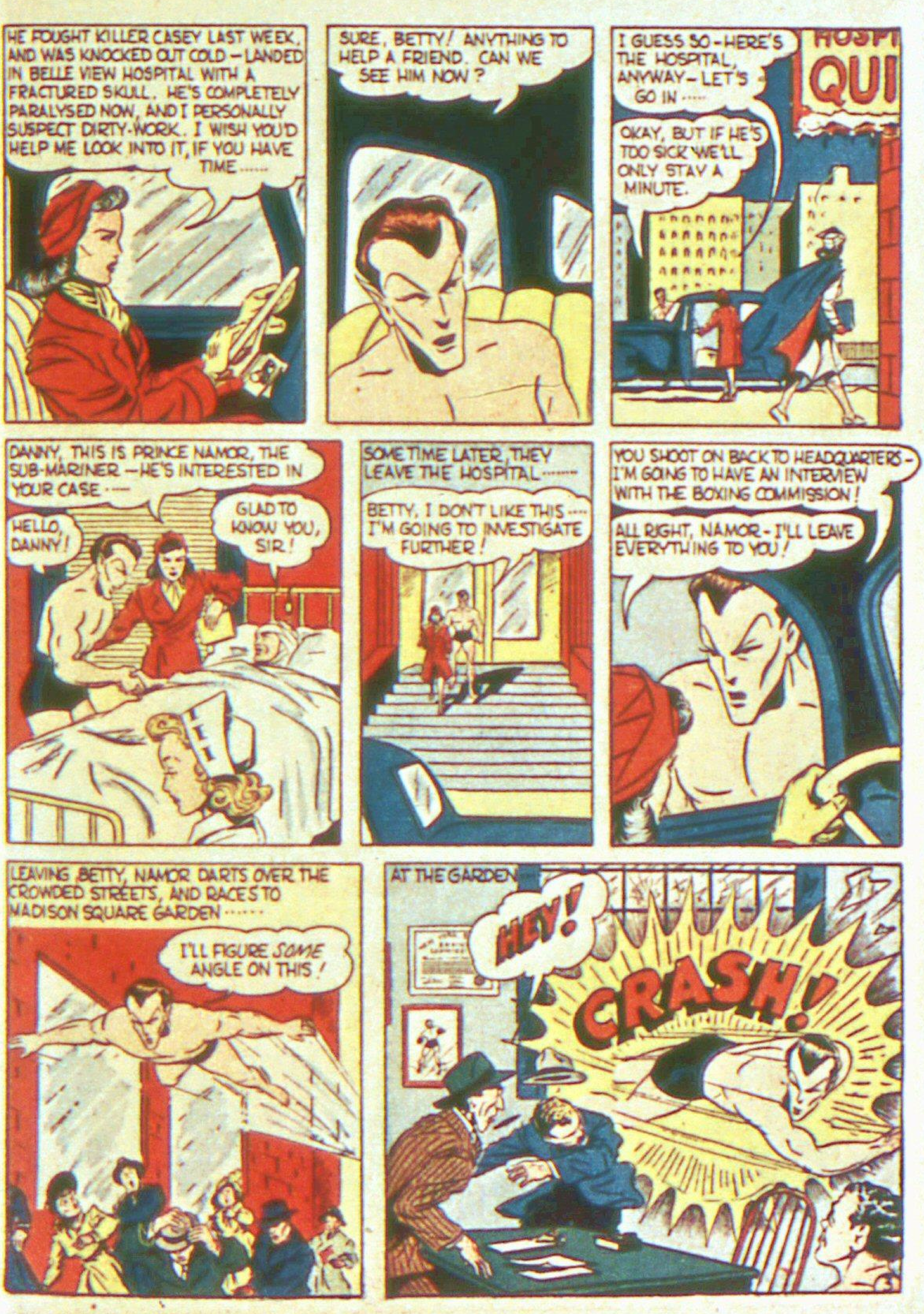
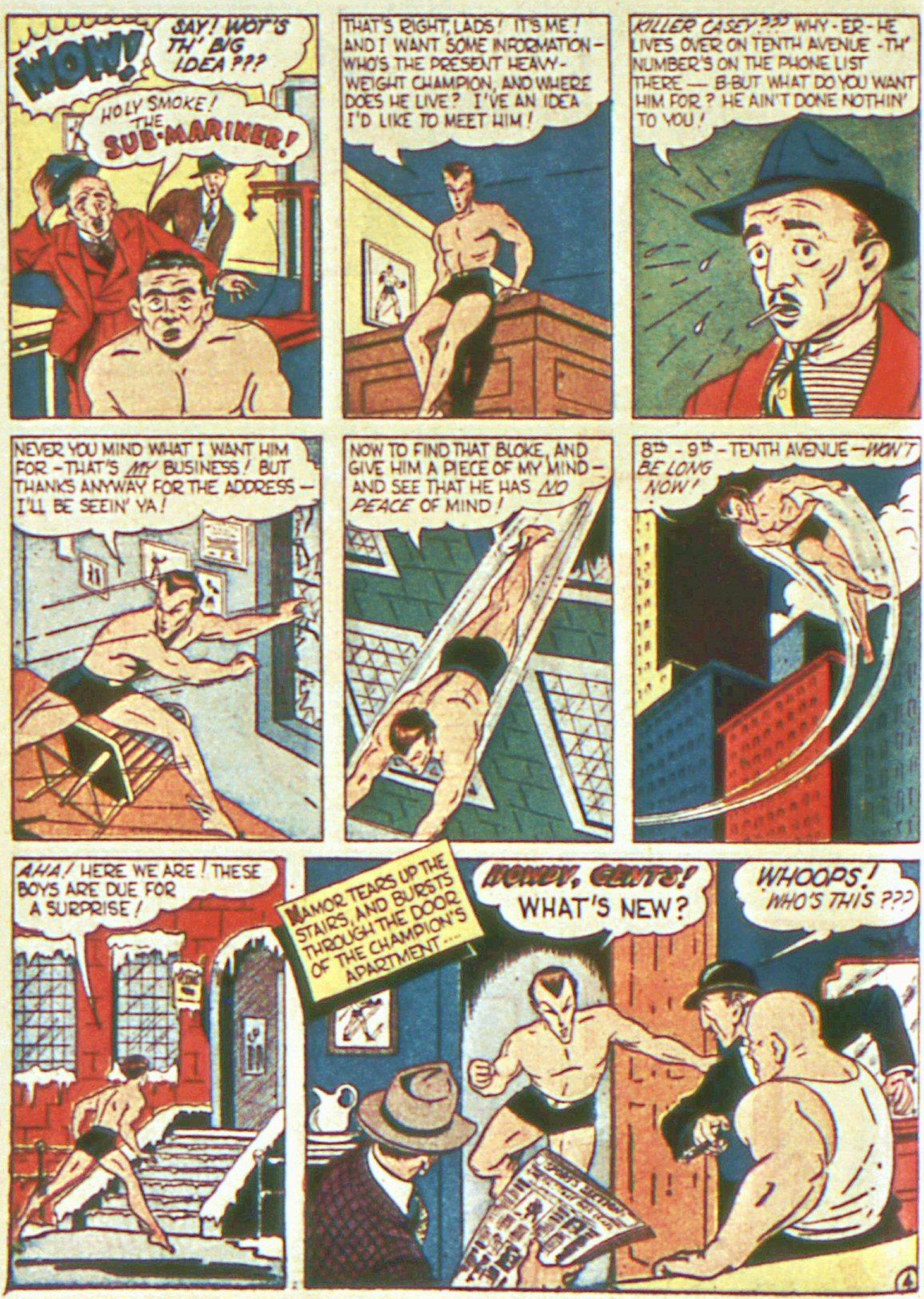


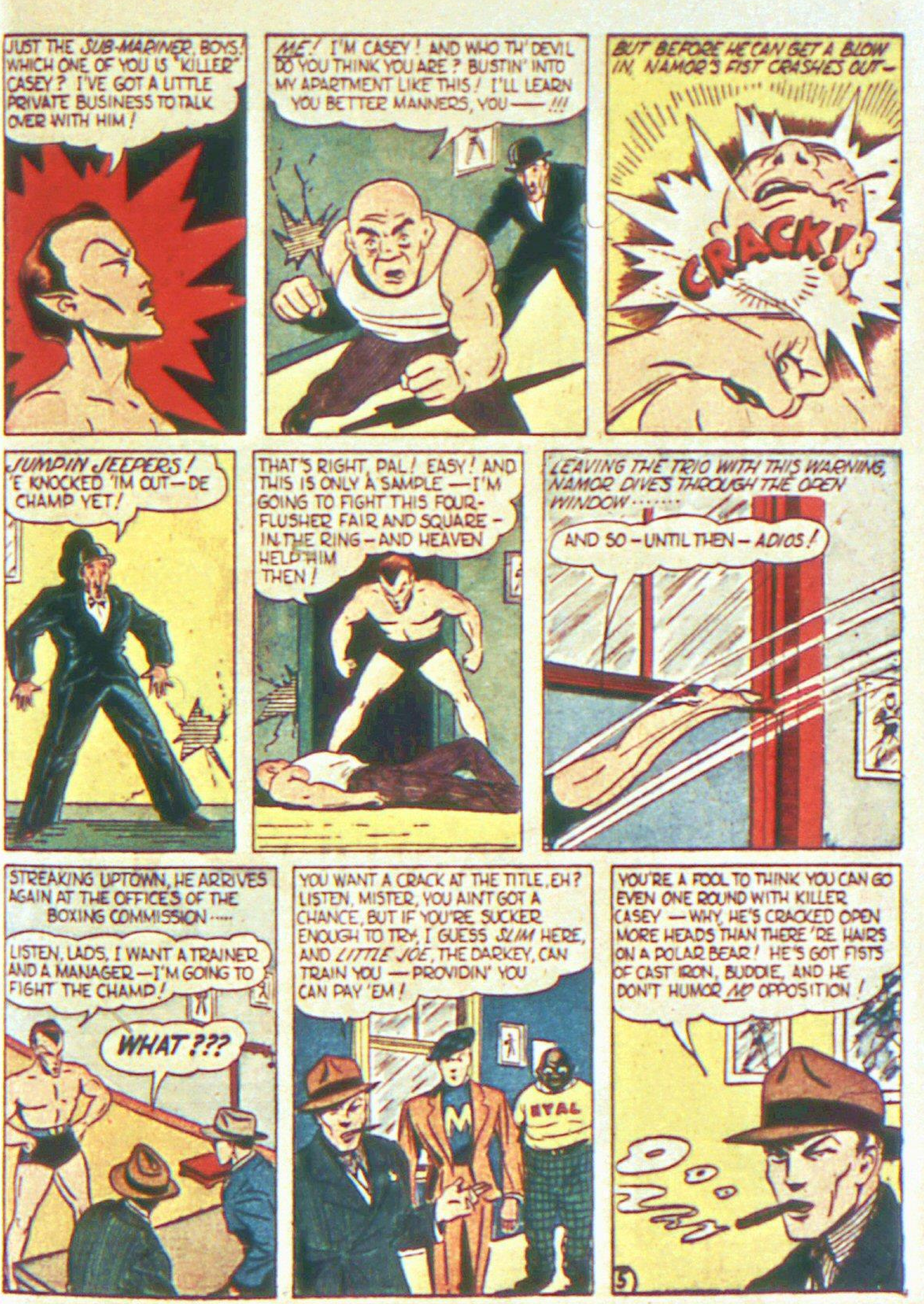
IN THE ANTARCTIC, NAMOR HAS CURED HIS PEOPLE OF A CURIOUS MALADY INDUCED BY POISON GAS, BY THE USE OF RADIUM WHICH HE HAS RECAPTURED FROM A GANG OF NAZI RAIDERS... THIS RADIUM BELONGS TO THE MEDICAL CENTER IN NEW YORK, AND, AFTER USING IT ON HIS TRIBE OF *SUB-MARINERS*, NAMOR DECIDES TO RETURN IT TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS......

OUR EMPEROR HAS BEEN KILLED —THEREFORE, I ALONE AM LEFT TO LEAD MY PEOPLE. MY FIRST DUTY IS TO RETURN THIS RADIUM !


IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, HE IS SPEEDING THROUGH THE SUB-SEA TOWARD NEW YORK CITY ....
THE NEXT DAY FINDS HIM LANDING AT NEW YORK'S "BATTERY"
AND, CLIMBING ASHORE, HE REACHES FOR A POLICE TELEPHONE .....
HELLO, HEADQUARTERS? THIS IS THE SUB-MARINER. WILL YOU ASK OFFICER BETTY DEAN TO MEET ME AT THE AQUARIUM RIGHT AWAY, PLEASE?
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, BETTY RACES TO THE BATTERY, AND NAMOR MEETS HER WITH THE LEAD BOX CONTAINING THE STOLEN RADIUM.....
HELLO NAMOR! HOW ARE YOU?
THE FAST CAR TAKES THEM SPEEDILY TO THE MEDICAL CENTER..
HERE WE ARE, FRIEND! I SURE HOPE YOU WON'T CATCH THE DEVIL FOR THIS - THEY SHOULD BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO GET THE RADIUM BACK AT ALL!
YOU'RE RIGHT, BETTY, BUT CAN WE CONVINCE 'EM OF THAT?
IN THE GENERAL OFFICES......
NAMOR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY - EXCEPT TO THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART. WE'VE NEEDED THIS BADLY!
LATER, BETTY DRIVES NAMOR DOWNTOWN......
WELL, THAT WASN'T SO BAD, WAS IT? SAY, NAMOR, I'VE GOT AN INTERESTING CASE — MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME?
MY NEIGHBORS HAVE A SON, DANNY DOUGHERTY, A YOUNG PRIZEFIGHTER WHO'S BEEN CONTENDING FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP. YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF HIM...


HE FOUGHT KILLER CASEY LAST WEEK, AND WAS KNOCKED OUT COLD — LANDED IN BELLE VIEW HOSPITAL WITH A FRACTURED SKULL. HE'S COMPLETELY PARALYSED NOW, AND I PERSONALLY SUSPECT DIRTY-WORK. I WISH YOU'D HELP ME LOOK INTO IT, IF YOU HAVE TIME......
SURE, BETTY! ANYTHING TO HELP A FRIEND. CAN WE SEE HIM NOW?
I GUESS SO — HERE'S THE HOSPITAL, ANYWAY — LET'S GO IN......
HOSPI
QUI
OKAY, BUT IF HE'S TOO SICK WE'LL ONLY STAY A MINUTE.
DANNY, THIS IS PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER — HE'S INTERESTED IN YOUR CASE.....
HELLO, DANNY!
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SIR!
SOME TIME LATER, THEY LEAVE THE HOSPITAL......
BETTY, I DON'T LIKE THIS.... I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE FURTHER!
YOU SHOOT ON BACK TO HEADQUARTERS — I'M GOING TO HAVE AN INTERVIEW WITH THE BOXING COMMISSION!
ALL RIGHT, NAMOR — I'LL LEAVE EVERYTHING TO YOU!
LEAVING BETTY, NAMOR DARTS OVER THE CROWDED STREETS, AND RACES TO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN......
I'LL FIGURE *SOME* ANGLE ON THIS!
AT THE GARDEN
HEY!
CRASH!


WOW!
SAY! WOT'S TH' BIG IDEA???
HOLY SMOKE! THE SUB-MARINER!
THAT'S RIGHT, LADS! IT'S ME! AND I WANT SOME INFORMATION—WHO'S THE PRESENT HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION, AND WHERE DOES HE LIVE? I'VE AN IDEA I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM!
KILLER CASEY??? WHY-ER-HE LIVES OVER ON TENTH AVENUE -TH' NUMBER'S ON THE PHONE LIST THERE — B-BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT HIM FOR? HE AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' TO YOU!
NEVER YOU MIND WHAT I WANT HIM FOR -THAT'S MY BUSINESS! BUT THANKS ANYWAY FOR THE ADDRESS — I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!
NOW TO FIND THAT BLOKE, AND GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND— AND SEE THAT HE HAS NO PEACE OF MIND!
8th - 9th - TENTH AVENUE —WON'T BE LONG NOW!
AHA! HERE WE ARE! THESE BOYS ARE DUE FOR A SURPRISE!
NAMOR TEARS UP THE STAIRS, AND BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE CHAMPION'S APARTMENT....
HOWDY, GENTS! WHAT'S NEW?
WHOOPS! WHO'S THIS???


JUST THE SUB-MARINER, BOYS! WHICH ONE OF YOU IS "KILLER" CASEY? I'VE GOT A LITTLE PRIVATE BUSINESS TO TALK OVER WITH HIM!
ME! I'M CASEY! AND WHO TH' DEVIL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? BUSTIN' INTO MY APARTMENT LIKE THIS! I'LL LEARN YOU BETTER MANNERS, YOU——!!!
BUT BEFORE HE CAN GET A BLOW IN, NAMOR'S FIST CRASHES OUT—
CRACK!
JUMPIN JEEPERS! 'E KNOCKED 'IM OUT—DE CHAMP YET!
THAT'S RIGHT, PAL! EASY! AND THIS IS ONLY A SAMPLE—I'M GOING TO FIGHT THIS FOUR-FLUSHER FAIR AND SQUARE—IN THE RING—AND HEAVEN HELP HIM THEN!
LEAVING THE TRIO WITH THIS WARNING, NAMOR DIVES THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.......
AND SO—UNTIL THEN—ADIOS!
STREAKING UPTOWN, HE ARRIVES AGAIN AT THE OFFICES OF THE BOXING COMMISSION.....
LISTEN, LADS, I WANT A TRAINER AND A MANAGER—I'M GOING TO FIGHT THE CHAMP!
WHAT???
YOU WANT A CRACK AT THE TITLE, EH? LISTEN, MISTER, YOU AINT GOT A CHANCE, BUT IF YOU'RE SUCKER ENOUGH TO TRY, I GUESS SLIM HERE, AND LITTLE JOE, THE DARKEY, CAN TRAIN YOU—PROVIDIN' YOU CAN PAY 'EM!
M
EYAL
YOU'RE A FOOL TO THINK YOU CAN GO EVEN ONE ROUND WITH KILLER CASEY—WHY, HE'S CRACKED OPEN MORE HEADS THAN THERE 'RE HAIRS ON A POLAR BEAR! HE'S GOT FISTS OF CAST IRON, BUDDIE, AND HE DON'T HUMOR NO OPPOSITION!
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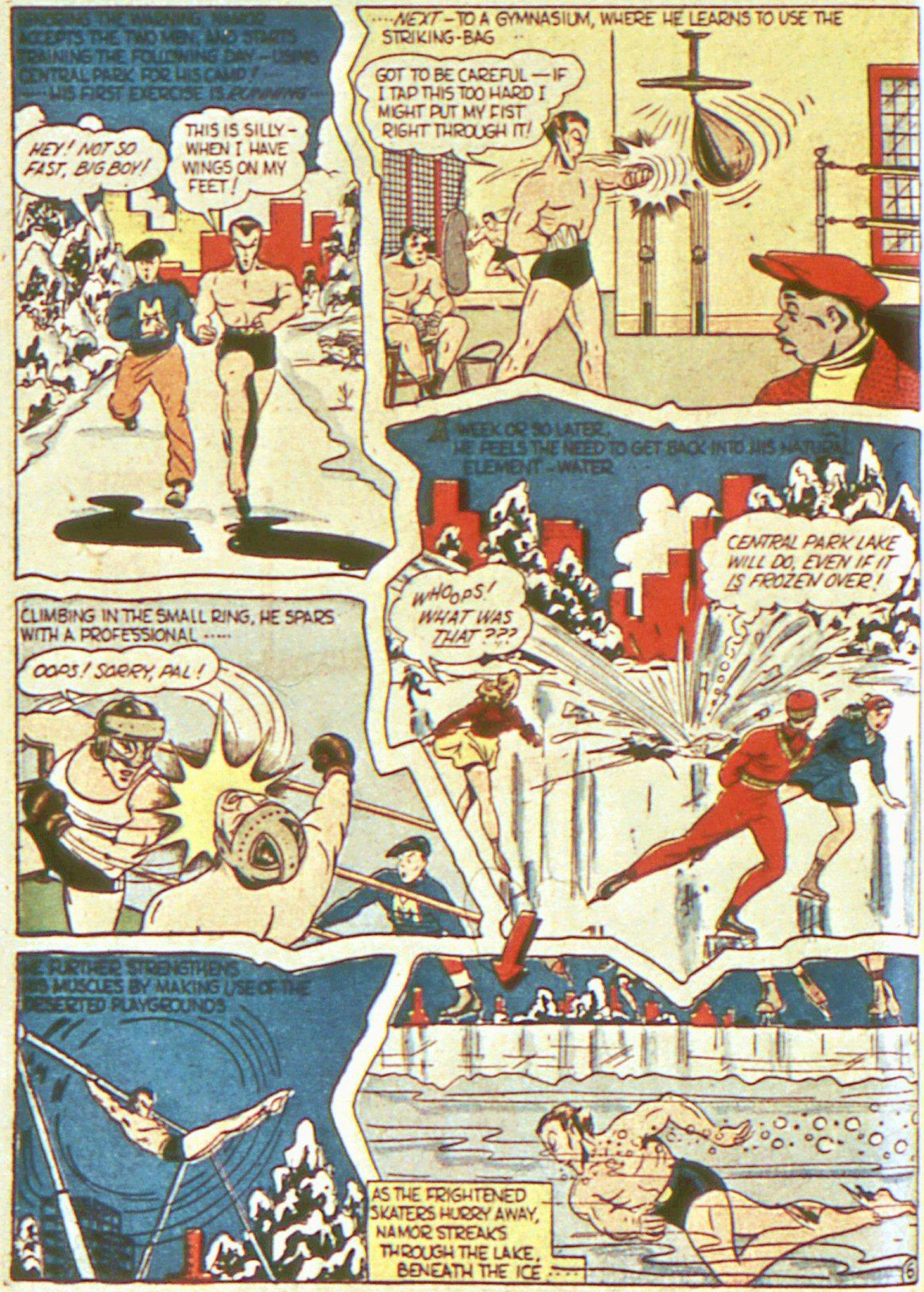
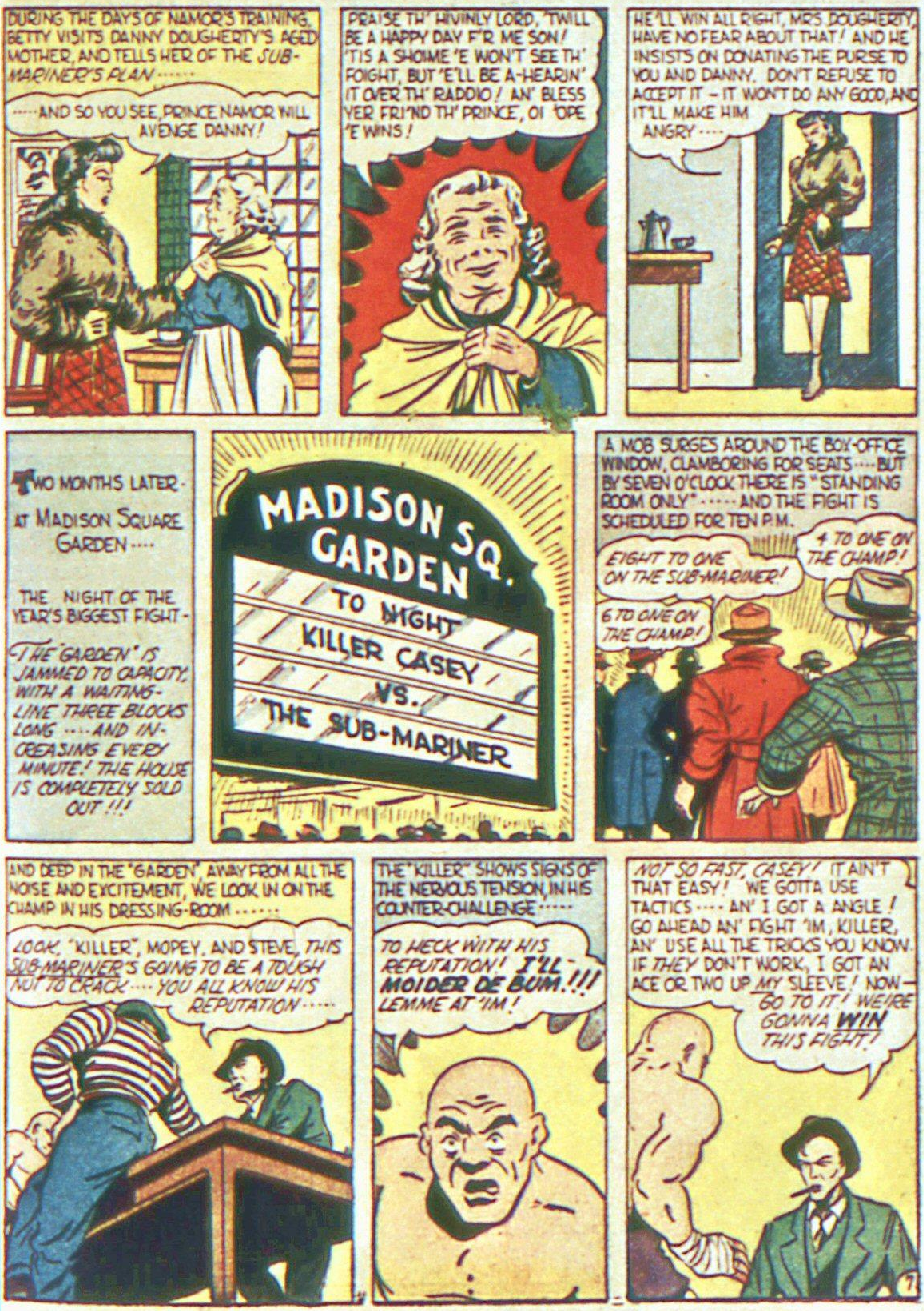
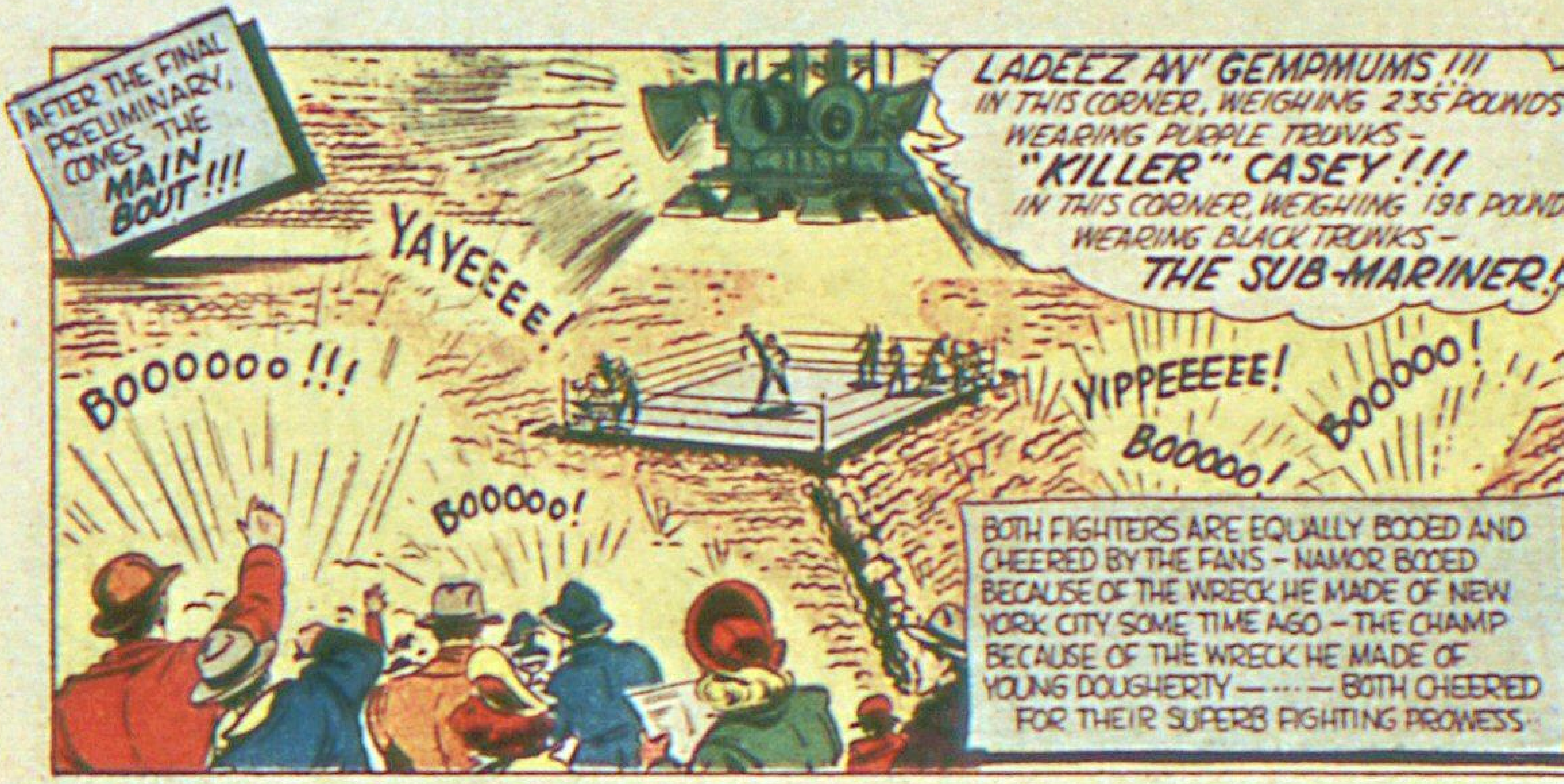
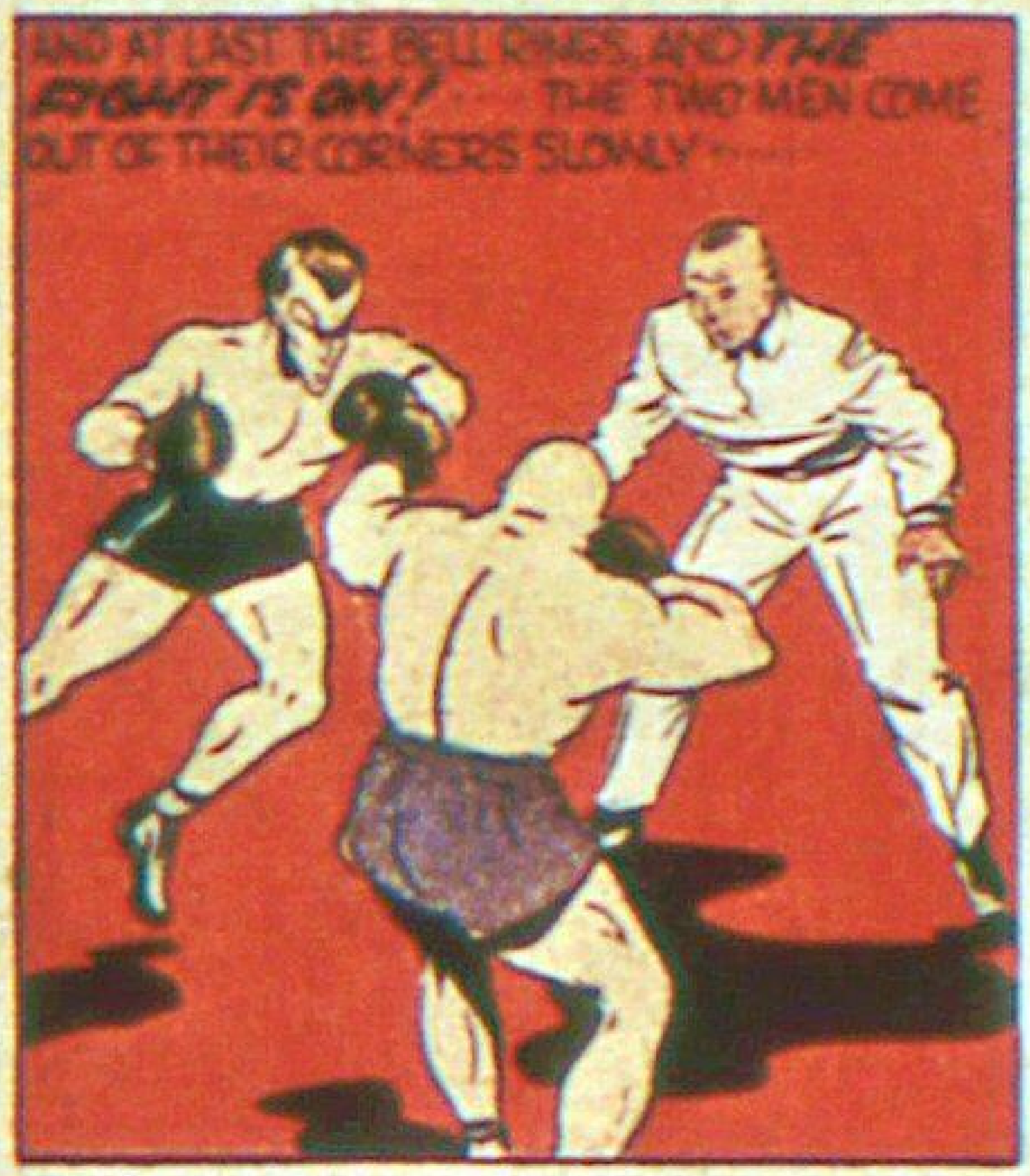
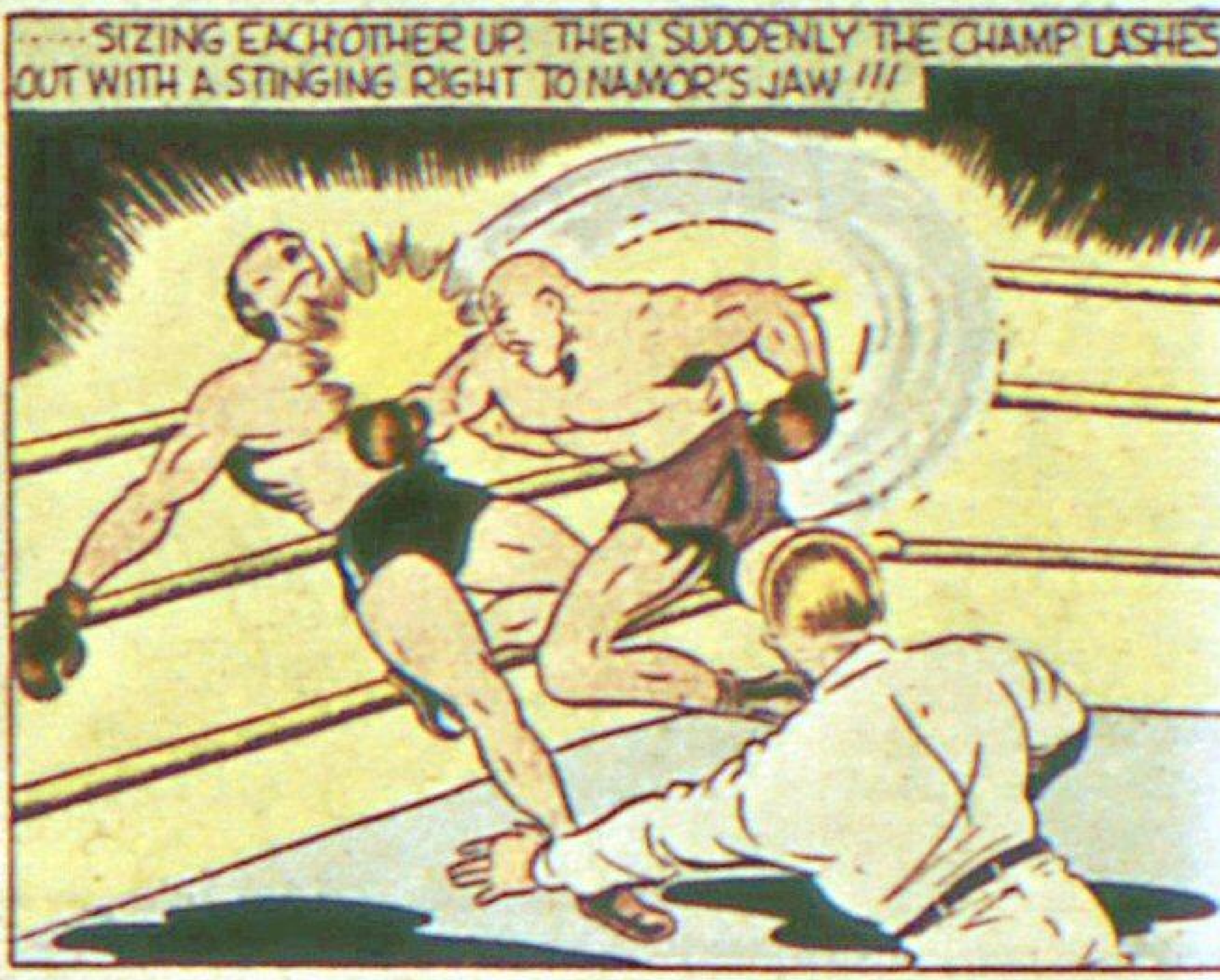
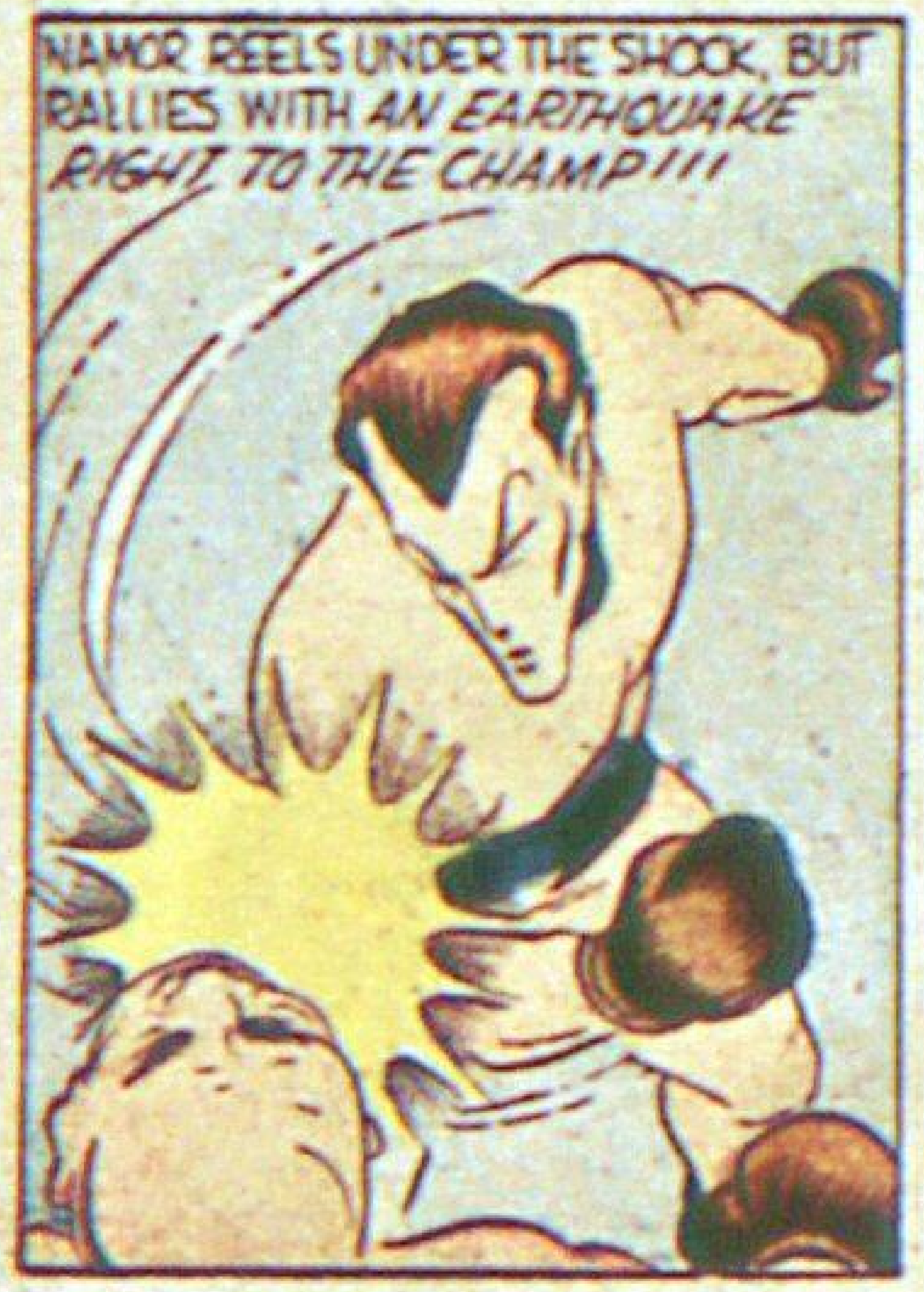

HEEDING THE WARNING, NAMOR ACCEPTS THE TWO MEN, AND STARTS TRAINING THE FOLLOWING DAY — USING CENTRAL PARK FOR HIS CAMP! ..... HIS FIRST EXERCISE IS RUNNING ...
HEY! NOT SO FAST, BIG BOY!
THIS IS SILLY — WHEN I HAVE WINGS ON MY FEET!
.... NEXT — TO A GYMNASIUM, WHERE HE LEARNS TO USE THE STRIKING-BAG ...
GOT TO BE CAREFUL — IF I TAP THIS TOO HARD I MIGHT PUT MY FIST RIGHT THROUGH IT!
CLIMBING IN THE SMALL RING, HE SPARS WITH A PROFESSIONAL .....
OOPS! SORRY, PAL!
A WEEK OR SO LATER, HE FEELS THE NEED TO GET BACK INTO HIS NATURAL ELEMENT — WATER
CENTRAL PARK LAKE WILL DO, EVEN IF IT IS FROZEN OVER!
WHOOPS! WHAT WAS THAT???
HE FURTHER STRENGTHENS HIS MUSCLES BY MAKING USE OF THE DESERTED PLAYGROUNDS
AS THE FRIGHTENED SKATERS HURRY AWAY, NAMOR STREAKS THROUGH THE LAKE, BENEATH THE ICE ....
6

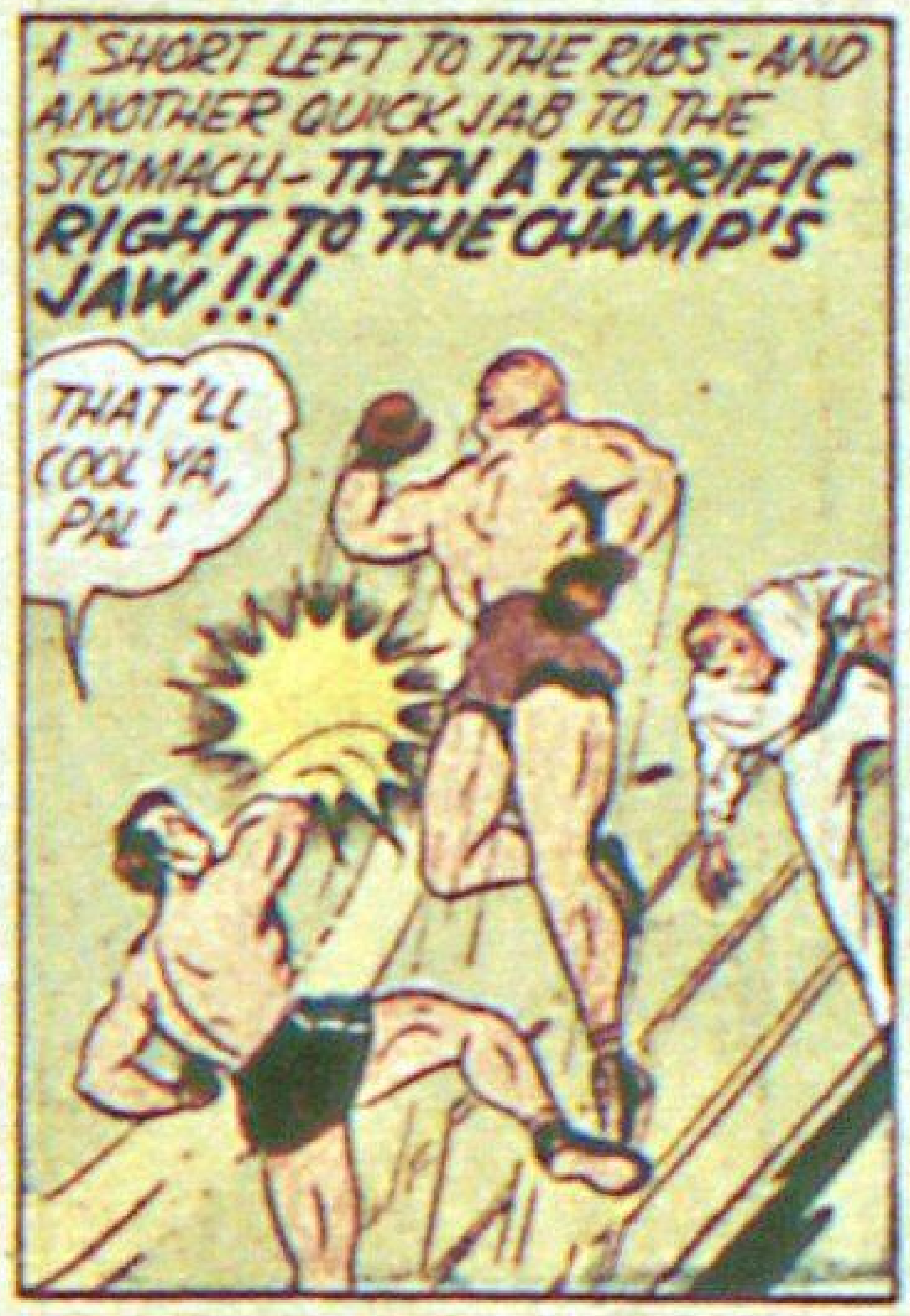

DURING THE DAYS OF NAMOR'S TRAINING, BETTY VISITS DANNY DOUGHERTY'S AGED MOTHER, AND TELLS HER OF THE SUB-MARINER'S PLAN ......
......AND SO YOU SEE, PRINCE NAMOR WILL AVENGE DANNY!
PRAISE TH' HIVINLY LORD, 'TWILL BE A HAPPY DAY F'R ME SON! 'TIS A SHOIME 'E WON'T SEE TH' FOIGHT, BUT 'E'LL BE A-HEARIN' IT OVER TH' RADDIO! AN' BLESS YER FRI'ND TH' PRINCE, OI 'OPE 'E WINS!
HE'LL WIN ALL RIGHT, MRS. DOUGHERTY, HAVE NO FEAR ABOUT THAT! AND HE INSISTS ON DONATING THE PURSE TO YOU AND DANNY. DON'T REFUSE TO ACCEPT IT – IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD, AND IT'LL MAKE HIM ANGRY .....
TWO MONTHS LATER - AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ....
THE NIGHT OF THE YEAR'S BIGGEST FIGHT -
THE "GARDEN" IS JAMMED TO CAPACITY, WITH A WAITING-LINE THREE BLOCKS LONG ....AND INCREASING EVERY MINUTE! THE HOUSE IS COMPLETELY SOLD OUT !!!
MADISON SQ. GARDEN
TO NIGHT
KILLER CASEY
VS.
THE SUB-MARINER
A MOB SURGES AROUND THE BOX-OFFICE WINDOW, CLAMBORING FOR SEATS .... BUT BY SEVEN O'CLOCK THERE IS "STANDING ROOM ONLY" ..... AND THE FIGHT IS SCHEDULED FOR TEN P.M.
EIGHT TO ONE ON THE SUB-MARINER!
4 TO ONE ON THE CHAMP!
6 TO ONE ON THE CHAMP!
AND DEEP IN THE "GARDEN", AWAY FROM ALL THE NOISE AND EXCITEMENT, WE LOOK IN ON THE CHAMP IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM ......
LOOK, "KILLER", MOPEY, AND STEVE, THIS SUB-MARINER'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK .... YOU ALL KNOW HIS REPUTATION .....
THE "KILLER" SHOWS SIGNS OF THE NERVOUS TENSION, IN HIS COUNTER-CHALLENGE .....
TO HECK WITH HIS REPUTATION! I'LL MOIDER DE BUM.!!! LEMME AT 'IM!
NOT SO FAST, CASEY! IT AIN'T THAT EASY! WE GOTTA USE TACTICS .... AN' I GOT A ANGLE! GO AHEAD AN' FIGHT 'IM, KILLER, AN' USE ALL THE TRICKS YOU KNOW. IF THEY DON'T WORK, I GOT AN ACE OR TWO UP MY SLEEVE! NOW— GO TO IT! WE'RE GONNA WIN THIS FIGHT!

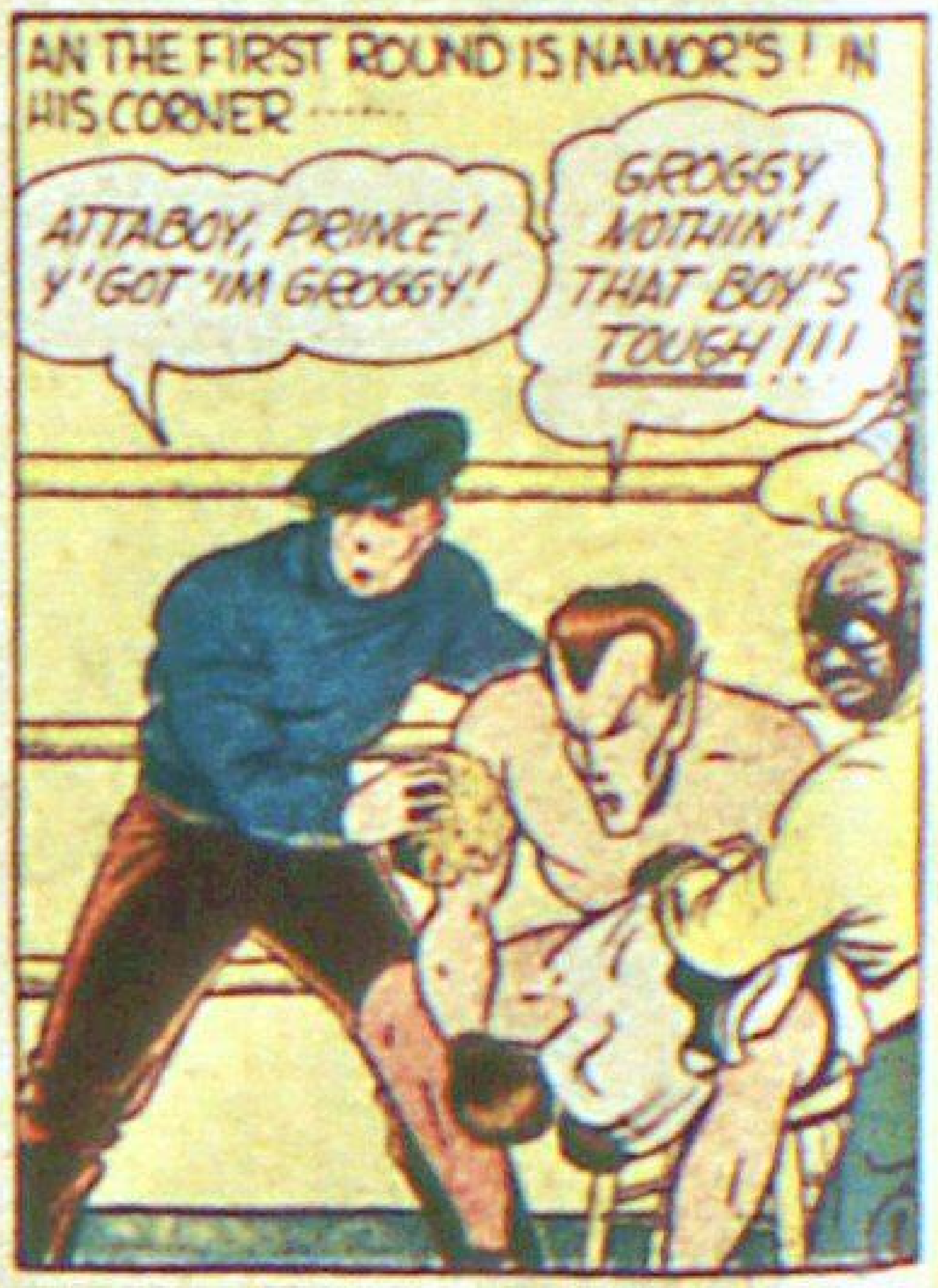

AFTER THE FINAL PRELIMINARY, COMES THE MAIN BOUT!!!
LADEEZ AN' GEMPMUMS!!! IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING 235 POUNDS - WEARING PURPLE TRUNKS - "KILLER" CASEY!!! IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING 198 POUNDS - WEARING BLACK TRUNKS - THE SUB-MARINER!
YAYEEEEE!
BOOOOOO!!!
BOOOOO!
YIPPEEEEE!
BOOOOO!
BOOOOO!
BOTH FIGHTERS ARE EQUALLY BOOED AND CHEERED BY THE FANS - NAMOR BOOED BECAUSE OF THE WRECK HE MADE OF NEW YORK CITY SOME TIME AGO - THE CHAMP BECAUSE OF THE WRECK HE MADE OF YOUNG DOUGHERTY — ··· — BOTH CHEERED FOR THEIR SUPERB FIGHTING PROWESS

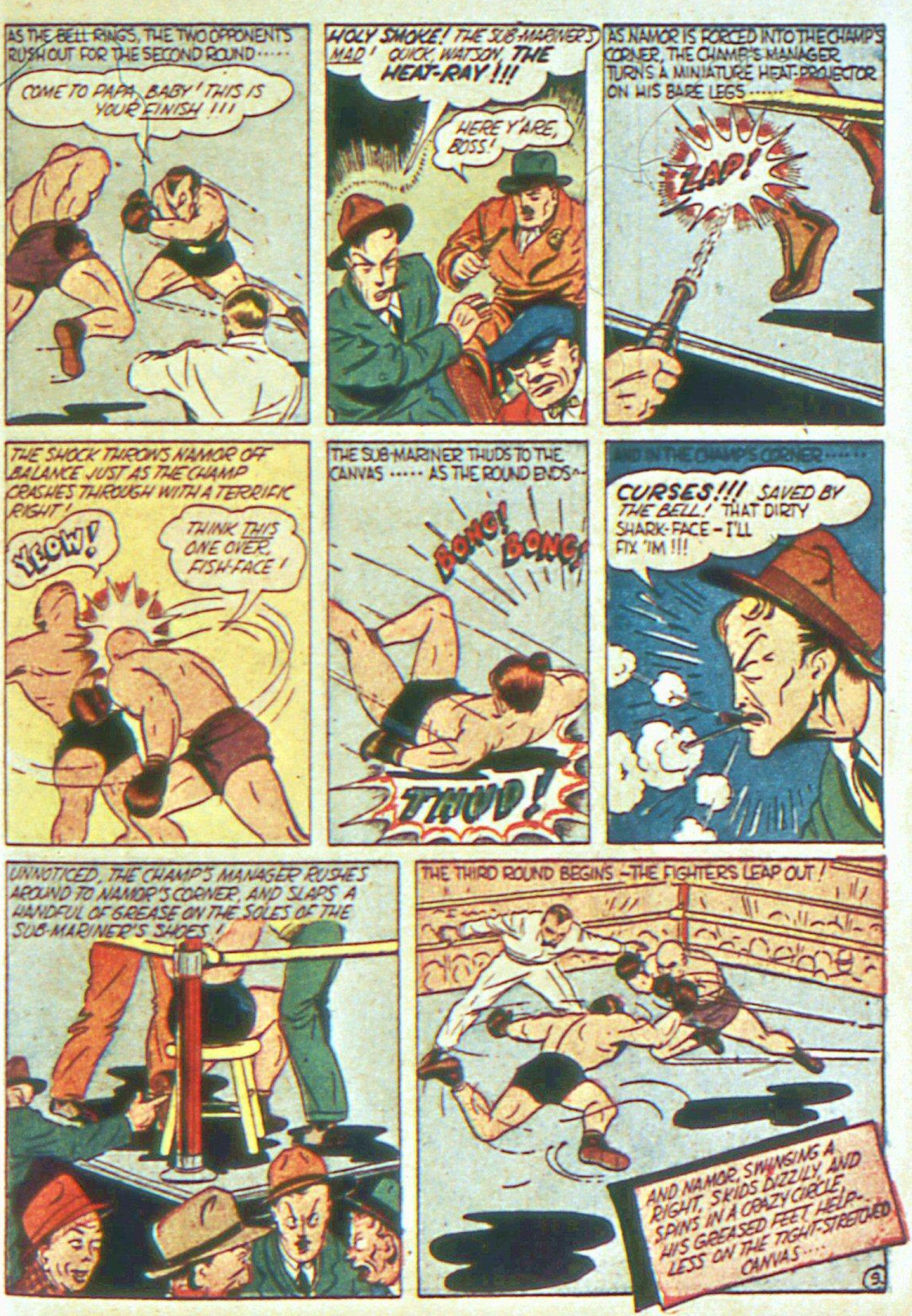

AND AT LAST THE BELL RINGS, AND THE FIGHT IS ON! ---- THE TWO MEN COME OUT OF THEIR CORNERS SLOWLY ----

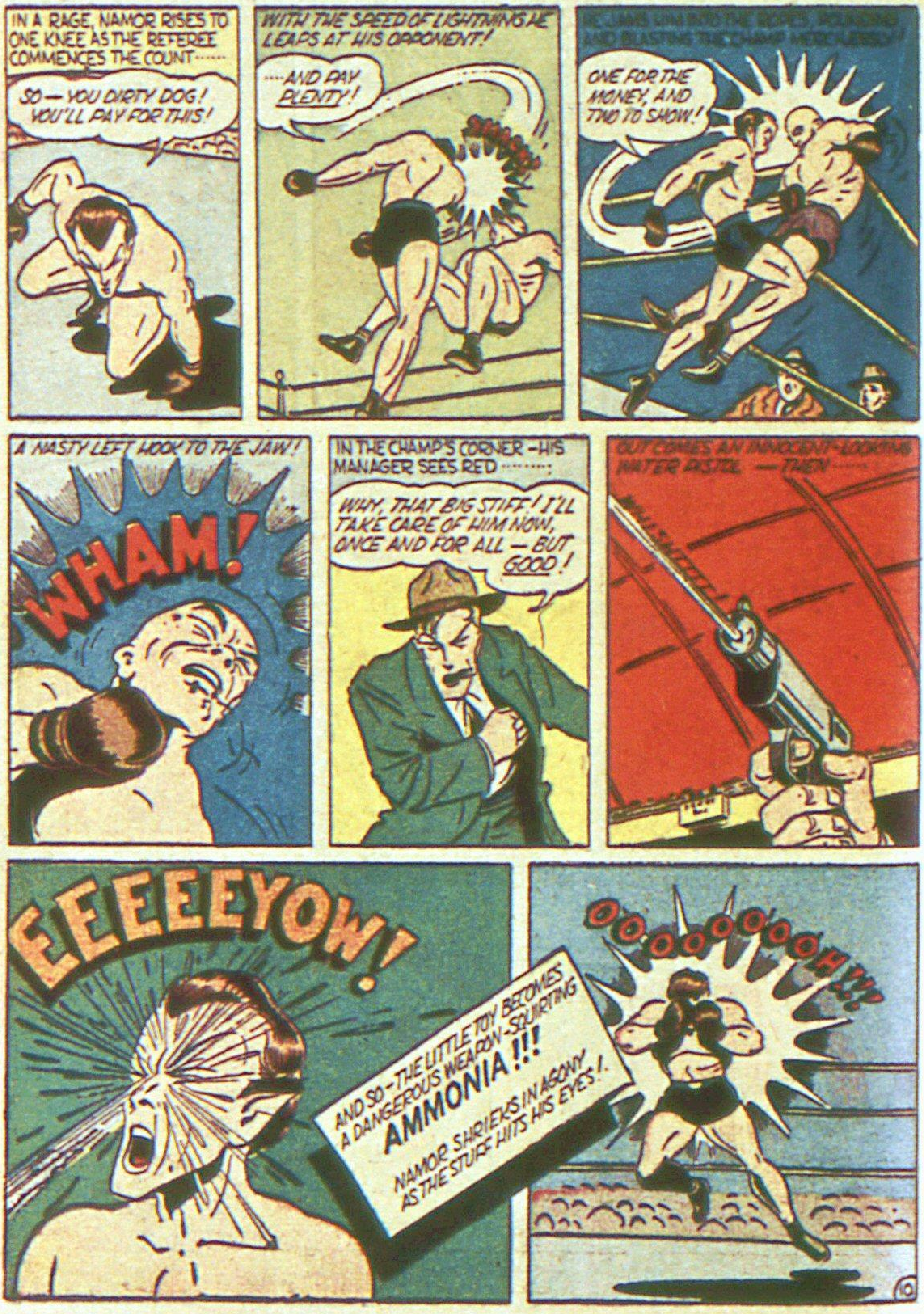

----SIZING EACHOTHER UP. THEN SUDDENLY THE CHAMP LASHES OUT WITH A STINGING RIGHT TO NAMOR'S JAW!!!

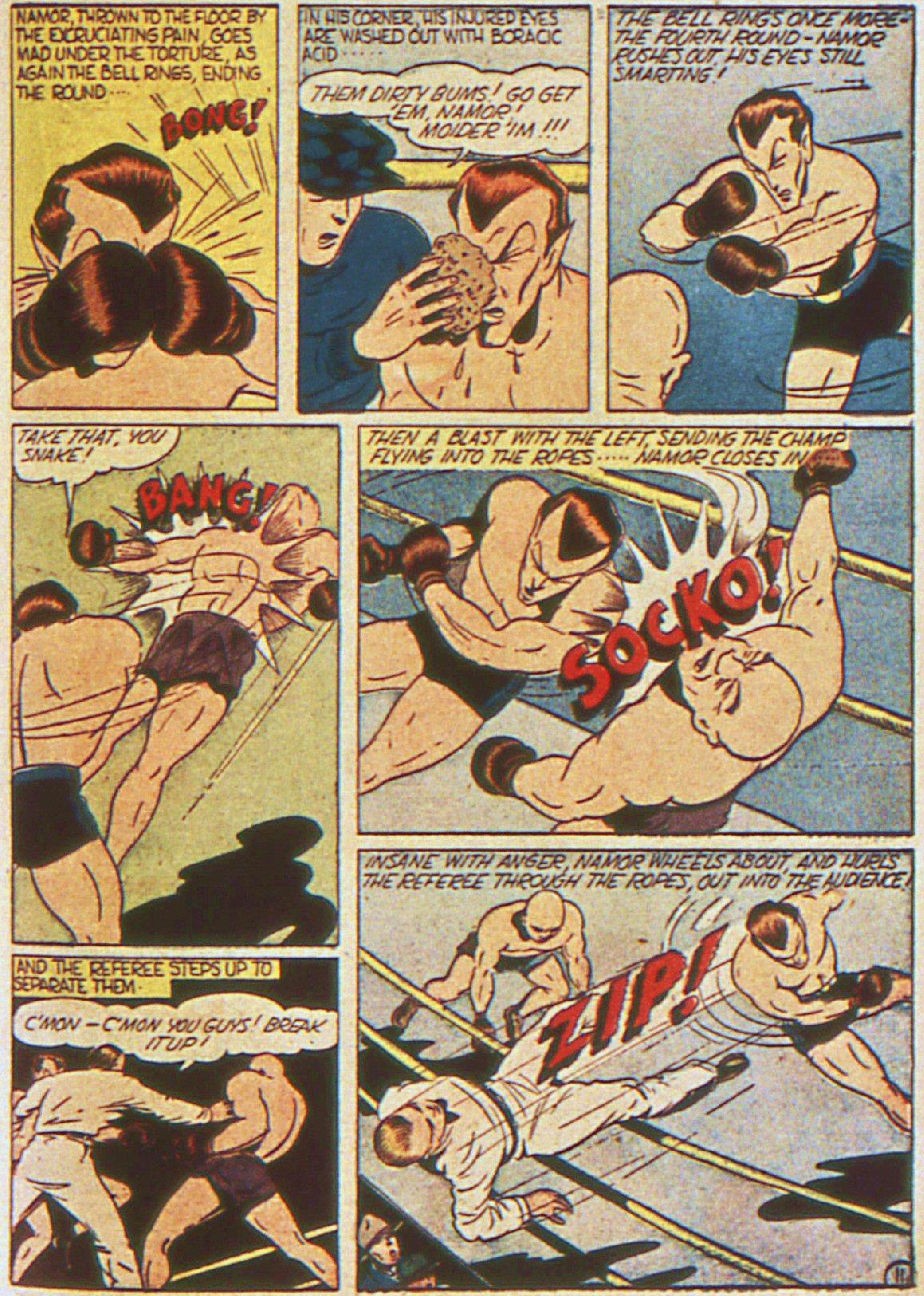

NAMOR REELS UNDER THE SHOCK, BUT RALLIES WITH AN EARTHQUAKE RIGHT TO THE CHAMP!!!

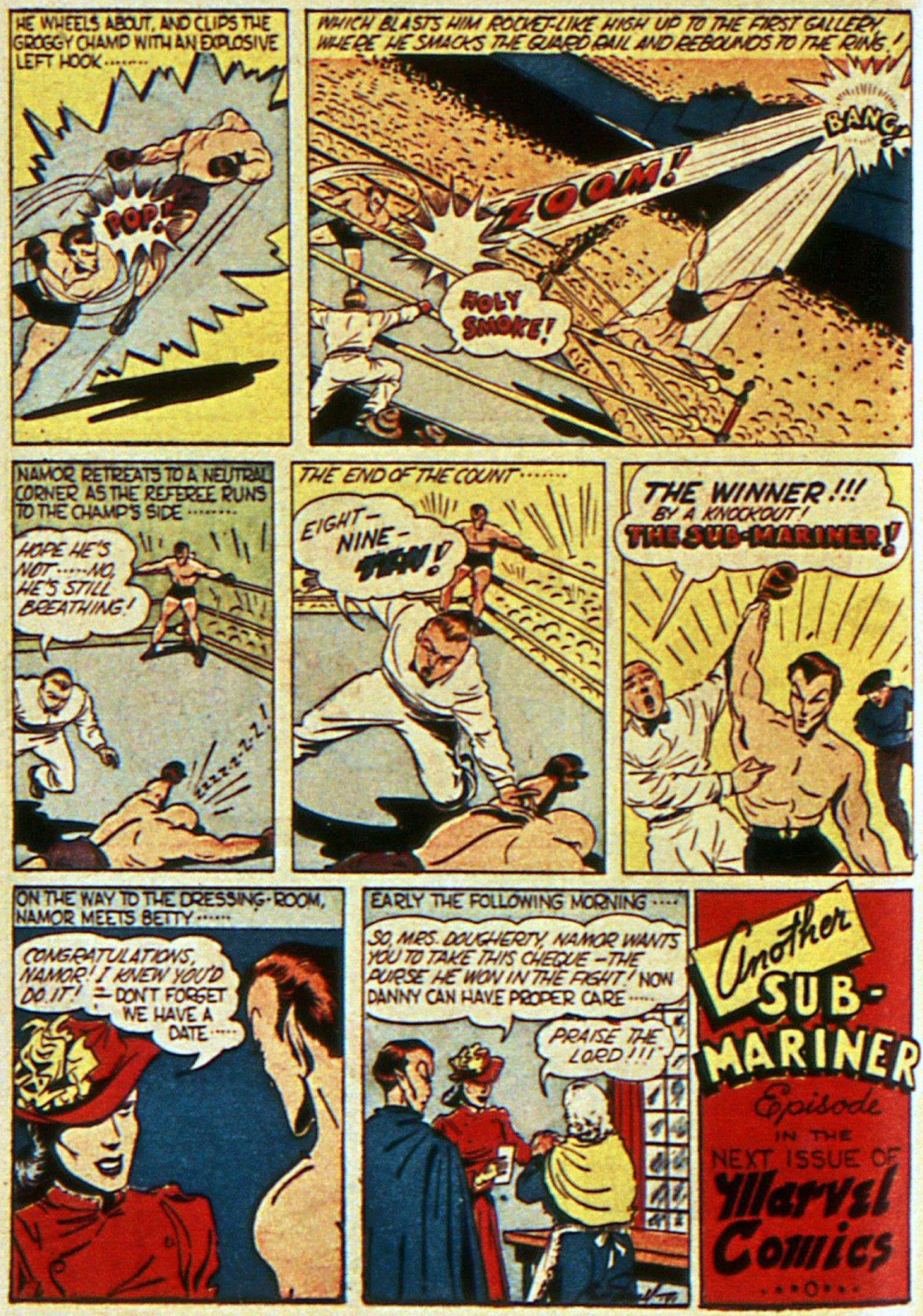

A SHORT LEFT TO THE RIBS - AND ANOTHER QUICK JAB TO THE STOMACH - THEN A TERRIFIC RIGHT TO THE CHAMP'S JAW!!!
THAT'LL COOL YA, PAL!

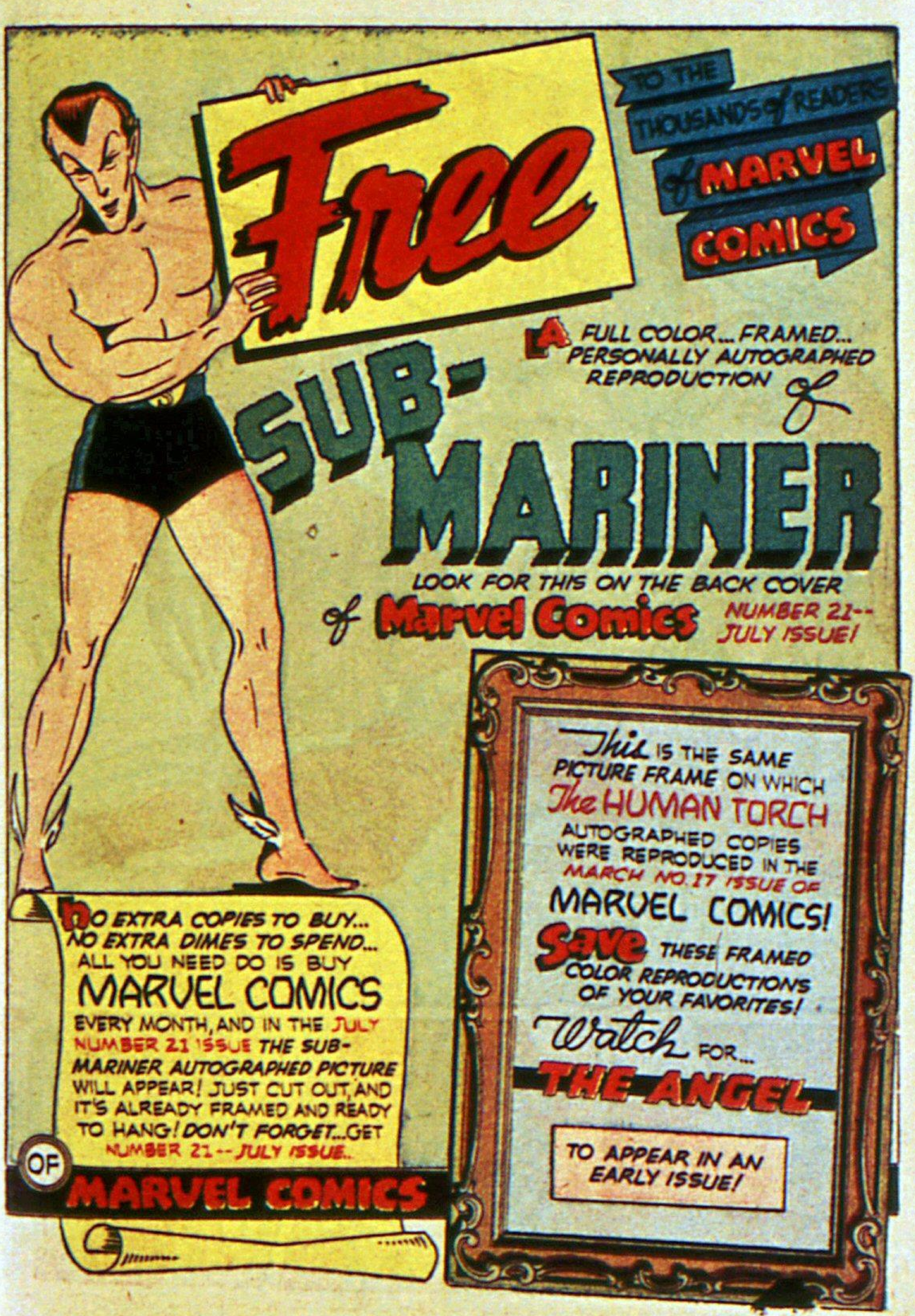

AN THE FIRST ROUND IS NAMOR'S! IN HIS CORNER ----
ATTABOY, PRINCE! Y'GOT 'IM GROGGY!
GROGGY NOTHIN'! THAT BOY'S TOUGH!!!


AS THE BELL RINGS, THE TWO OPPONENTS RUSH OUT FOR THE SECOND ROUND......
COME TO PAPA, BABY! THIS IS YOUR FINISH!!!
HOLY SMOKE! THE SUB-MARINER'S MAD! QUICK, WATSON, THE HEAT-RAY!!!
HERE Y'ARE, BOSS!
AS NAMOR IS FORCED INTO THE CHAMP'S CORNER, THE CHAMP'S MANAGER TURNS A MINIATURE HEAT-PROJECTOR ON HIS BARE LEGS.......
ZAP!
THE SHOCK THROWS NAMOR OFF BALANCE JUST AS THE CHAMP CRASHES THROUGH WITH A TERRIFIC RIGHT!
YEOW!
THINK THIS ONE OVER, FISH-FACE!
THE SUB-MARINER THUDS TO THE CANVAS ...... AS THE ROUND ENDS--
BONG! BONG!
THUD!
AND IN THE CHAMP'S CORNER......
CURSES!!!! SAVED BY THE BELL! THAT DIRTY SHARK-FACE - I'LL FIX 'IM!!!
UNNOTICED, THE CHAMP'S MANAGER RUSHES AROUND TO NAMOR'S CORNER, AND SLAPS A HANDFUL OF GREASE ON THE SOLES OF THE SUB-MARINER'S SHOES!
THE THIRD ROUND BEGINS - THE FIGHTERS LEAP OUT!
AND NAMOR, SWINGING A RIGHT, SKIDS DIZZILY AND SPINS IN A CRAZY CIRCLE - HIS GREASED FEET HELPLESS ON THE TIGHT-STRETCHED CANVAS....


IN A RAGE, NAMOR RISES TO ONE KNEE AS THE REFEREE COMMENCES THE COUNT……
SO — YOU DIRTY DOG! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING HE LEAPS AT HIS OPPONENT!
….AND PAY PLENTY!
HE JAMS HIM INTO THE ROPES, POUNDING AND BLASTING THE CHAMP MERCILESSLY!
ONE FOR THE MONEY, AND TWO TO SHOW!
A NASTY LEFT HOOK TO THE JAW!
WHAM!
IN THE CHAMP'S CORNER — HIS MANAGER SEES RED……
WHY, THAT BIG STIFF! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM NOW, ONCE AND FOR ALL — BUT GOOD!
OUT COMES AN INNOCENT-LOOKING WATER PISTOL — THEN……
EEEEEYOW!
AND SO — THE LITTLE TOY BECOMES A DANGEROUS WEAPON — SQUIRTING AMMONIA!!!
NAMOR SHRIEKS IN AGONY AS THE STUFF HITS HIS EYES!
OOOOOOOOOH!!!


NAMOR, THROWN TO THE FLOOR BY THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN, GOES MAD UNDER THE TORTURE, AS AGAIN THE BELL RINGS, ENDING THE ROUND....
BONG!
IN HIS CORNER, HIS INJURED EYES ARE WASHED OUT WITH BORACIC ACID.....
THEM DIRTY BUMS! GO GET 'EM, NAMOR! MOIDER 'IM!!!
THE BELL RINGS ONCE MORE - THE FOURTH ROUND - NAMOR RUSHES OUT, HIS EYES STILL SMARTING!
TAKE THAT, YOU SNAKE!
BANG!
THEN A BLAST WITH THE LEFT, SENDING THE CHAMP FLYING INTO THE ROPES..... NAMOR CLOSES IN.
SOCKO!
AND THE REFEREE STEPS UP TO SEPARATE THEM.
C'MON - C'MON YOU GUYS! BREAK IT UP!
INSANE WITH ANGER, NAMOR WHEELS ABOUT, AND HURLS THE REFEREE THROUGH THE ROPES, OUT INTO THE AUDIENCE!
ZIP!


HE WHEELS ABOUT, AND CLIPS THE GROGGY CHAMP WITH AN EXPLOSIVE LEFT HOOK ....
POP!
WHICH BLASTS HIM ROCKET-LIKE HIGH UP TO THE FIRST GALLERY, WHERE HE SMACKS THE GUARD RAIL AND REBOUNDS TO THE RING!
ZOOM!
BANG!
HOLY SMOKE!
NAMOR RETREATS TO A NEUTRAL CORNER AS THE REFEREE RUNS TO THE CHAMP'S SIDE ....
HOPE HE'S NOT ......NO, HE'S STILL BREATHING!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z!
THE END OF THE COUNT ....
EIGHT— NINE— TEN!
THE WINNER !!! BY A KNOCKOUT! THE SUB-MARINER!
ON THE WAY TO THE DRESSING-ROOM, NAMOR MEETS BETTY ....
CONGRATULATIONS, NAMOR! I KNEW YOU'D DO IT! — DON'T FORGET WE HAVE A DATE .....
EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING ....
SO, MRS. DOUGHERTY, NAMOR WANTS YOU TO TAKE THIS CHEQUE —THE PURSE HE WON IN THE FIGHT! NOW DANNY CAN HAVE PROPER CARE .....
PRAISE THE LORD!!!
Another SUB-MARINER Episode IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF Marvel Comics



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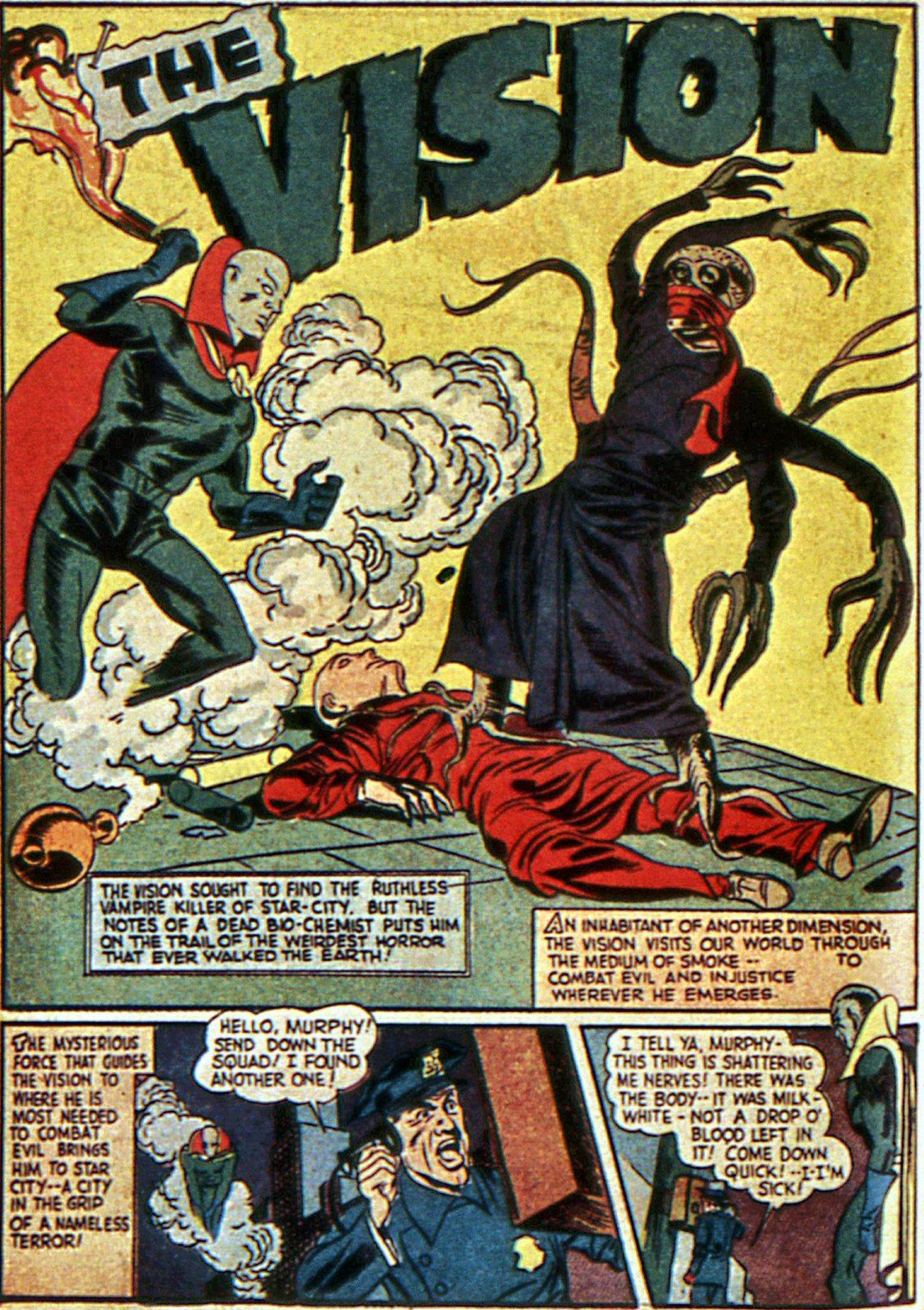
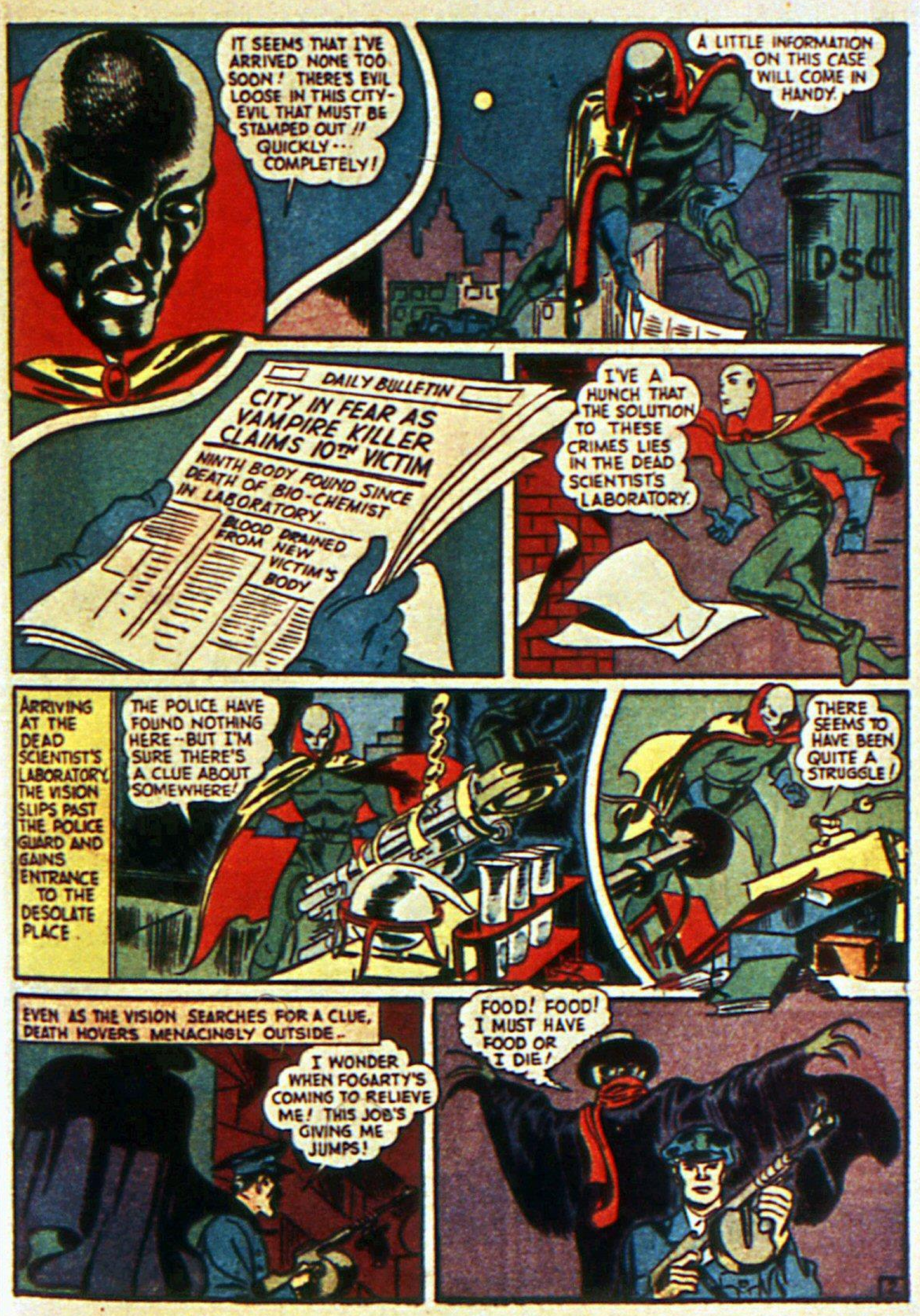
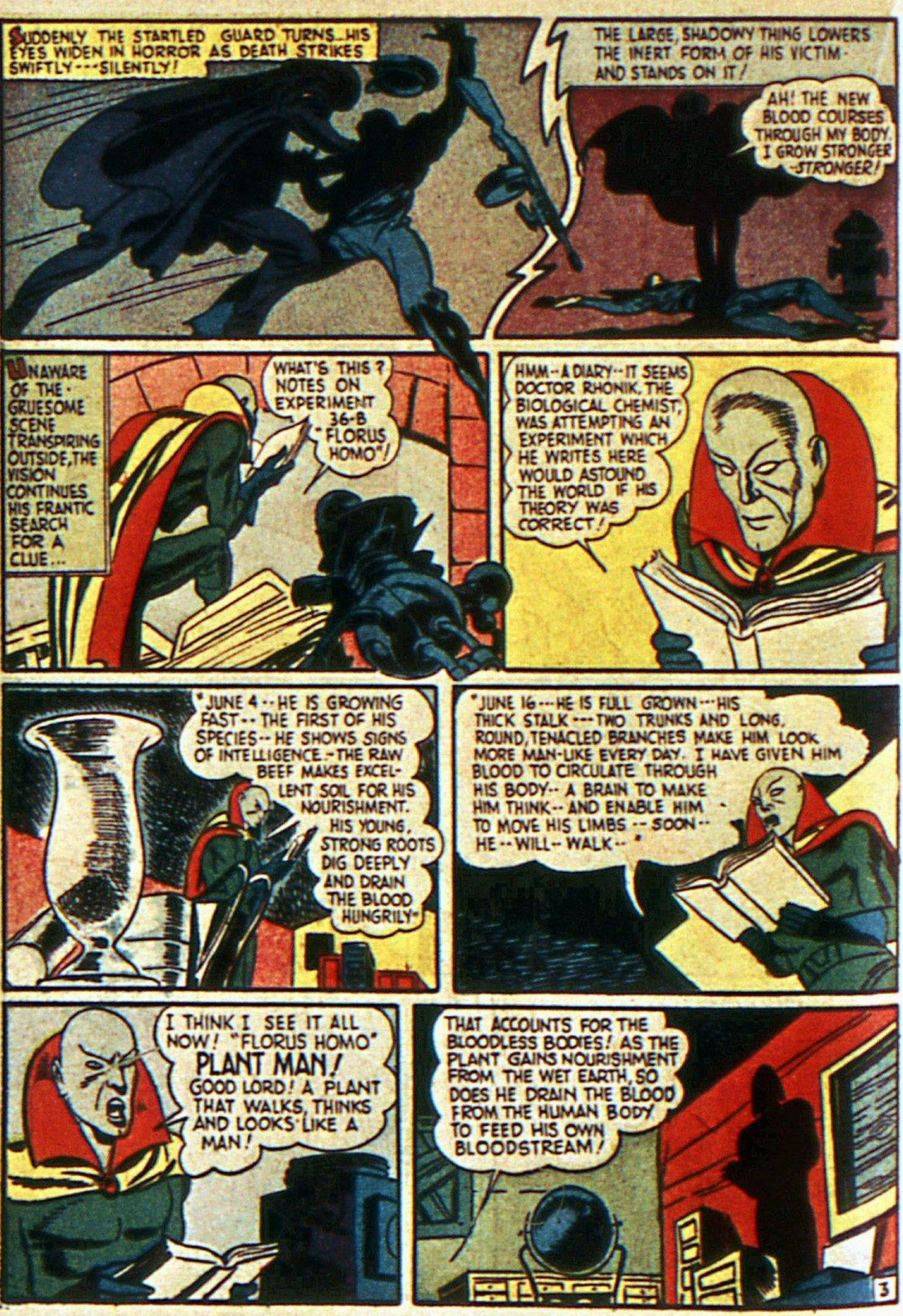
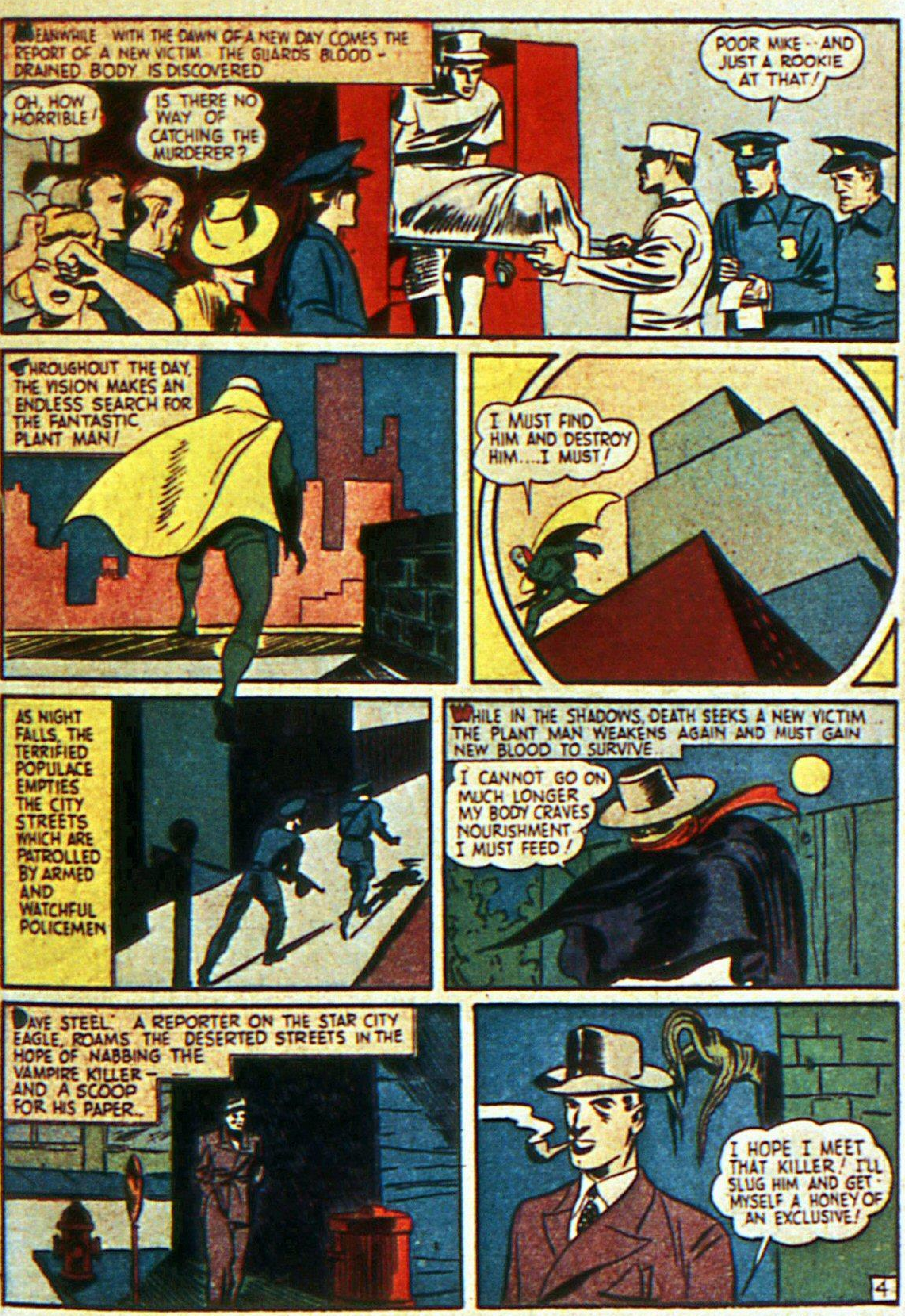
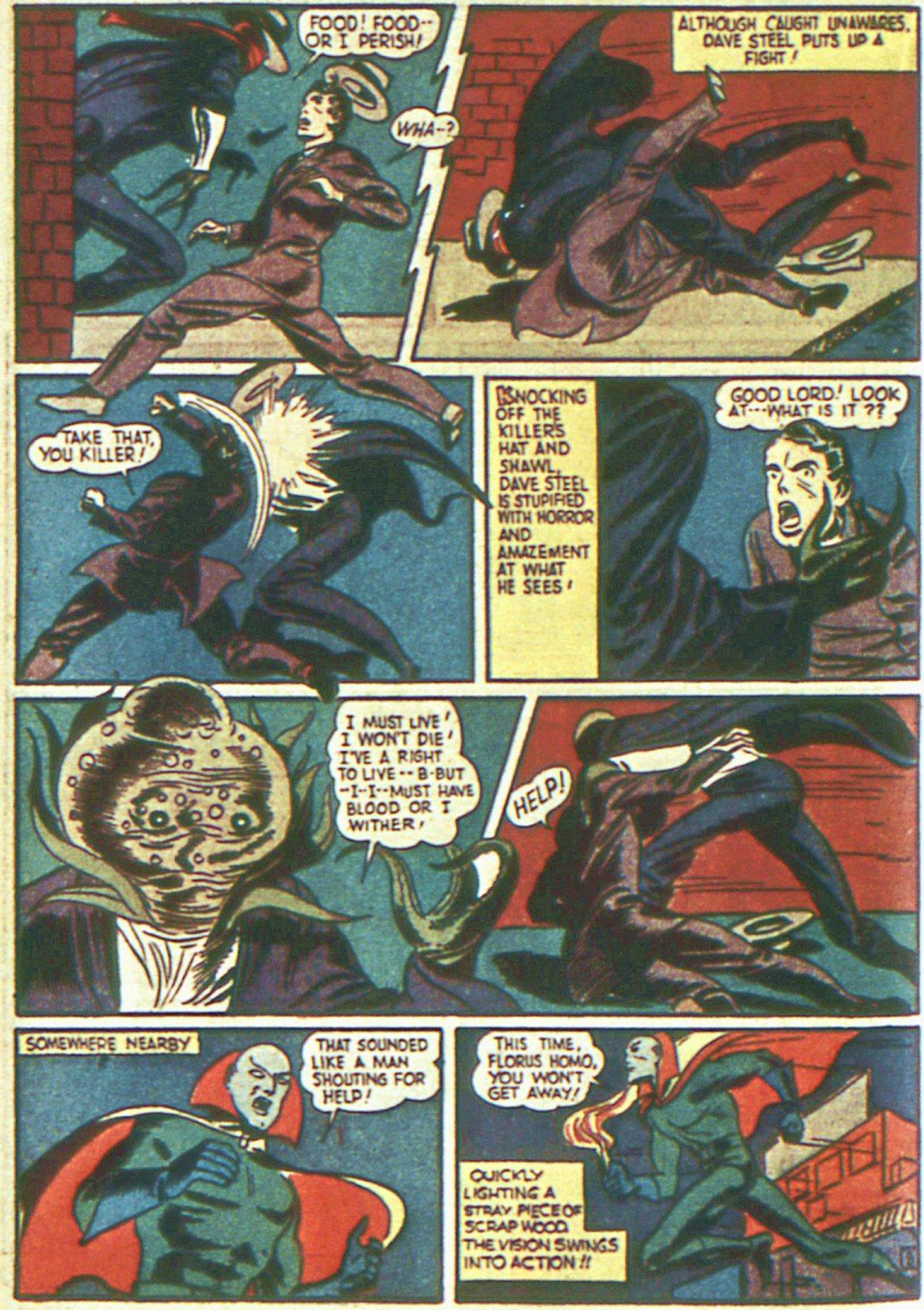
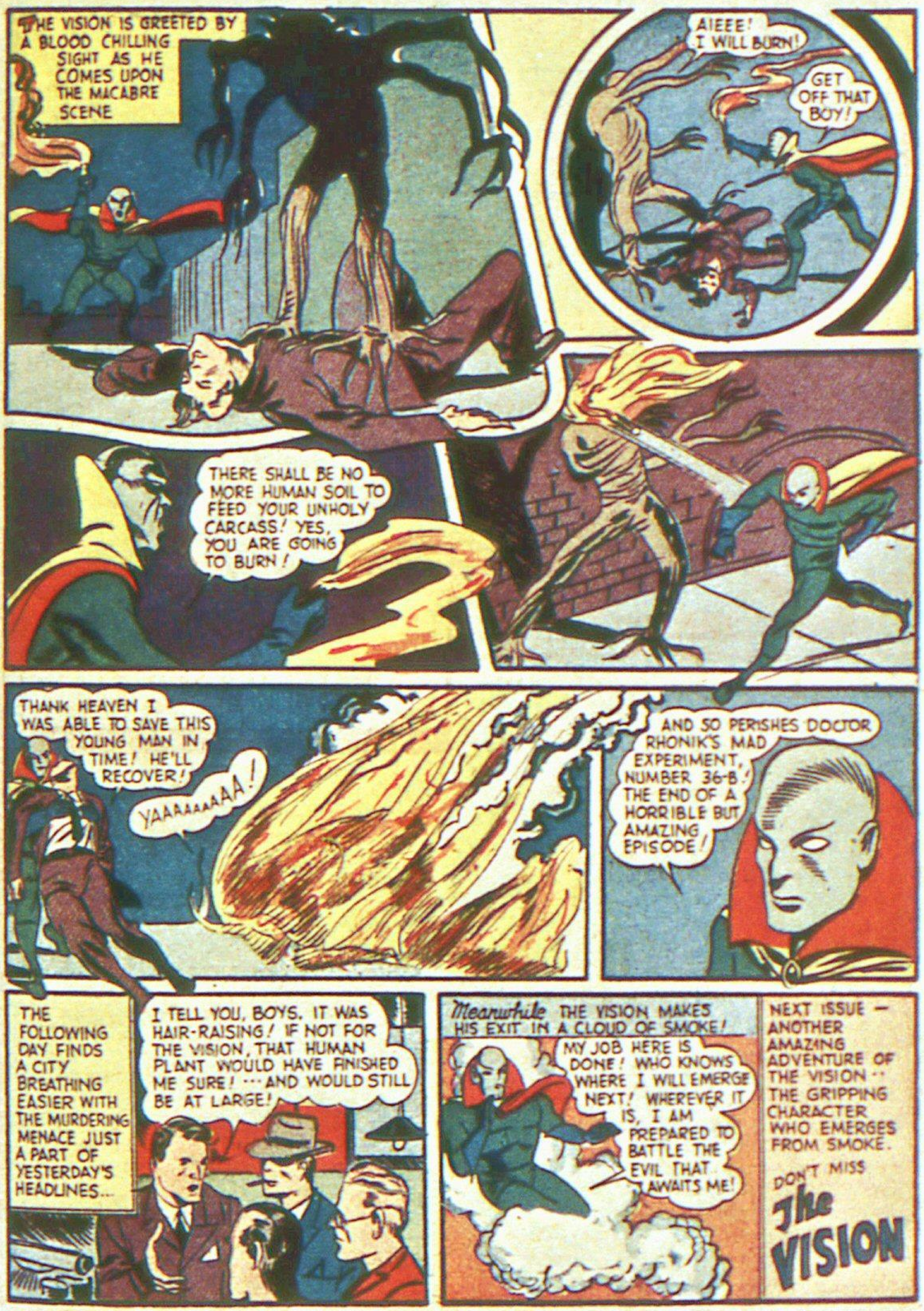

THE VISION
THE VISION SOUGHT TO FIND THE RUTHLESS VAMPIRE KILLER OF STAR-CITY. BUT THE NOTES OF A DEAD BIO-CHEMIST PUTS HIM ON THE TRAIL OF THE WEIRDEST HORROR THAT EVER WALKED THE EARTH!
AN INHABITANT OF ANOTHER DIMENSION, THE VISION VISITS OUR WORLD THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF SMOKE -- TO COMBAT EVIL AND INJUSTICE WHEREVER HE EMERGES.
THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE THAT GUIDES THE VISION TO WHERE HE IS MOST NEEDED TO COMBAT EVIL BRINGS HIM TO STAR CITY--A CITY IN THE GRIP OF A NAMELESS TERROR!
HELLO, MURPHY! SEND DOWN THE SQUAD! I FOUND ANOTHER ONE!
I TELL YA, MURPHY- THIS THING IS SHATTERING ME NERVES! THERE WAS THE BODY-- IT WAS MILK-WHITE - NOT A DROP O' BLOOD LEFT IN IT! COME DOWN QUICK! --I-I'M SICK!


IT SEEMS THAT I'VE ARRIVED NONE TOO SOON! THERE'S EVIL LOOSE IN THIS CITY-EVIL THAT MUST BE STAMPED OUT!! QUICKLY... COMPLETELY!
A LITTLE INFORMATION ON THIS CASE WILL COME IN HANDY.
DSC
DAILY BULLETIN
CITY IN FEAR AS VAMPIRE KILLER CLAIMS 10TH VICTIM
NINTH BODY FOUND SINCE DEATH OF BIO-CHEMIST IN LABORATORY..
BLOOD DRAINED FROM NEW VICTIM'S BODY
I'VE A HUNCH THAT THE SOLUTION TO THESE CRIMES LIES IN THE DEAD SCIENTIST'S LABORATORY.
ARRIVING AT THE DEAD SCIENTIST'S LABORATORY, THE VISION SLIPS PAST THE POLICE GUARD AND GAINS ENTRANCE TO THE DESOLATE PLACE.
THE POLICE HAVE FOUND NOTHING HERE--BUT I'M SURE THERE'S A CLUE ABOUT SOMEWHERE!
THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN QUITE A STRUGGLE!
EVEN AS THE VISION SEARCHES FOR A CLUE, DEATH HOVERS MENACINGLY OUTSIDE..
I WONDER WHEN FOGARTY'S COMING TO RELIEVE ME! THIS JOB'S GIVING ME JUMPS!
FOOD! FOOD! I MUST HAVE FOOD OR I DIE!


SUDDENLY THE STARTLED GUARD TURNS...HIS EYES WIDEN IN HORROR AS DEATH STRIKES SWIFTLY---SILENTLY!
THE LARGE, SHADOWY THING LOWERS THE INERT FORM OF HIS VICTIM - AND STANDS ON IT!
AH! THE NEW BLOOD COURSES THROUGH MY BODY. I GROW STRONGER -STRONGER!
UNAWARE OF THE GRUESOME SCENE TRANSPIRING OUTSIDE, THE VISION CONTINUES HIS FRANTIC SEARCH FOR A CLUE...
WHAT'S THIS? NOTES ON EXPERIMENT 36-B "FLORUS HOMO"!
HMM--A DIARY--IT SEEMS DOCTOR RHONIK, THE BIOLOGICAL CHEMIST, WAS ATTEMPTING AN EXPERIMENT WHICH HE WRITES HERE WOULD ASTOUND THE WORLD IF HIS THEORY WAS CORRECT!
"JUNE 4--HE IS GROWING FAST--THE FIRST OF HIS SPECIES--HE SHOWS SIGNS OF INTELLIGENCE.-THE RAW BEEF MAKES EXCELLENT SOIL FOR HIS NOURISHMENT. HIS YOUNG, STRONG ROOTS DIG DEEPLY AND DRAIN THE BLOOD HUNGRILY"
"JUNE 16---HE IS FULL GROWN---HIS THICK STALK---TWO TRUNKS AND LONG, ROUND, TENACLED BRANCHES MAKE HIM LOOK MORE MAN-LIKE EVERY DAY. I HAVE GIVEN HIM BLOOD TO CIRCULATE THROUGH HIS BODY--A BRAIN TO MAKE HIM THINK--AND ENABLE HIM TO MOVE HIS LIMBS--SOON--HE--WILL--WALK--"
I THINK I SEE IT ALL NOW! "FLORUS HOMO" PLANT MAN! GOOD LORD! A PLANT THAT WALKS, THINKS AND LOOKS LIKE A MAN!
THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE BLOODLESS BODIES! AS THE PLANT GAINS NOURISHMENT FROM THE WET EARTH, SO DOES HE DRAIN THE BLOOD FROM THE HUMAN BODY TO FEED HIS OWN BLOODSTREAM!

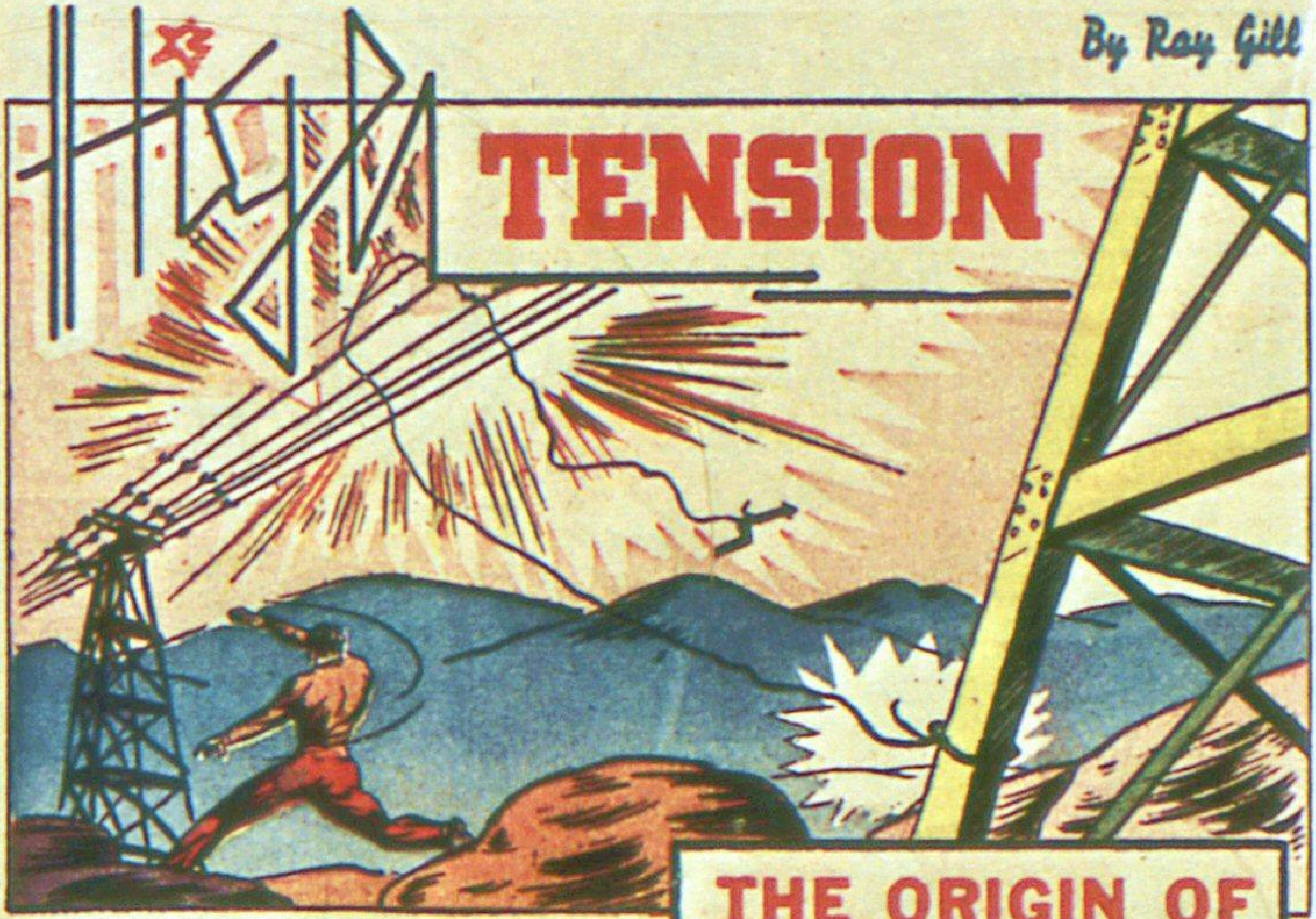

MEANWHILE WITH THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY COMES THE REPORT OF A NEW VICTIM THE GUARDS BLOOD - DRAINED BODY IS DISCOVERED
OH, HOW HORRIBLE!
IS THERE NO WAY OF CATCHING THE MURDERER?
POOR MIKE - - AND JUST A ROOKIE AT THAT!
THROUGHOUT THE DAY, THE VISION MAKES AN ENDLESS SEARCH FOR THE FANTASTIC PLANT MAN!
I MUST FIND HIM AND DESTROY HIM....I MUST!
AS NIGHT FALLS, THE TERRIFIED POPULACE EMPTIES THE CITY STREETS WHICH ARE PATROLLED BY ARMED AND WATCHFUL POLICEMEN
WHILE IN THE SHADOWS, DEATH SEEKS A NEW VICTIM.. THE PLANT MAN WEAKENS AGAIN AND MUST GAIN NEW BLOOD TO SURVIVE..
I CANNOT GO ON MUCH LONGER MY BODY CRAVES NOURISHMENT I MUST FEED!
DAVE STEEL: A REPORTER ON THE STAR CITY EAGLE, ROAMS THE DESERTED STREETS IN THE HOPE OF NABBING THE VAMPIRE KILLER - - AND A SCOOP FOR HIS PAPER..
I HOPE I MEET THAT KILLER! I'LL SLUG HIM AND GET MYSELF A HONEY OF AN EXCLUSIVE!


FOOD! FOOD-- OR I PERISH!
WHA--?
ALTHOUGH CAUGHT UNAWARES, DAVE STEEL PUTS UP A FIGHT!
TAKE THAT, YOU KILLER!
KNOCKING OFF THE KILLER'S HAT AND SHAWL, DAVE STEEL IS STUPIFIED WITH HORROR AND AMAZEMENT AT WHAT HE SEES!
GOOD LORD! LOOK AT---WHAT IS IT??
I MUST LIVE! I WON'T DIE! I'VE A RIGHT TO LIVE -- B-BUT -I--I--MUST HAVE BLOOD OR I WITHER!
HELP!
SOMEWHERE NEARBY
THAT SOUNDED LIKE A MAN SHOUTING FOR HELP!
THIS TIME, FLORUS HOMO, YOU WON'T GET AWAY!
QUICKLY LIGHTING A STRAY PIECE OF SCRAP WOOD THE VISION SWINGS INTO ACTION!!


THE VISION IS GREETED BY A BLOOD CHILLING SIGHT AS HE COMES UPON THE MACABRE SCENE
AIEEE! I WILL BURN!
GET OFF THAT BOY!
THERE SHALL BE NO MORE HUMAN SOIL TO FEED YOUR UNHOLY CARCASS! YES, YOU ARE GOING TO BURN!
THANK HEAVEN I WAS ABLE TO SAVE THIS YOUNG MAN IN TIME! HE'LL RECOVER!
YAAAAAAAAA!
AND SO PERISHES DOCTOR RHONIK'S MAD EXPERIMENT, NUMBER 36-B! THE END OF A HORRIBLE BUT AMAZING EPISODE!
THE FOLLOWING DAY FINDS A CITY BREATHING EASIER WITH THE MURDERING MENACE JUST A PART OF YESTERDAY'S HEADLINES...
I TELL YOU, BOYS. IT WAS HAIR-RAISING! IF NOT FOR THE VISION, THAT HUMAN PLANT WOULD HAVE FINISHED ME SURE! ... AND WOULD STILL BE AT LARGE!
Meanwhile THE VISION MAKES HIS EXIT IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE!
MY JOB HERE IS DONE! WHO KNOWS WHERE I WILL EMERGE NEXT! WHEREVER IT IS, I AM PREPARED TO BATTLE THE EVIL THAT AWAITS ME!
NEXT ISSUE — ANOTHER AMAZING ADVENTURE OF THE VISION ·· THE GRIPPING CHARACTER WHO EMERGES FROM SMOKE.
DON'T MISS
The VISION

High TENSION

By Ray Gill



THE ORIGIN OF THE "ANGEL"

WE DON'T KNOW how the discussion came up, but somebody mentioned "THE ANGEL." Immediately everybody's ears perked.

"Where did he come from?" a pretty young girl asked. "I've never been told—all I know is that when someone's in trouble . . . there he is!"

We had to admit that we were just as mystified as she was. To us THE ANGEL was a figure representing everything good and just. A person delegated to deal out punishment to those deserving of it. Other than this, we too were in the dark.

"Perhaps *I* can tell you . . ." a tall, old man walked into the room. THE ANGEL" does keep his identity secretive—to the underworld, but I think that we, here, are well on the correct side of the law . . . and CAN be told!"

He sat down on the edge of a large mahogany table, crossed his long legs . . . and began:

"Not too many years ago a baby boy was born to the young wife of the Warden at a state prison. The mother died shortly afterward. The Warden, trying to give the boy everything he could in the absence of his wife, educated him—bringing the best professors and teachers to the prison.

"The boy was quick to learn, and soon was well ahead of his studies. Having no friends of his own age—the boys in the nearby towns would not associate with him due to his "home"—he made his friends where he found them . . . in cells.

"However, he was bright enough to tell the *right* guys from the out-and-out criminals. His sense of morals guided his choice accordingly. What friends he made were good friends . . though they were few.

"He did have one pal on the outside, a boy named *Bob Soler*. Together they went on long hikes into the woods surrounding the prison, bringing back various plants and flowers for the penitentiary yard.

"As the years passed they became fast friends, discussing, together, the men in the prison—their past lives and their various crimes.

"He learned that *all* crimes are not brought to light! His friends, the prisoners, would tell him stories—in confidence, of terrible things that go on in the outside world that escape the long arm of civil justice."

We settled down in our chairs and dimmed the lights. The young girl, thrilled with the old man's story, asked him to please continue. He did.

"These things," the old man said, "were SO fantastic that, even if he did break confidence and tell the authorities, he would not be believed. Therefore, he kept them to himself, vowing that someday he would investigate them himself . . . and *correct* them!

"I remember, one day, when he and Bob were on one of their many hikes, they were discussing the coming electrocution of a young man. He was to be executed at midnight of that day.

"He and Bob talked at great length about this man. He never questioned his father's duty, however, this once he had a funny feeling. The young man was innocent—at least *he* thought so.

"That was why they had taken this hike. He wanted to get away.

"They had walked for miles, much farther than they had ever gone before. They were walking back, in the evening, across the high mountain to the east of the prison—when a storm broke.

"Thunder and lightning added to the tenseness of the night as the rain slashed down. They were forced to seek shelter.

"They ran through the rain, guided only by occasional flashes of lightning. They saw a group of rocks on the side of the hill and made for them. Across a gulley, that once was a road—but could now be better described as a river, they scrambled. The rain cut deeply into their clothing.

"Suddenly the boy stopped and pointed. In the last flash he had seen something up ahead in the road. They started toward it. They were almost upon it when the next bright streak came. It was an open car . . . with an unconscious man at the wheel!

"They carried him out of the car and up under a rock ledge. They worked over him for a long time before he opened his eyes. The man had been shot!

"HE GRABBED the boy by the arm and frantically asked where he was and what time it was. When they told him that it was a quarter to twelve in the night—and he was five miles from the prison he almost collapsed.

"He reached into his pocket and brought forth a water-soaked letter. He explained that it was a message proclaiming the innocence of the young man scheduled to die in the electric chair in fifteen minutes!

"The boys were stunned at the news. They realized that they would never be able to make it in time. Suddenly the boy stood up. He quickly ran to the car and took the long handle of the jack from under the front seat, ripped out the long wire aerial from under the running board, and returned.

"He told Bob to get to work on the car and get it running. It had been struck with lightning. With that he was off into the darkness!

"The boy did a strange and dangerous thing. He knew that the prison depended on the supply of power from the high tension wires that crossed that mountain to perform the execution . . . and he also knew where to find those wires!

"Tripping through the underbrush, he ran for the power line. There was one point, on the uppermost tip of the mountain, where the high tension wires were lower, due to the mound of earth—and it was to this that the boy headed.

"Stopping at the foot of the giant tower of metal, he connected one end of the long wire to the metal of the tower—and the other end to the long bar of metal from the automobile's jack.

"He judged that the wire was long enough . . . and threw it up, with a mighty heave, across the bared wires teeming with lethal power!

"THERE was a great flash as the positive power of the wires leaped through the thin wire and into the negative, ground-power of the tower!

"It was as he had hoped—the grounding of the power blew a great fuse somewhere along the line . . . and threw the prison into utter blackness!"

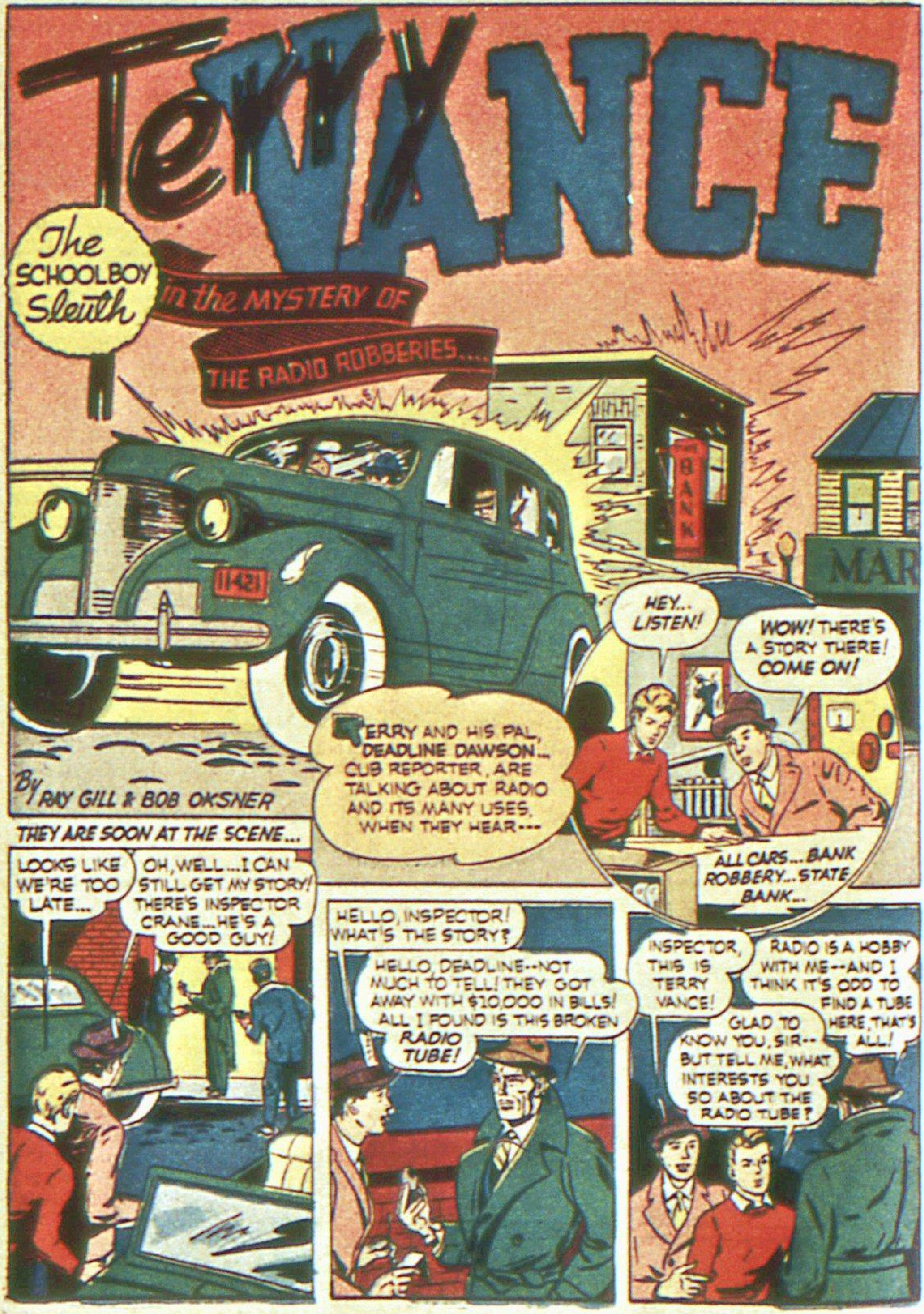
There was a strange silence as the old man stopped. The young girl asked, "Tell me, was the young man saved?"

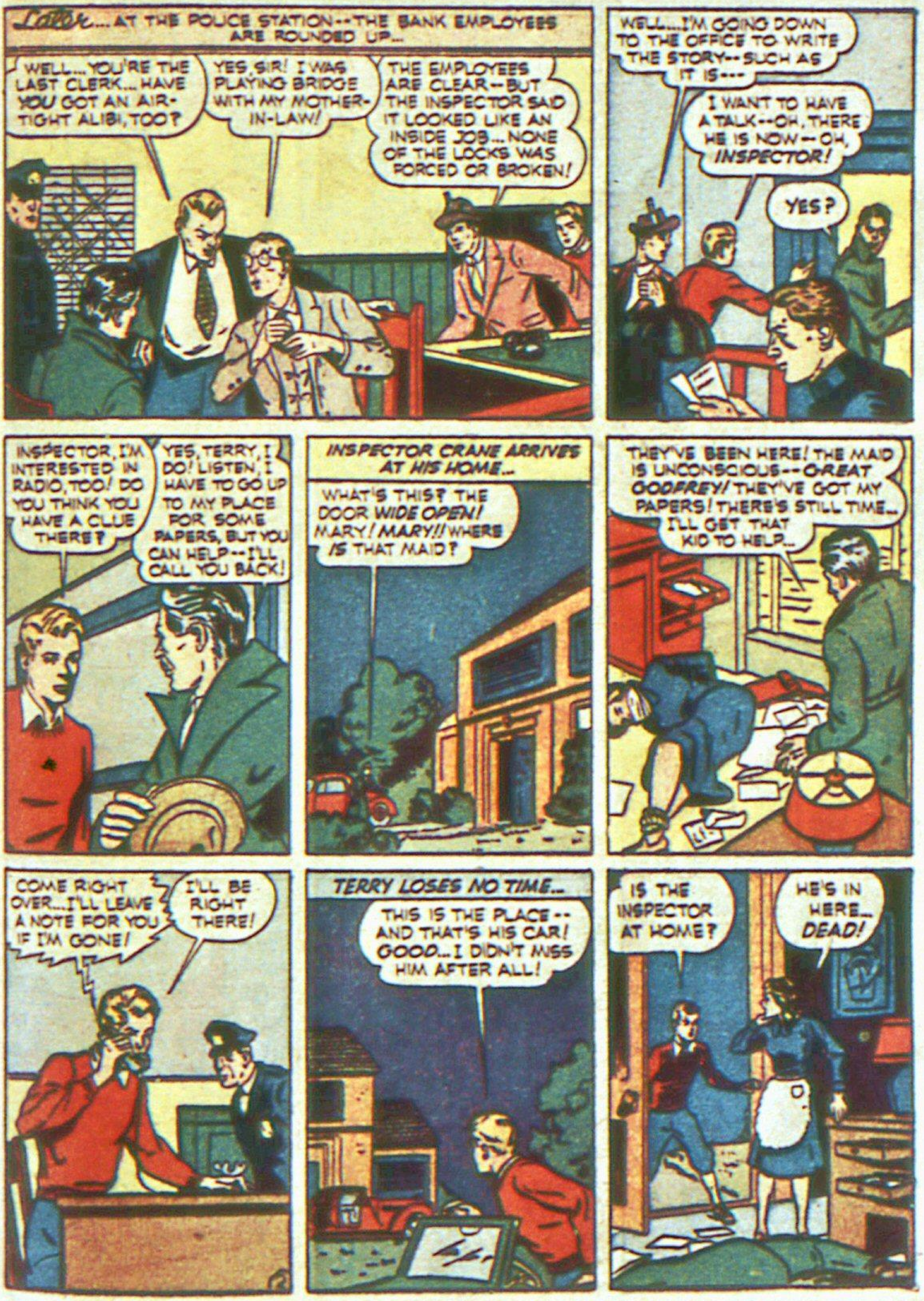
"Yes, my dear, he was! And it was that young man who gave the boy the name that's stuck to him to this day . . . THE ANGEL! He said the end was so near, nothing *BUT* an *ANGEL* could have saved him!"

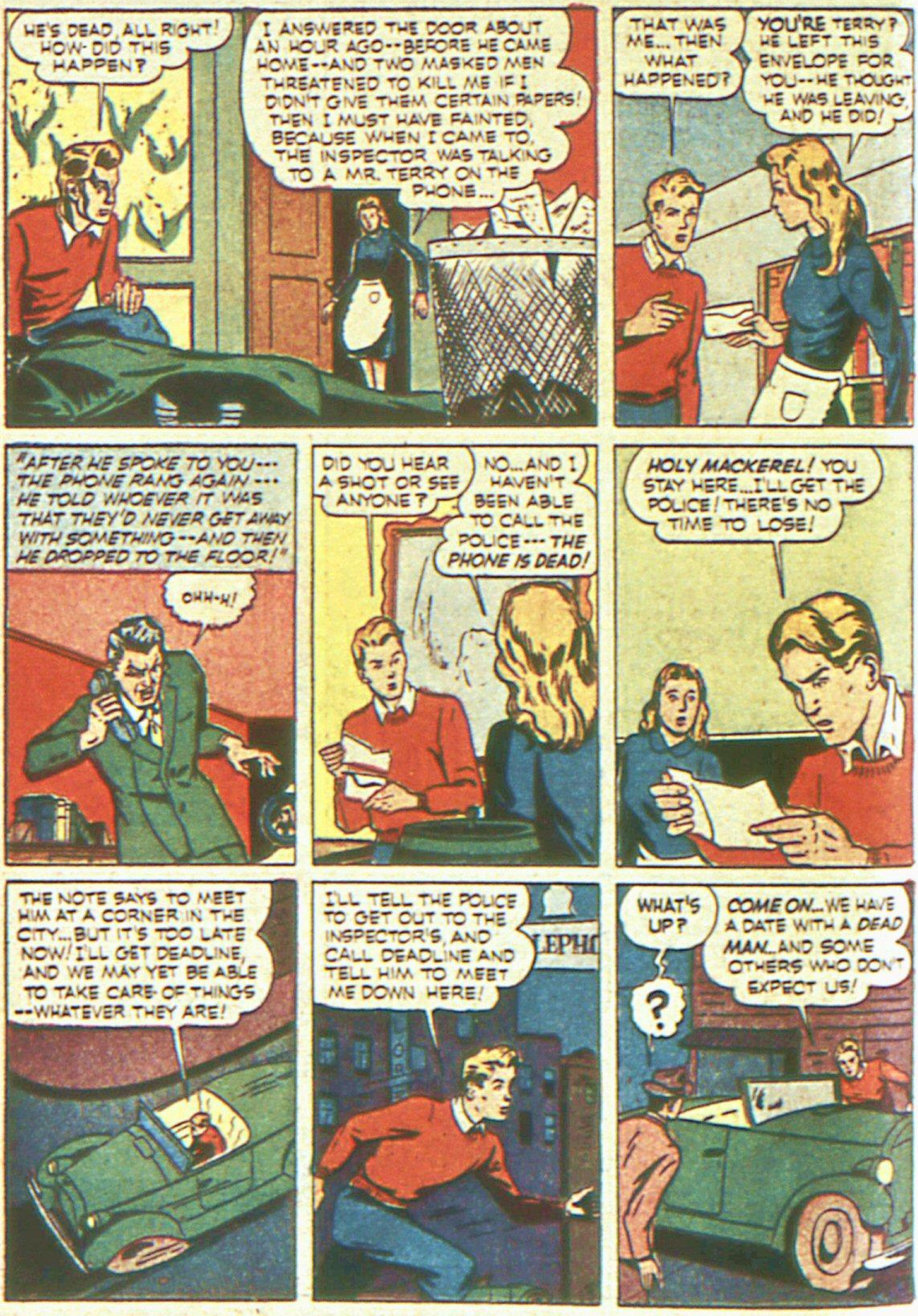
The girl thought for a minute. "I see," she said, "but how do you know about all this . . who told you?"

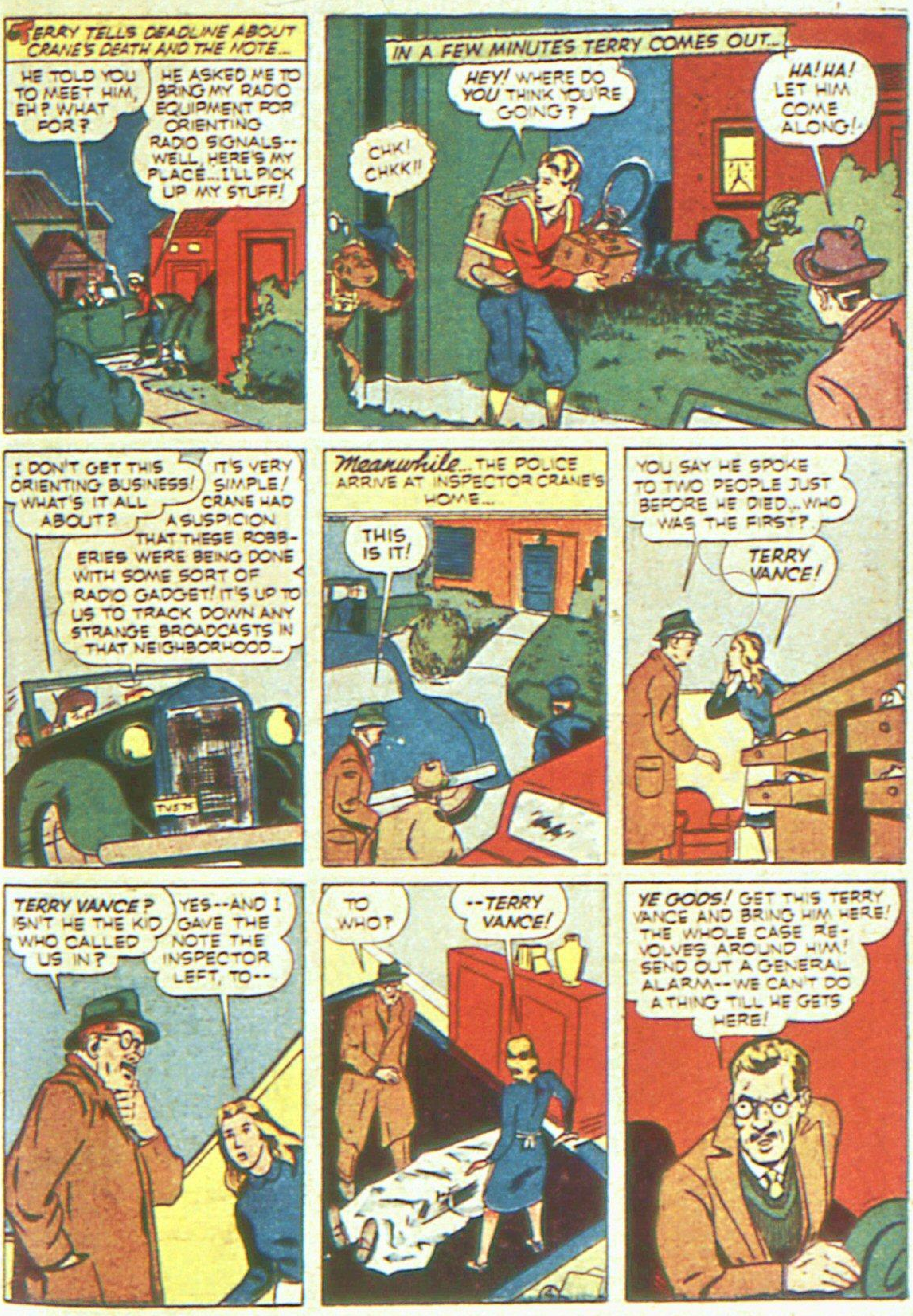
"I was there . . . my name is Soler, *Bob Soler!*" With that he left.

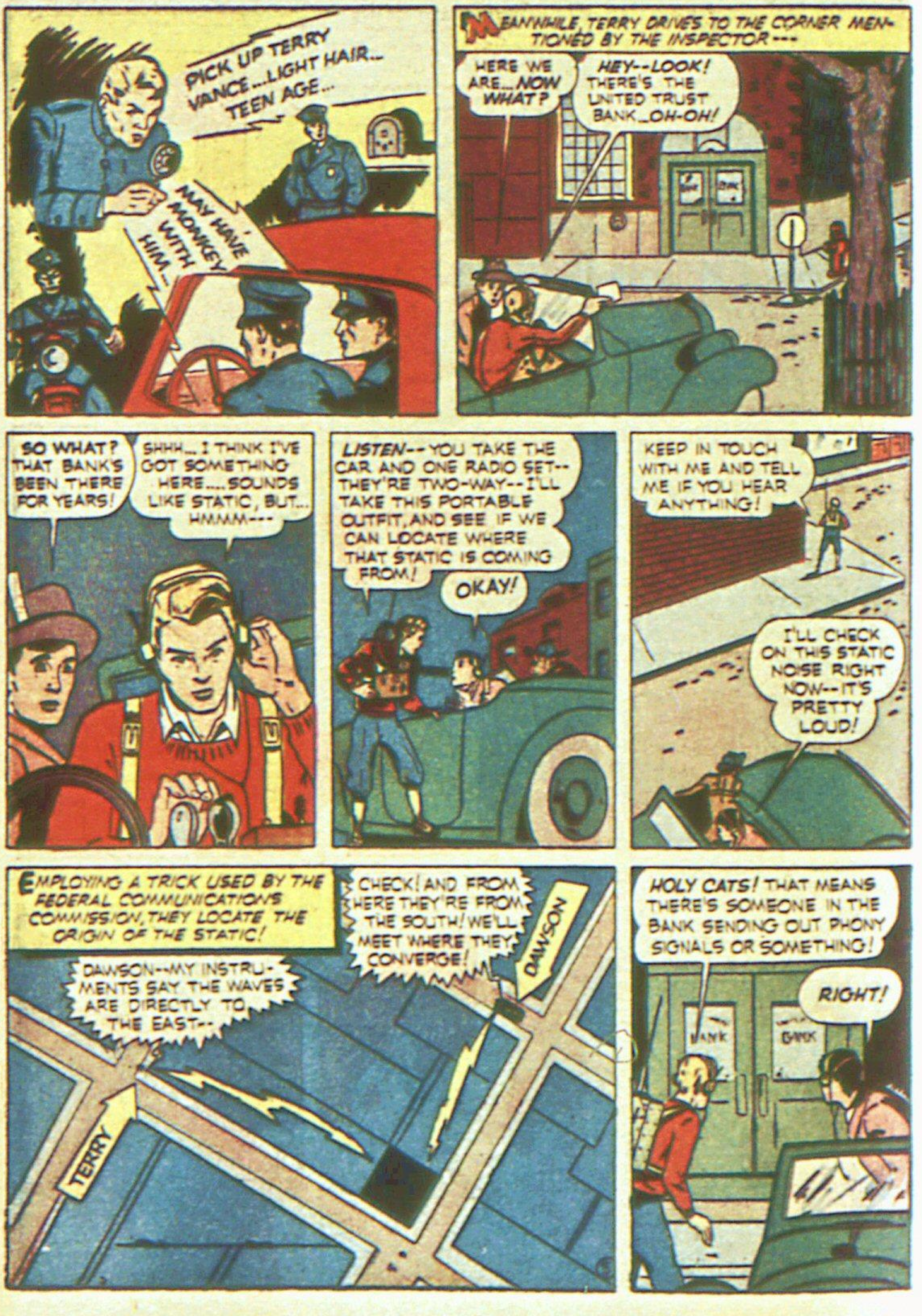
We stayed and talked for a while afterwards, finally deciding it was true . . . the man was old, but the ANGEL was young. We have a feeling that he will NEVER grow old!

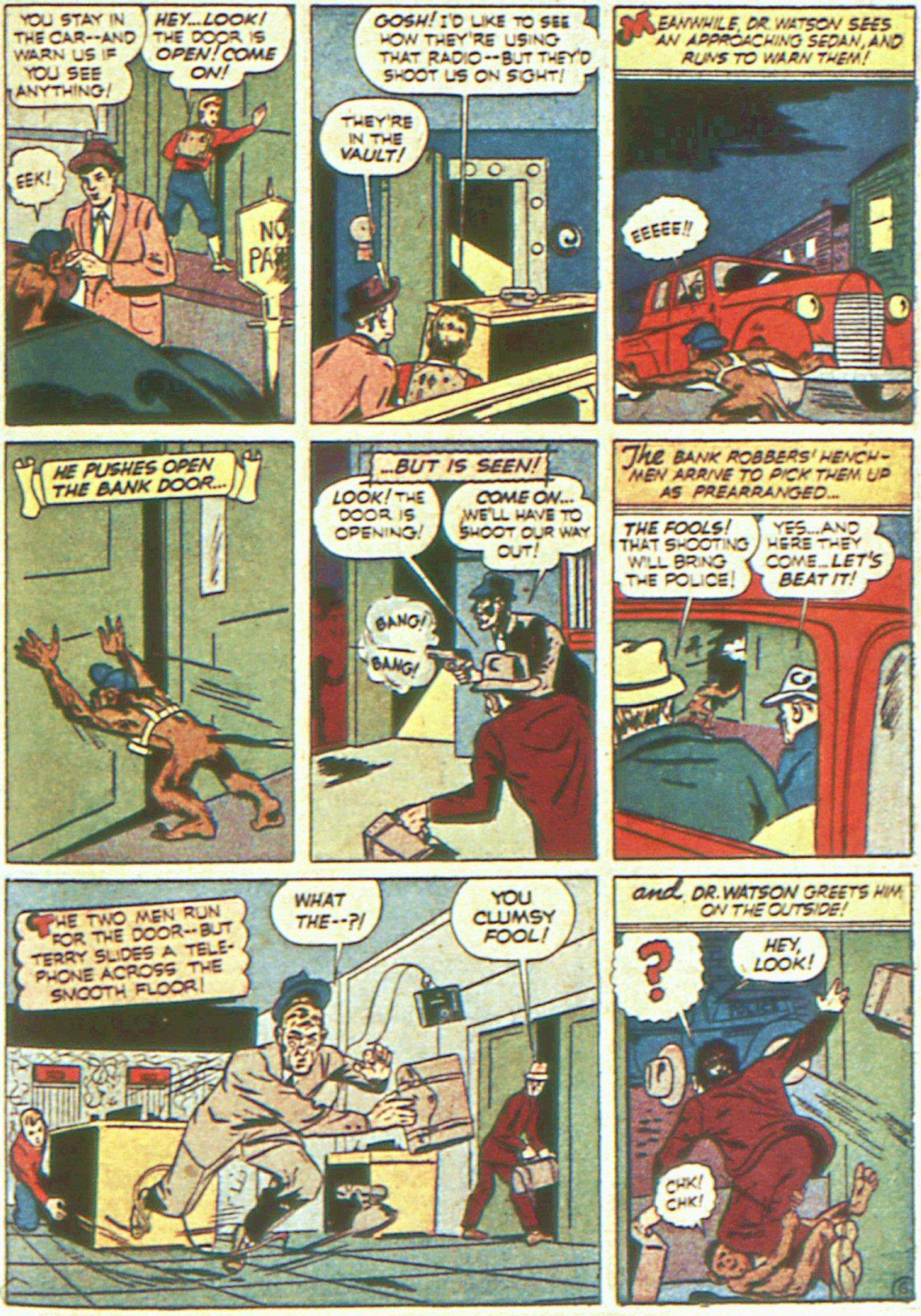

Terry VANCE
The SCHOOLBOY Sleuth
in the MYSTERY OF THE RADIO ROBBERIES....
BANK
MAR
11421
By RAY GILL & BOB OKSNER
TERRY AND HIS PAL, DEADLINE DAWSON... CUB REPORTER, ARE TALKING ABOUT RADIO AND ITS MANY USES, WHEN THEY HEAR---
HEY... LISTEN!
WOW! THERE'S A STORY THERE! COME ON!
ALL CARS... BANK ROBBERY... STATE BANK...
THEY ARE SOON AT THE SCENE...
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE...
OH, WELL... I CAN STILL GET MY STORY! THERE'S INSPECTOR CRANE... HE'S A GOOD GUY!
HELLO, INSPECTOR! WHAT'S THE STORY?
HELLO, DEADLINE--NOT MUCH TO TELL! THEY GOT AWAY WITH $10,000 IN BILLS! ALL I FOUND IS THIS BROKEN RADIO TUBE!
INSPECTOR, THIS IS TERRY VANCE!
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SIR-- BUT TELL ME, WHAT INTERESTS YOU SO ABOUT THE RADIO TUBE?
RADIO IS A HOBBY WITH ME--AND I THINK IT'S ODD TO FIND A TUBE HERE, THAT'S ALL!

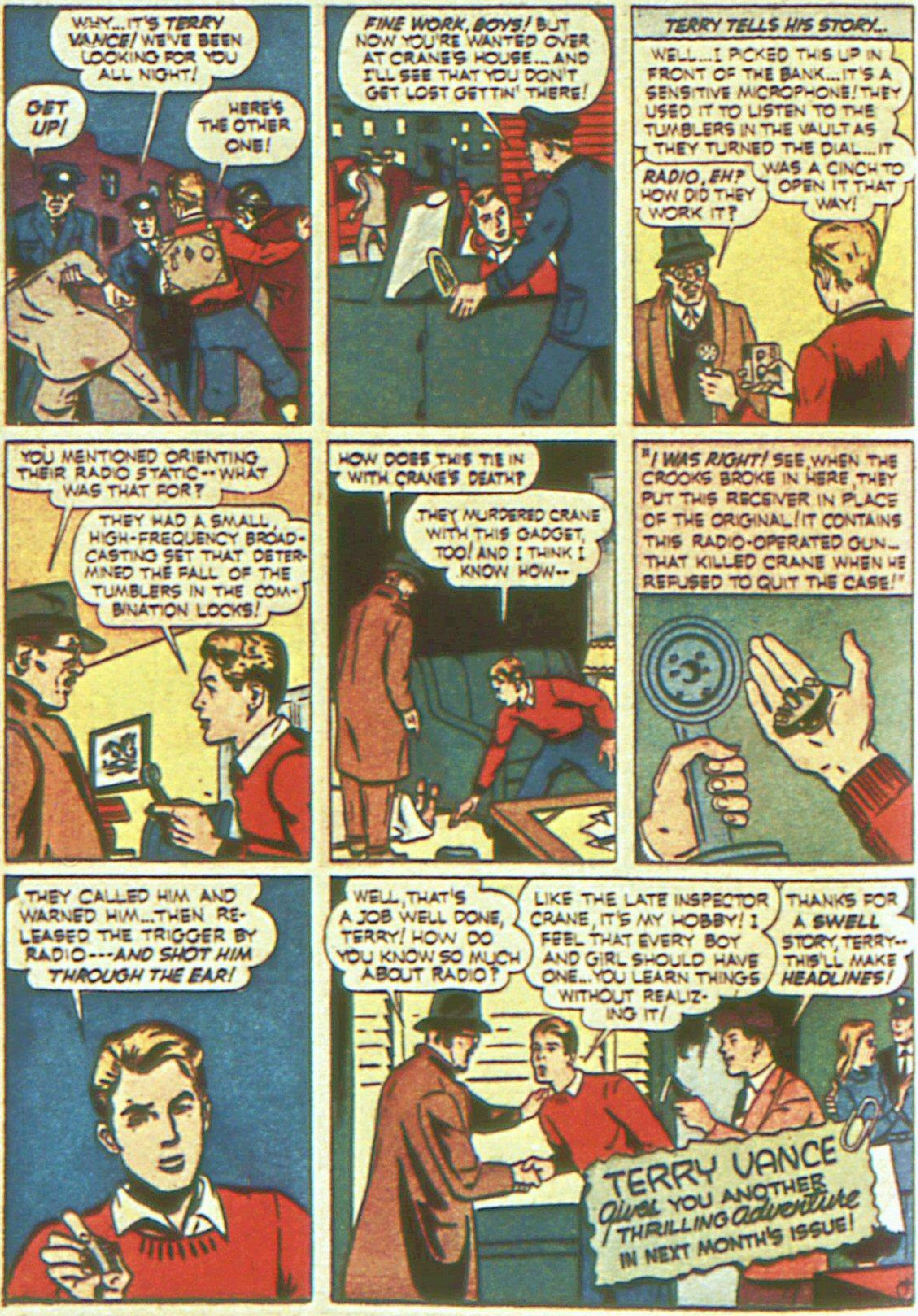

Later... AT THE POLICE STATION--THE BANK EMPLOYEES ARE ROUNDED UP...
WELL... YOU'RE THE LAST CLERK... HAVE YOU GOT AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI, TOO?
YES, SIR! I WAS PLAYING BRIDGE WITH MY MOTHER-IN-LAW!
THE EMPLOYEES ARE CLEAR--BUT THE INSPECTOR SAID IT LOOKED LIKE AN INSIDE JOB... NONE OF THE LOCKS WAS FORCED OR BROKEN!
WELL...I'M GOING DOWN TO THE OFFICE TO WRITE THE STORY--SUCH AS IT IS---
I WANT TO HAVE A TALK--OH, THERE HE IS NOW--OH, INSPECTOR!
YES?
INSPECTOR, I'M INTERESTED IN RADIO, TOO! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE A CLUE THERE?
YES, TERRY, I DO! LISTEN, I HAVE TO GO UP TO MY PLACE FOR SOME PAPERS, BUT YOU CAN HELP--I'LL CALL YOU BACK!
INSPECTOR CRANE ARRIVES AT HIS HOME...
WHAT'S THIS? THE DOOR WIDE OPEN! MARY! MARY!! WHERE IS THAT MAID?
THEY'VE BEEN HERE! THE MAID IS UNCONSCIOUS--GREAT GODFREY! THEY'VE GOT MY PAPERS! THERE'S STILL TIME... I'LL GET THAT KID TO HELP...
COME RIGHT OVER...I'LL LEAVE A NOTE FOR YOU IF I'M GONE!
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
TERRY LOSES NO TIME...
THIS IS THE PLACE--AND THAT'S HIS CAR! GOOD...I DIDN'T MISS HIM AFTER ALL!
IS THE INSPECTOR AT HOME?
HE'S IN HERE... DEAD!

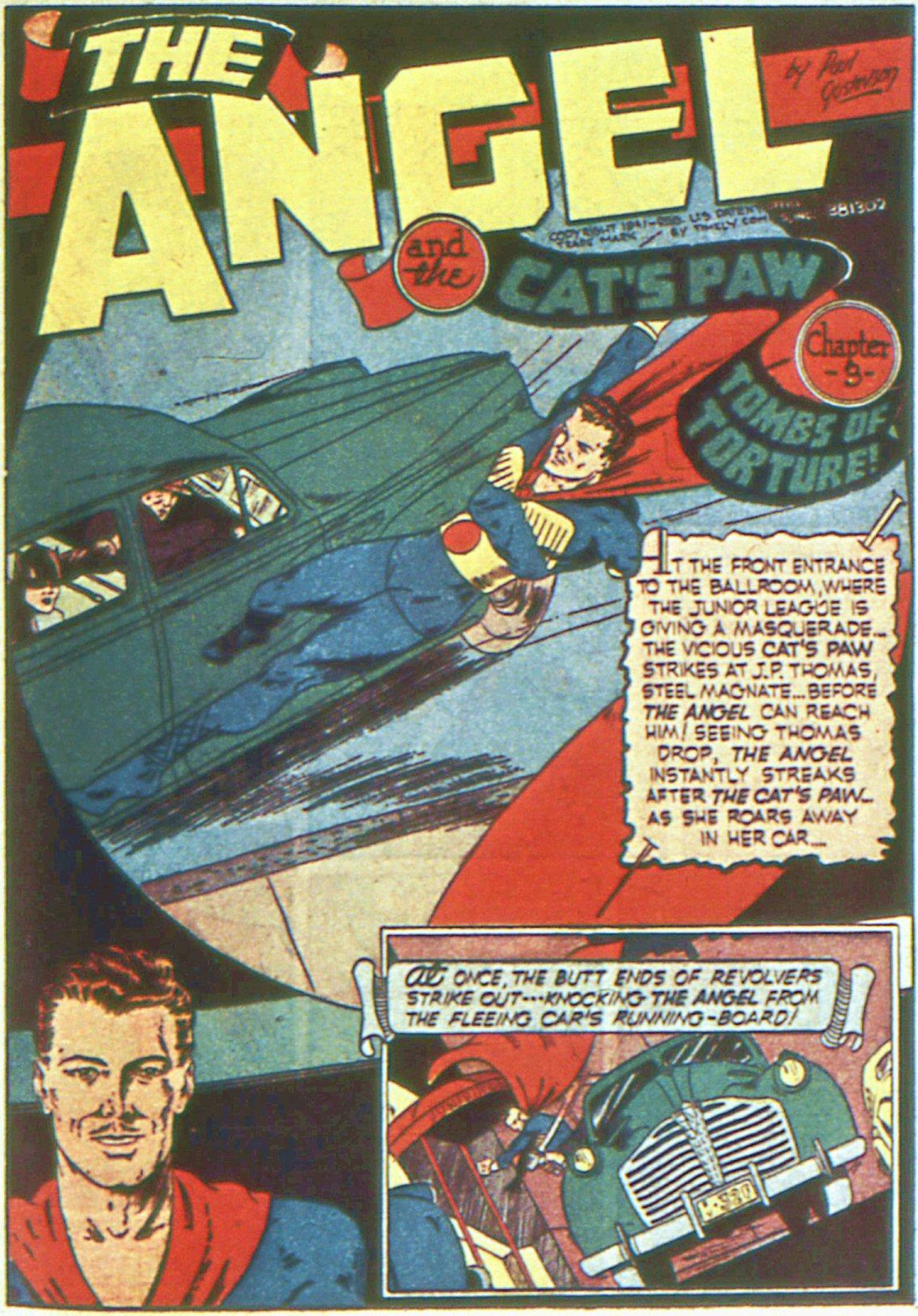

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?
I ANSWERED THE DOOR ABOUT AN HOUR AGO--BEFORE HE CAME HOME--AND TWO MASKED MEN THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I DIDN'T GIVE THEM CERTAIN PAPERS! THEN I MUST HAVE FAINTED, BECAUSE WHEN I CAME TO, THE INSPECTOR WAS TALKING TO A MR. TERRY ON THE PHONE...
THAT WAS ME... THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU'RE TERRY? HE LEFT THIS ENVELOPE FOR YOU--HE THOUGHT HE WAS LEAVING, AND HE DID!
"AFTER HE SPOKE TO YOU--- THE PHONE RANG AGAIN --- HE TOLD WHOEVER IT WAS THAT THEY'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH SOMETHING --AND THEN HE DROPPED TO THE FLOOR!"
OHH-H!
DID YOU HEAR A SHOT OR SEE ANYONE?
NO...AND I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO CALL THE POLICE --- THE PHONE IS DEAD!
HOLY MACKEREL! YOU STAY HERE...I'LL GET THE POLICE! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
THE NOTE SAYS TO MEET HIM AT A CORNER IN THE CITY...BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW! I'LL GET DEADLINE, AND WE MAY YET BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THINGS --WHATEVER THEY ARE!
I'LL TELL THE POLICE TO GET OUT TO THE INSPECTOR'S, AND CALL DEADLINE AND TELL HIM TO MEET ME DOWN HERE!
LEPHO
WHAT'S UP?
?
COME ON...WE HAVE A DATE WITH A DEAD MAN...AND SOME OTHERS WHO DON'T EXPECT US!


TERRY TELLS DEADLINE ABOUT CRANE'S DEATH AND THE NOTE...
HE TOLD YOU TO MEET HIM, EH? WHAT FOR?
HE ASKED ME TO BRING MY RADIO EQUIPMENT FOR ORIENTING RADIO SIGNALS--WELL, HERE'S MY PLACE...I'LL PICK UP MY STUFF!
IN A FEW MINUTES TERRY COMES OUT...
HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
CHK! CHKK!!
HA! HA! LET HIM COME ALONG!
I DON'T GET THIS ORIENTING BUSINESS! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
IT'S VERY SIMPLE! CRANE HAD A SUSPICION THAT THESE ROBBERIES WERE BEING DONE WITH SOME SORT OF RADIO GADGET! IT'S UP TO US TO TRACK DOWN ANY STRANGE BROADCASTS IN THAT NEIGHBORHOOD...
Meanwhile... THE POLICE ARRIVE AT INSPECTOR CRANE'S HOME...
THIS IS IT!
YOU SAY HE SPOKE TO TWO PEOPLE JUST BEFORE HE DIED...WHO WAS THE FIRST?
TERRY VANCE!
TERRY VANCE? ISN'T HE THE KID WHO CALLED US IN?
YES--AND I GAVE THE NOTE THE INSPECTOR LEFT, TO--
TO WHO?
--TERRY VANCE!
YE GODS! GET THIS TERRY VANCE AND BRING HIM HERE! THE WHOLE CASE REVOLVES AROUND HIM! SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM--WE CAN'T DO A THING TILL HE GETS HERE!


PICK UP TERRY VANCE...LIGHT HAIR... TEEN AGE...
MAY HAVE MONKEY WITH HIM...
MEANWHILE, TERRY DRIVES TO THE CORNER MENTIONED BY THE INSPECTOR---
HERE WE ARE...NOW WHAT?
HEY--LOOK! THERE'S THE UNITED TRUST BANK...OH-OH!
SO WHAT? THAT BANK'S BEEN THERE FOR YEARS!
SHHH... I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE....SOUNDS LIKE STATIC, BUT... HMMM---
LISTEN--YOU TAKE THE CAR AND ONE RADIO SET--THEY'RE TWO-WAY--I'LL TAKE THIS PORTABLE OUTFIT, AND SEE IF WE CAN LOCATE WHERE THAT STATIC IS COMING FROM!
OKAY!
KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME AND TELL ME IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING!
I'LL CHECK ON THIS STATIC NOISE RIGHT NOW--IT'S PRETTY LOUD!
EMPLOYING A TRICK USED BY THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION, THEY LOCATE THE ORIGIN OF THE STATIC!
DAWSON--MY INSTRUMENTS SAY THE WAVES ARE DIRECTLY TO THE EAST--
CHECK! AND FROM HERE THEY'RE FROM THE SOUTH! WE'LL MEET WHERE THEY CONVERGE!
DAWSON
TERRY
HOLY CATS! THAT MEANS THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE BANK SENDING OUT PHONY SIGNALS OR SOMETHING!
RIGHT!
BANK
BANK


YOU STAY IN THE CAR--AND WARN US IF YOU SEE ANYTHING!
HEY...LOOK! THE DOOR IS OPEN! COME ON!
EEK!
NO PA
GOSH! I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW THEY'RE USING THAT RADIO--BUT THEY'D SHOOT US ON SIGHT!
THEY'RE IN THE VAULT!
MEANWHILE, DR. WATSON SEES AN APPROACHING SEDAN, AND RUNS TO WARN THEM!
EEEEE!!
HE PUSHES OPEN THE BANK DOOR...
...BUT IS SEEN!
LOOK! THE DOOR IS OPENING!
COME ON... WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT!
BANG!
BANG!
The BANK ROBBERS' HENCHMEN ARRNE TO PICK THEM UP AS PREARRANGED...
THE FOOLS! THAT SHOOTING WILL BRING THE POLICE!
YES...AND HERE THEY COME...LET'S BEAT IT!
THE TWO MEN RUN FOR THE DOOR--BUT TERRY SLIDES A TELEPHONE ACROSS THE SMOOTH FLOOR!
WHAT THE--?!
YOU CLUMSY FOOL!
and DR. WATSON GREETS HIM ON THE OUTSIDE!
?
HEY, LOOK!
CHK! CHK!


WHY...IT'S TERRY VANCE! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ALL NIGHT!
GET UP!
HERE'S THE OTHER ONE!
FINE WORK, BOYS! BUT NOW YOU'RE WANTED OVER AT CRANE'S HOUSE... AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET LOST GETTIN' THERE!
TERRY TELLS HIS STORY..
WELL...I PICKED THIS UP IN FRONT OF THE BANK...IT'S A SENSITIVE MICROPHONE! THEY USED IT TO LISTEN TO THE TUMBLERS IN THE VAULT AS THEY TURNED THE DIAL...IT WAS A CINCH TO OPEN IT THAT WAY!
RADIO, EH? HOW DID THEY WORK IT?
YOU MENTIONED ORIENTING THEIR RADIO STATIC--WHAT WAS THAT FOR?
THEY HAD A SMALL, HIGH-FREQUENCY BROADCASTING SET THAT DETERMINED THE FALL OF THE TUMBLERS IN THE COMBINATION LOCKS!
HOW DOES THIS TIE IN WITH CRANE'S DEATH?
THEY MURDERED CRANE WITH THIS GADGET, TOO! AND I THINK I KNOW HOW--
"I WAS RIGHT! SEE, WHEN THE CROOKS BROKE IN HERE, THEY PUT THIS RECEIVER IN PLACE OF THE ORIGINAL! IT CONTAINS THIS RADIO-OPERATED GUN... THAT KILLED CRANE WHEN HE REFUSED TO QUIT THE CASE!"
THEY CALLED HIM AND WARNED HIM...THEN RELEASED THE TRIGGER BY RADIO---AND SHOT HIM THROUGH THE EAR!
WELL, THAT'S A JOB WELL DONE, TERRY! HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT RADIO?
LIKE THE LATE INSPECTOR CRANE, IT'S MY HOBBY! I FEEL THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD HAVE ONE...YOU LEARN THINGS WITHOUT REALIZING IT!
THANKS FOR A SWELL STORY, TERRY--THIS'LL MAKE HEADLINES!
TERRY VANCE gives YOU ANOTHER THRILLING adventure IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!


THE ANGEL
by Paul Gustavson
and the
CAT'S PAW
Chapter -9-
TOMBS OF TORTURE!
AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE BALLROOM, WHERE THE JUNIOR LEAGUE IS GIVING A MASQUERADE... THE VICIOUS CAT'S PAW STRIKES AT J.P. THOMAS, STEEL MAGNATE... BEFORE THE ANGEL CAN REACH HIM! SEEING THOMAS DROP, THE ANGEL INSTANTLY STREAKS AFTER THE CAT'S PAW... AS SHE ROARS AWAY IN HER CAR...
AT ONCE, THE BUTT ENDS OF REVOLVERS STRIKE OUT---KNOCKING THE ANGEL FROM THE FLEEING CAR'S RUNNING-BOARD!
V-530

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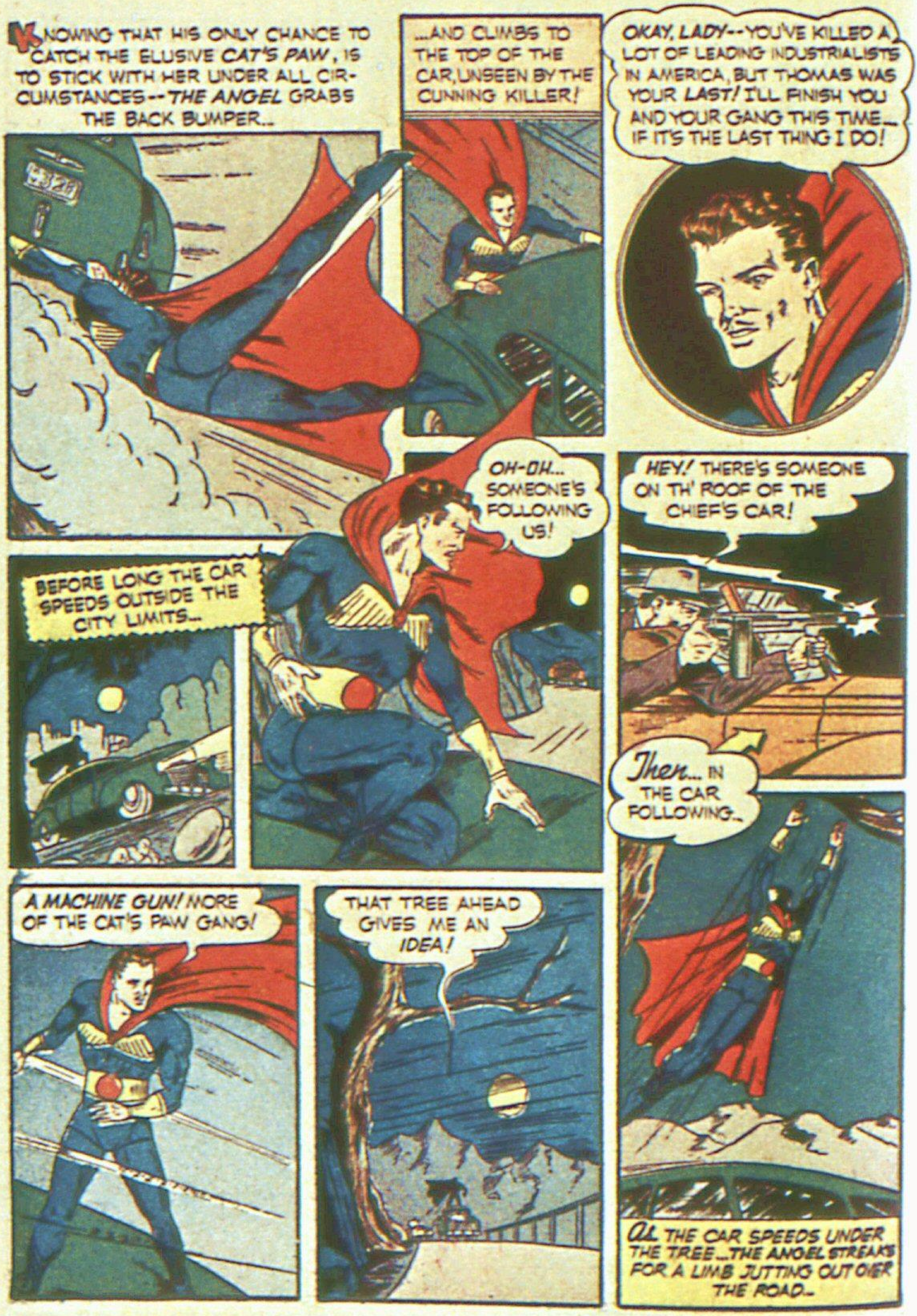
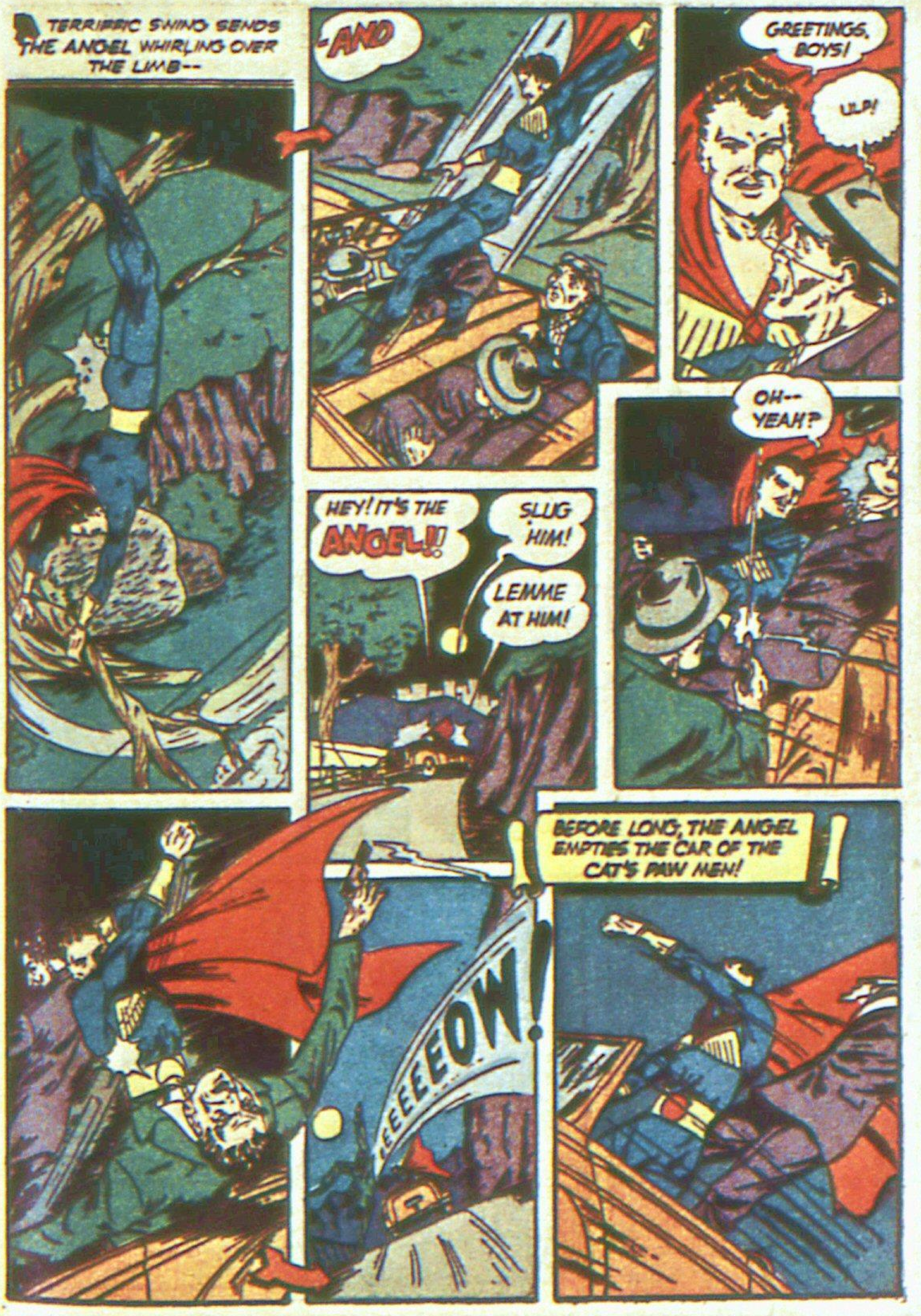
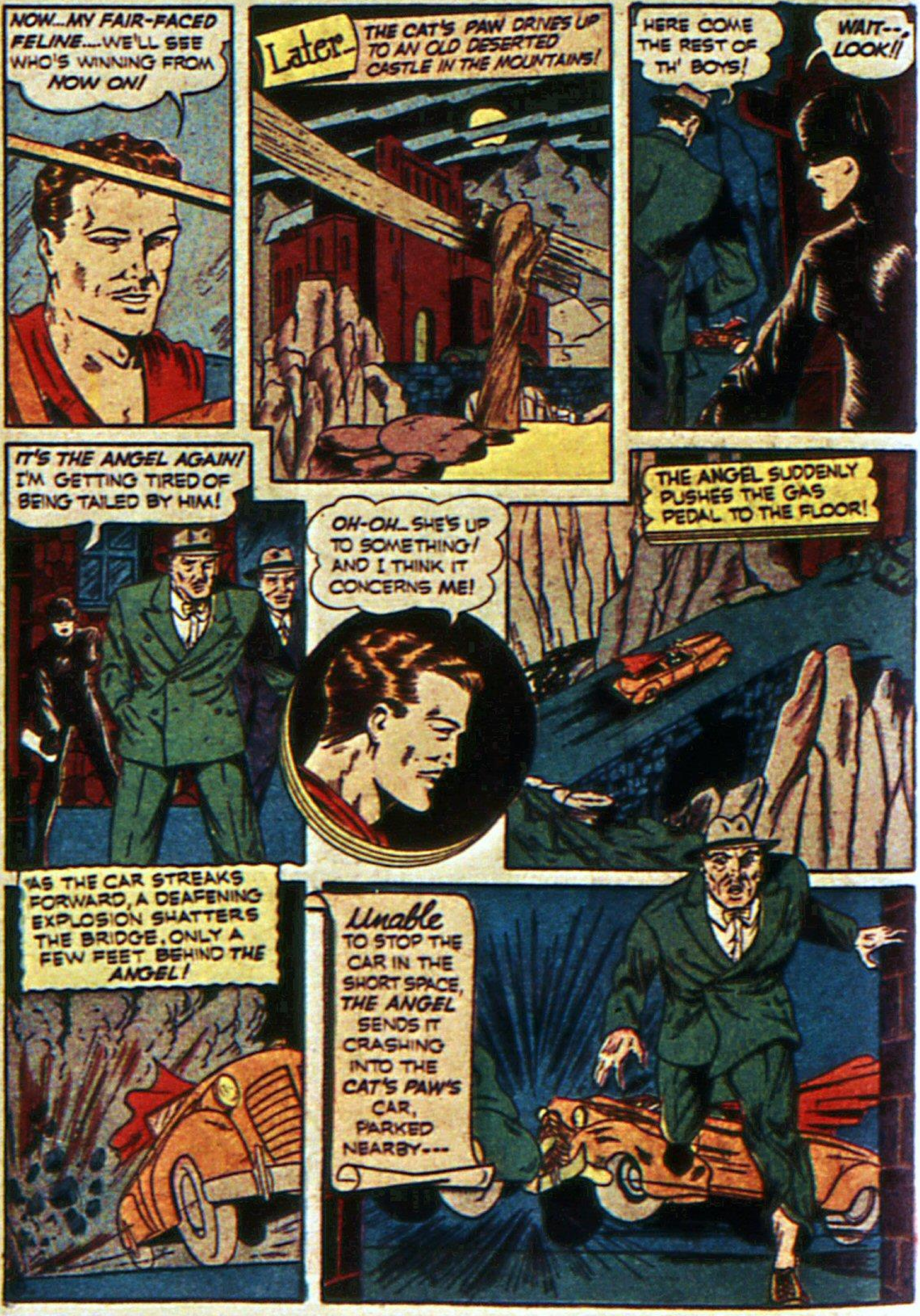
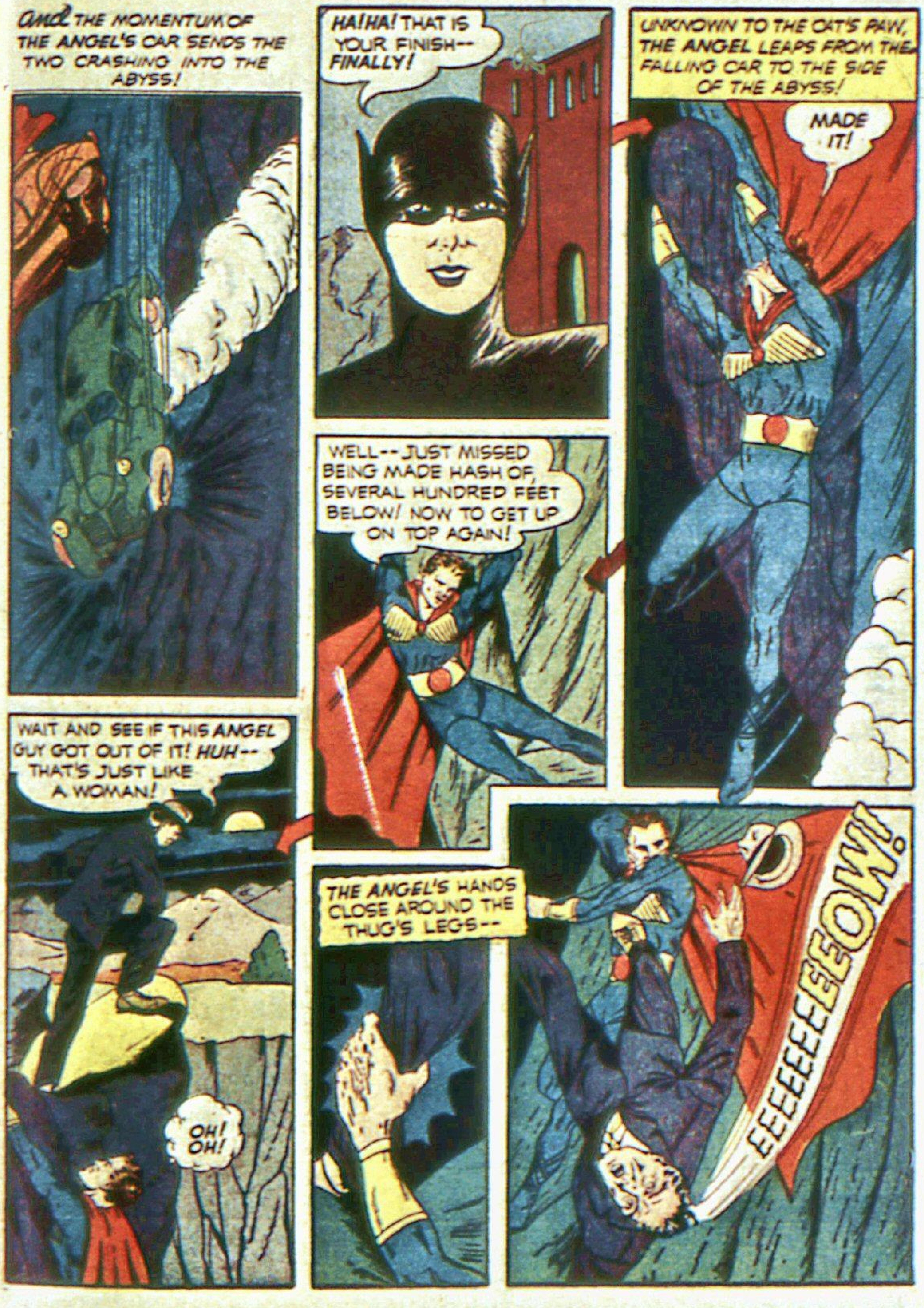
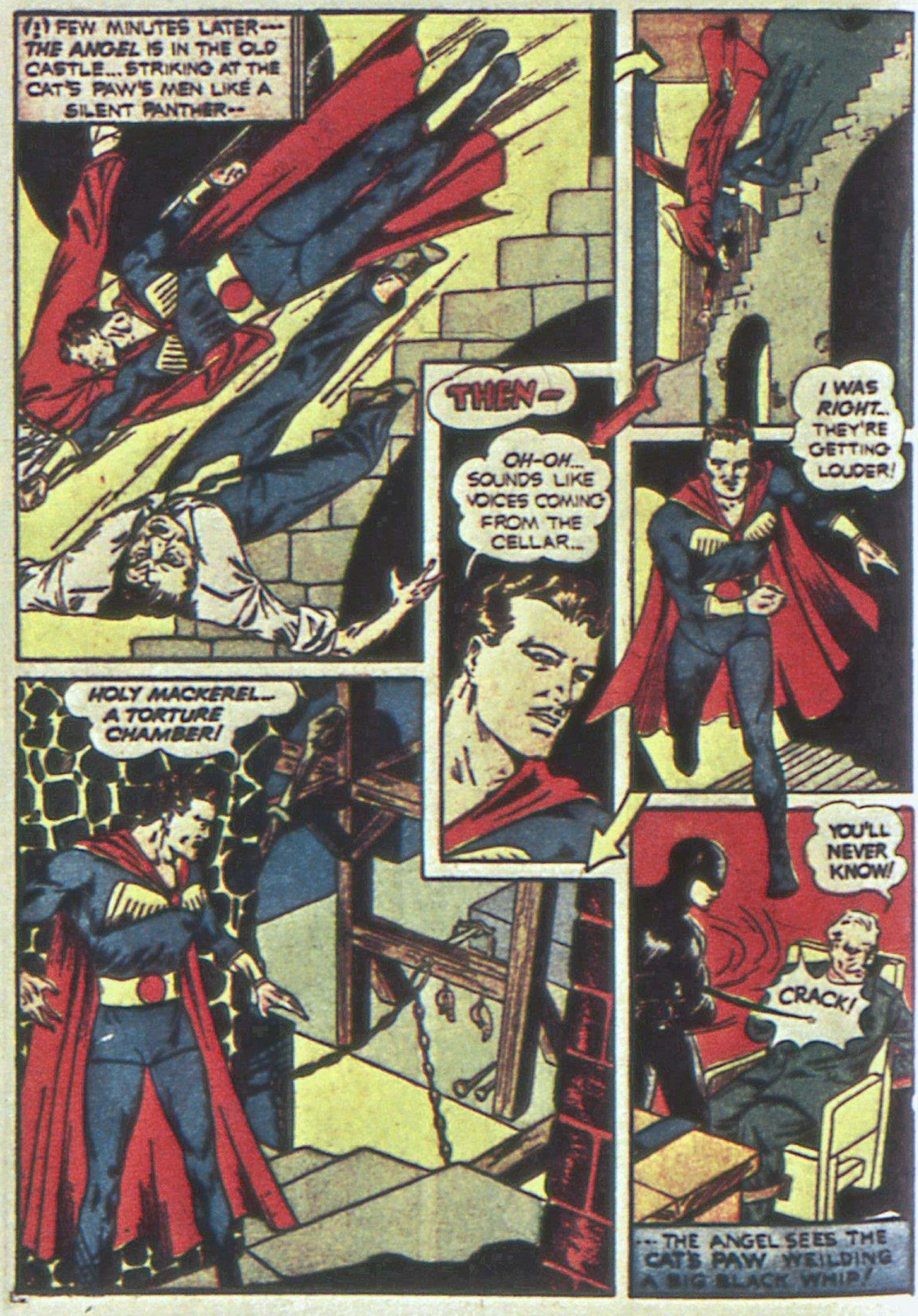
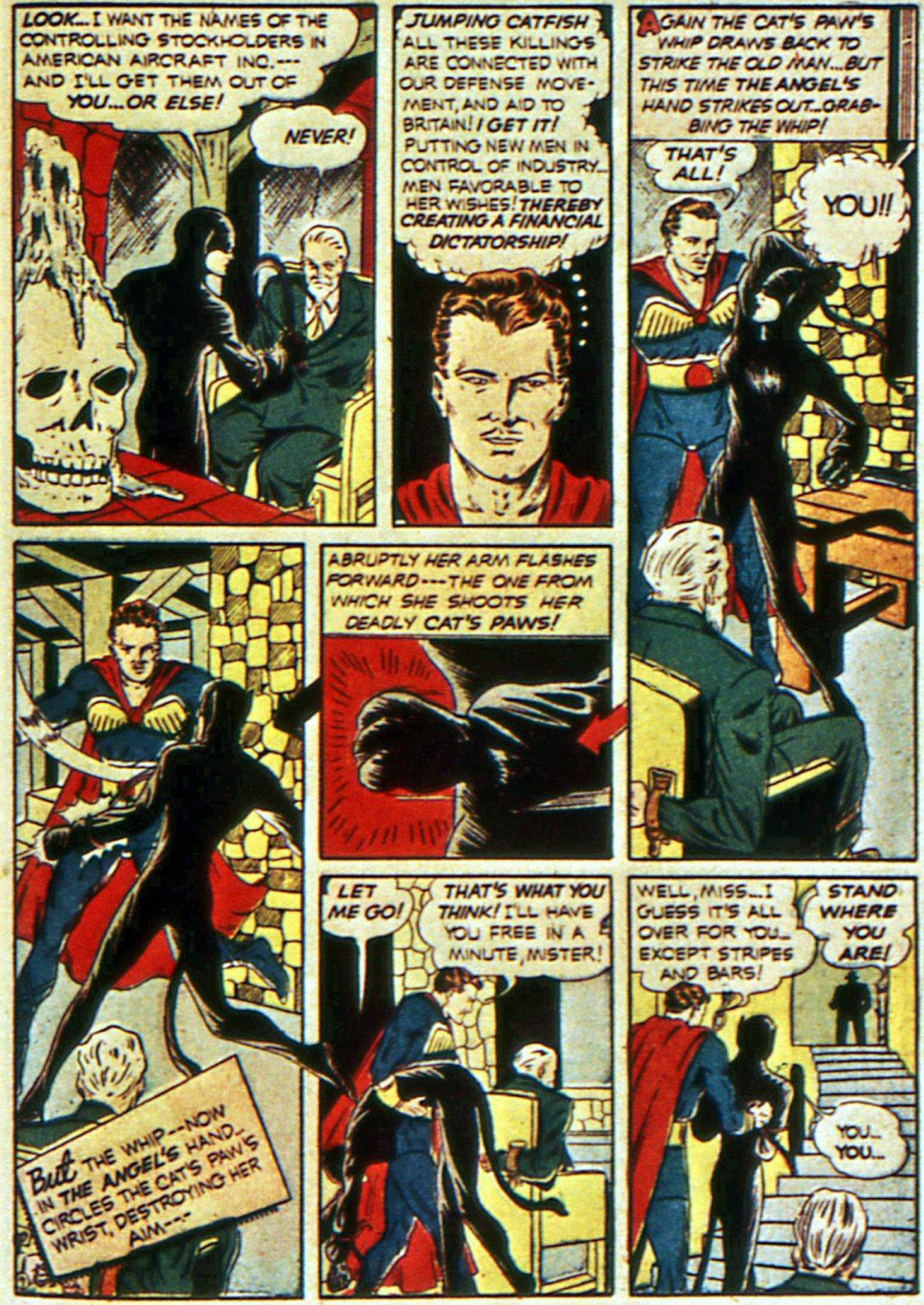

KNOWING THAT HIS ONLY CHANCE TO CATCH THE ELUSIVE *CAT'S PAW*, IS TO STICK WITH HER UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES--*THE ANGEL* GRABS THE BACK BUMPER...
...AND CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE CAR, UNSEEN BY THE CUNNING KILLER!
OKAY, LADY--YOU'VE KILLED A LOT OF LEADING INDUSTRIALISTS IN AMERICA, BUT THOMAS WAS YOUR *LAST!* I'LL FINISH YOU AND YOUR GANG THIS TIME... IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
BEFORE LONG THE CAR SPEEDS OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS...
OH-OH... SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING US!
HEY! THERE'S SOMEONE ON TH' ROOF OF THE CHIEF'S CAR!
Then... IN THE CAR FOLLOWING...
A MACHINE GUN! MORE OF THE CAT'S PAW GANG!
THAT TREE AHEAD GIVES ME AN *IDEA!*
AS THE CAR SPEEDS UNDER THE TREE...THE ANGEL STREAKS FOR A LIMB JUTTING OUT OVER THE ROAD...

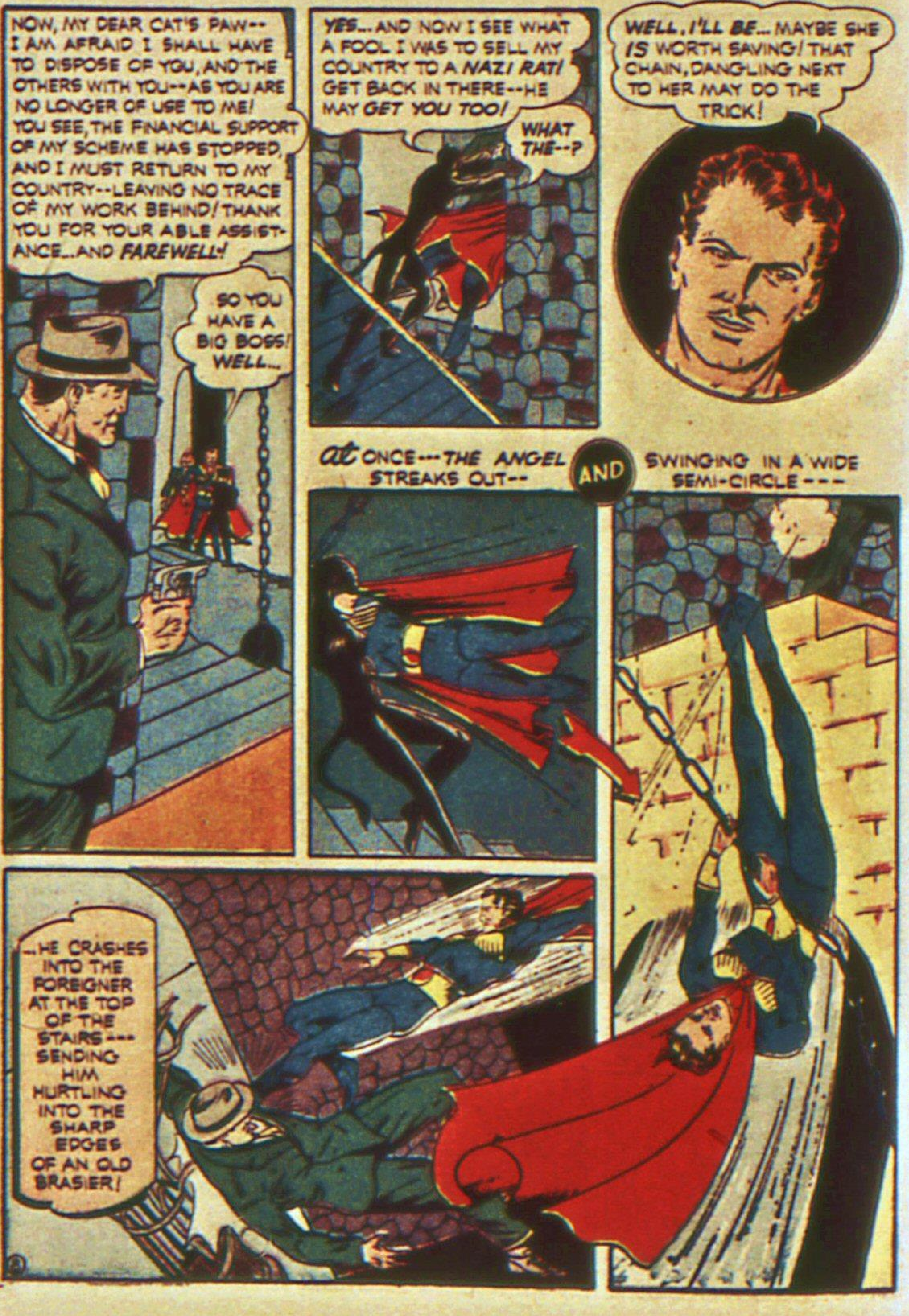

A TERRIFFIC SWING SENDS THE ANGEL WHIRLING OVER THE LIMB--
-AND
GREETINGS, BOYS!
ULP!
HEY! IT'S THE ANGEL!!
SLUG HIM!
LEMME AT HIM!
OH-- YEAH?
BEFORE LONG, THE ANGEL EMPTIES THE CAR OF THE CAT'S PAW MEN!
EEEEEEOW!

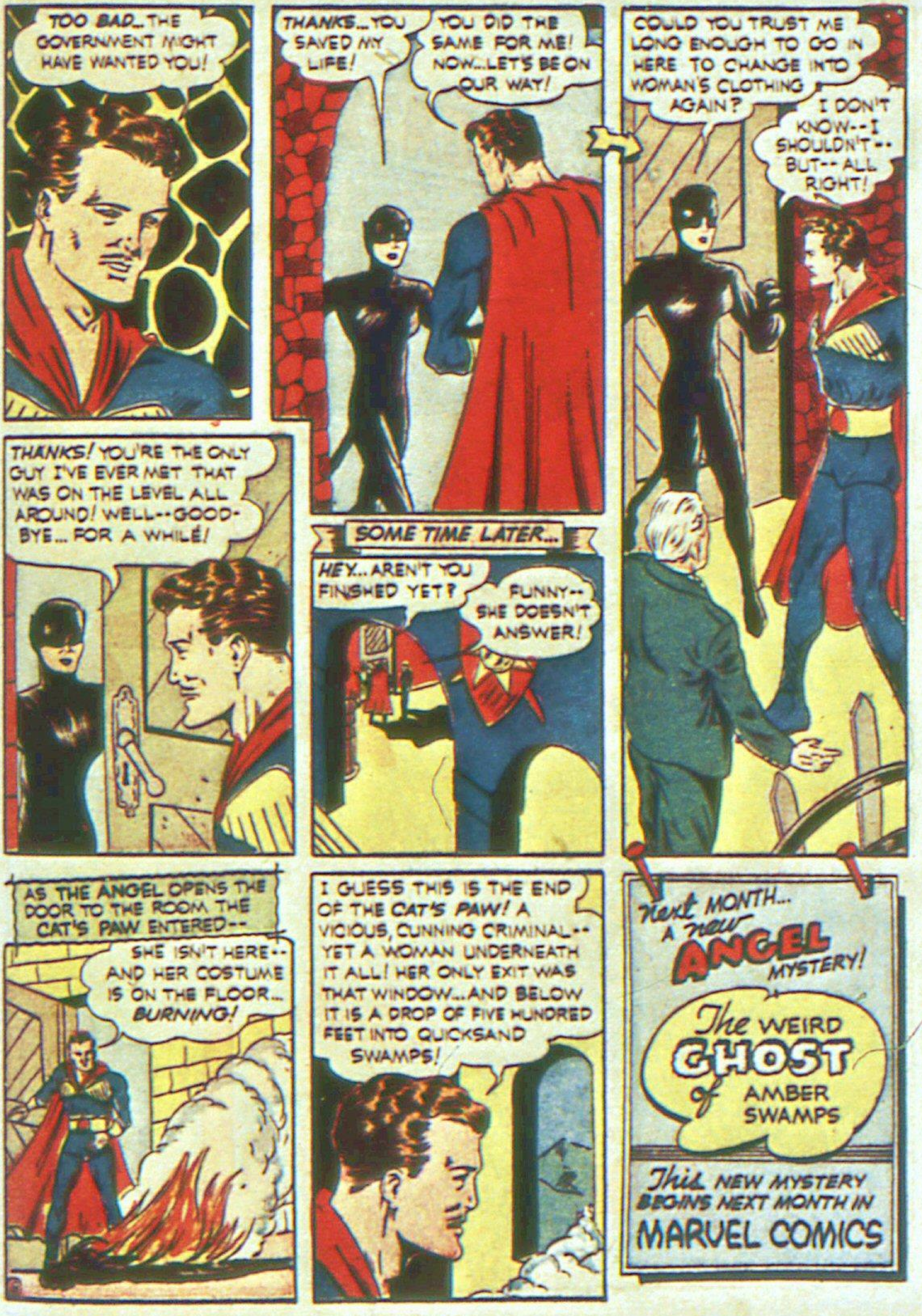

NOW...MY FAIR-FACED FELINE...WE'LL SEE WHO'S WINNING FROM NOW ON!
Later— THE CAT'S PAW DRIVES UP TO AN OLD DESERTED CASTLE IN THE MOUNTAINS!
HERE COME THE REST OF TH' BOYS!
WAIT--, LOOK!!
IT'S THE ANGEL AGAIN! I'M GETTING TIRED OF BEING TAILED BY HIM!
OH-OH...SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING! AND I THINK IT CONCERNS ME!
THE ANGEL SUDDENLY PUSHES THE GAS PEDAL TO THE FLOOR!
AS THE CAR STREAKS FORWARD, A DEAFENING EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE BRIDGE, ONLY A FEW FEET BEHIND THE ANGEL!
Unable TO STOP THE CAR IN THE SHORT SPACE, THE ANGEL SENDS IT CRASHING INTO THE CAT'S PAW'S CAR, PARKED NEARBY---


And THE MOMENTUM OF THE ANGEL'S CAR SENDS THE TWO CRASHING INTO THE ABYSS!
HA! HA! THAT IS YOUR FINISH-- FINALLY!
UNKNOWN TO THE CAT'S PAW, THE ANGEL LEAPS FROM THE FALLING CAR TO THE SIDE OF THE ABYSS!
MADE IT!
WELL--JUST MISSED BEING MADE HASH OF, SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET BELOW! NOW TO GET UP ON TOP AGAIN!
WAIT AND SEE IF THIS ANGEL GUY GOT OUT OF IT! HUH-- THAT'S JUST LIKE A WOMAN!
OH! OH!
THE ANGEL'S HANDS CLOSE AROUND THE THUG'S LEGS--
EEEEEEEEEEOW!


A FEW MINUTES LATER--- THE ANGEL IS IN THE OLD CASTLE... STRIKING AT THE CAT'S PAW'S MEN LIKE A SILENT PANTHER--
THEN-
OH-OH... SOUNDS LIKE VOICES COMING FROM THE CELLAR...
I WAS RIGHT... THEY'RE GETTING LOUDER!
HOLY MACKEREL... A TORTURE CHAMBER!
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW!
CRACK!
--THE ANGEL SEES THE CAT'S PAW WEILDING A BIG BLACK WHIP!


LOOK...I WANT THE NAMES OF THE CONTROLLING STOCKHOLDERS IN AMERICAN AIRCRAFT INC.---AND I'LL GET THEM OUT OF YOU...OR ELSE!
NEVER!
JUMPING CATFISH ALL THESE KILLINGS ARE CONNECTED WITH OUR DEFENSE MOVEMENT, AND AID TO BRITAIN! I GET IT! PUTTING NEW MEN IN CONTROL OF INDUSTRY...MEN FAVORABLE TO HER WISHES! THEREBY CREATING A FINANCIAL DICTATORSHIP!
AGAIN THE CAT'S PAW'S WHIP DRAWS BACK TO STRIKE THE OLD MAN...BUT THIS TIME THE ANGEL'S HAND STRIKES OUT...GRABBING THE WHIP!
THAT'S ALL!
YOU!!
ABRUPTLY HER ARM FLASHES FORWARD---THE ONE FROM WHICH SHE SHOOTS HER DEADLY CAT'S PAWS!
But THE WHIP--NOW IN THE ANGEL'S HAND, CIRCLES THE CAT'S PAW'S WRIST, DESTROYING HER AIM--
LET ME GO!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE, MISTER!
WELL, MISS...I GUESS IT'S ALL OVER FOR YOU...EXCEPT STRIPES AND BARS!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE!
YOU... YOU...


NOW, MY DEAR CAT'S PAW-- I AM AFRAID I SHALL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF YOU, AND THE OTHERS WITH YOU--AS YOU ARE NO LONGER OF USE TO ME! YOU SEE, THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF MY SCHEME HAS STOPPED, AND I MUST RETURN TO MY COUNTRY--LEAVING NO TRACE OF MY WORK BEHIND! THANK YOU FOR YOUR ABLE ASSISTANCE...AND FAREWELL!
SO YOU HAVE A BIG BOSS! WELL...
YES...AND NOW I SEE WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO SELL MY COUNTRY TO A NAZI RAT! GET BACK IN THERE--HE MAY GET YOU TOO!
WHAT THE--?
WELL, I'LL BE...MAYBE SHE IS WORTH SAVING! THAT CHAIN, DANGLING NEXT TO HER MAY DO THE TRICK!
at ONCE---THE ANGEL STREAKS OUT--
AND
SWINGING IN A WIDE SEMI-CIRCLE---
..HE CRASHES INTO THE FOREIGNER AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS---SENDING HIM HURTLING INTO THE SHARP EDGES OF AN OLD BRASIER!


TOO BAD... THE GOVERNMENT MIGHT HAVE WANTED YOU!
THANKS... YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
YOU DID THE SAME FOR ME! NOW... LET'S BE ON OUR WAY!
COULD YOU TRUST ME LONG ENOUGH TO GO IN HERE TO CHANGE INTO WOMAN'S CLOTHING AGAIN?
I DON'T KNOW--I SHOULDN'T--BUT--ALL RIGHT!
THANKS! YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY I'VE EVER MET THAT WAS ON THE LEVEL ALL AROUND! WELL--GOOD-BYE... FOR A WHILE!
SOME TIME LATER...
HEY... AREN'T YOU FINISHED YET?
FUNNY--SHE DOESN'T ANSWER!
AS THE ANGEL OPENS THE DOOR TO THE ROOM THE CAT'S PAW ENTERED--
SHE ISN'T HERE--AND HER COSTUME IS ON THE FLOOR... BURNING!
I GUESS THIS IS THE END OF THE CAT'S PAW! A VICIOUS, CUNNING CRIMINAL--YET A WOMAN UNDERNEATH IT ALL! HER ONLY EXIT WAS THAT WINDOW... AND BELOW IT IS A DROP OF FIVE HUNDRED FEET INTO QUICKSAND SWAMPS!
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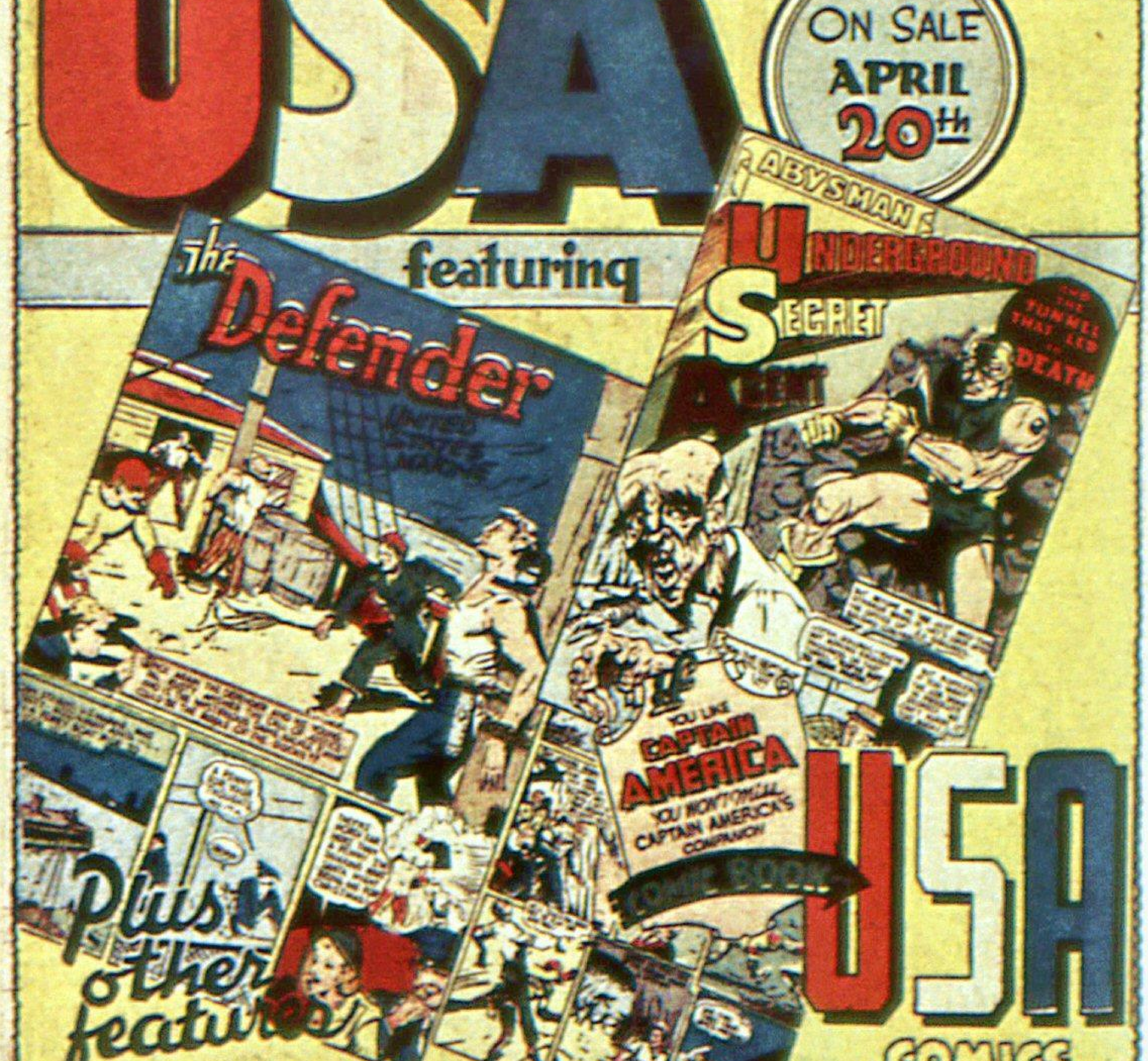
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ADVENTURES OF KA-ZAR THE GREAT

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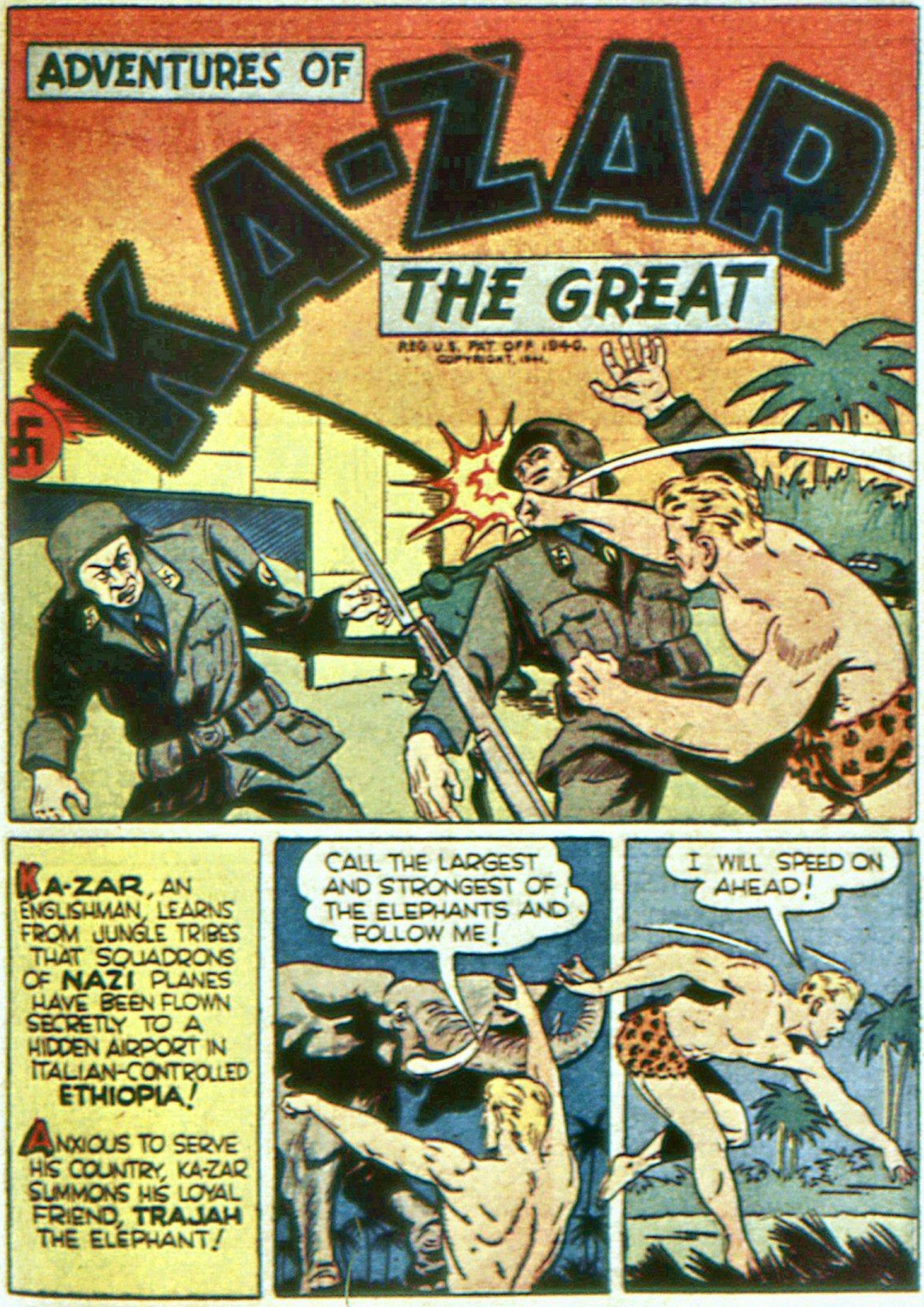
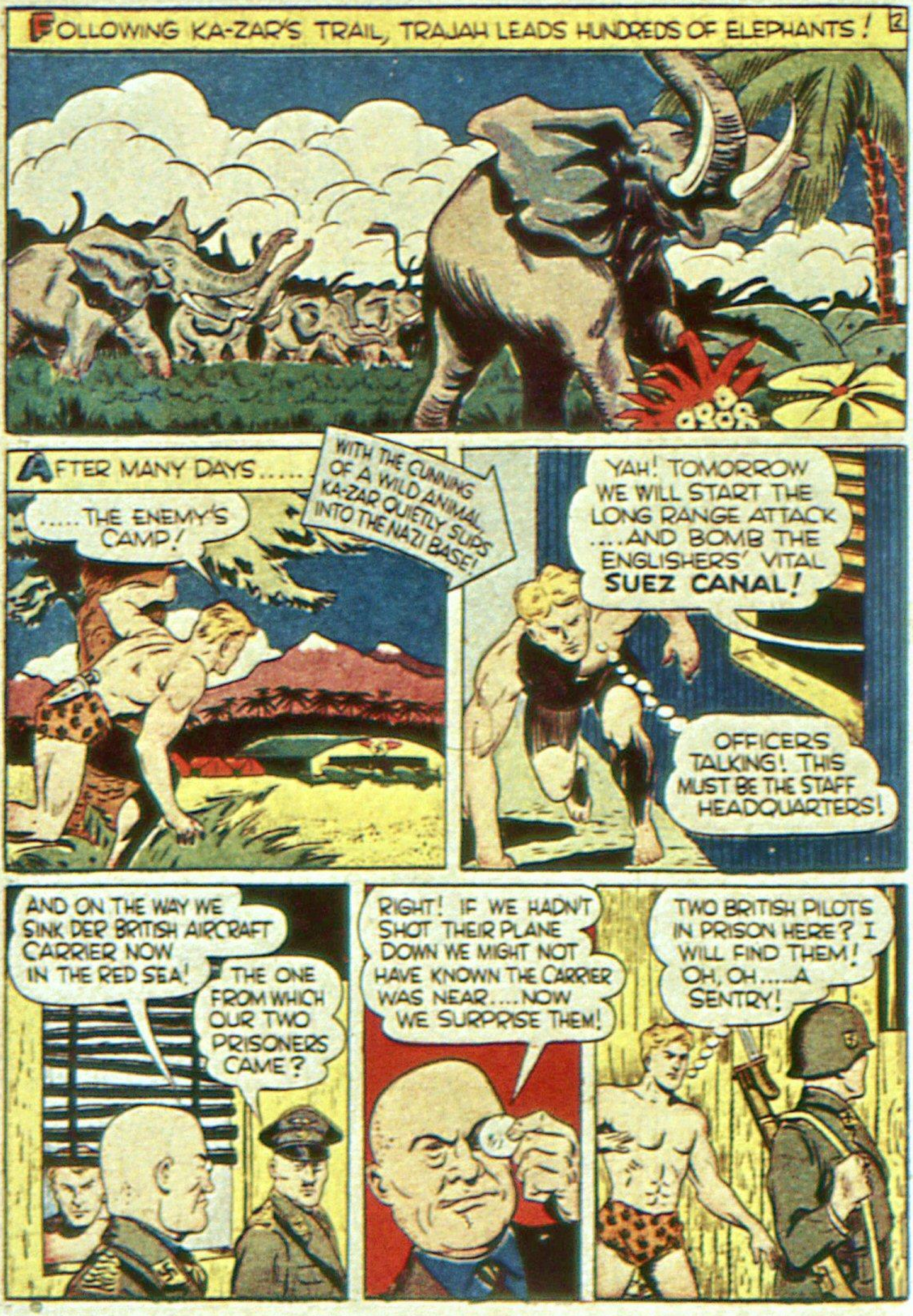
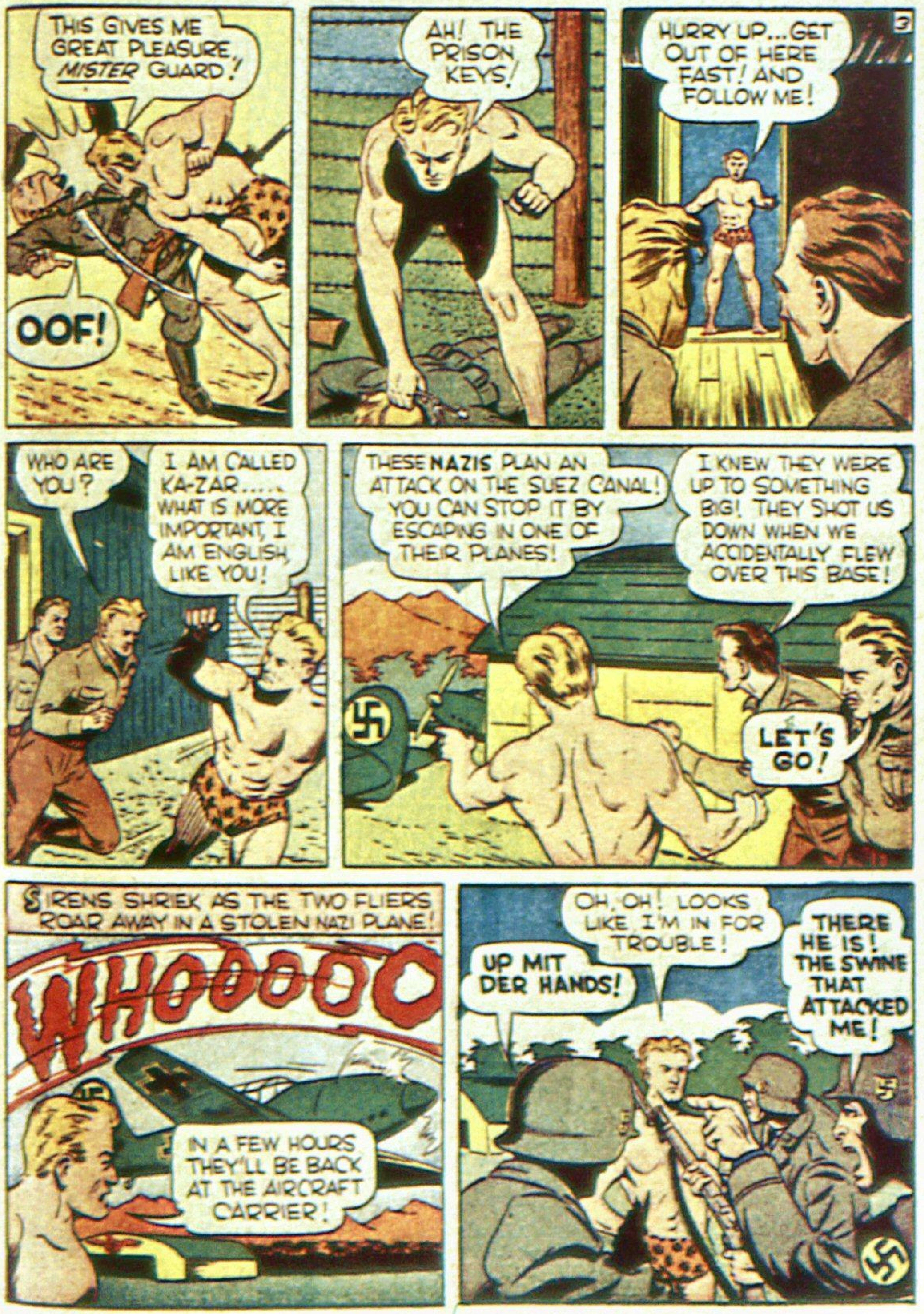


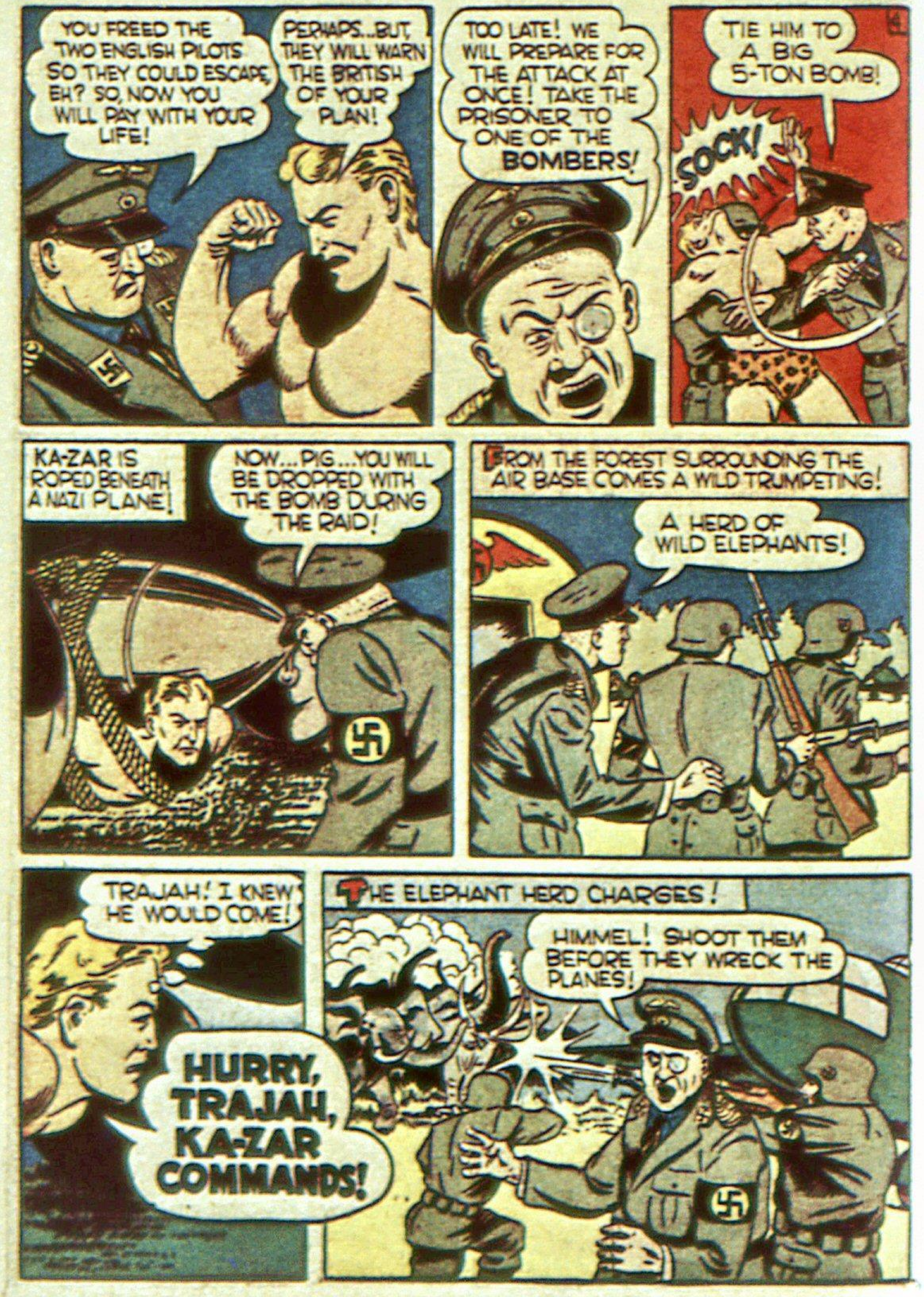
KA-ZAR, AN ENGLISHMAN, LEARNS FROM JUNGLE TRIBES THAT SQUADRONS OF **NAZI** PLANES HAVE BEEN FLOWN SECRETLY TO A HIDDEN AIRPORT IN ITALIAN-CONTROLLED **ETHIOPIA**!

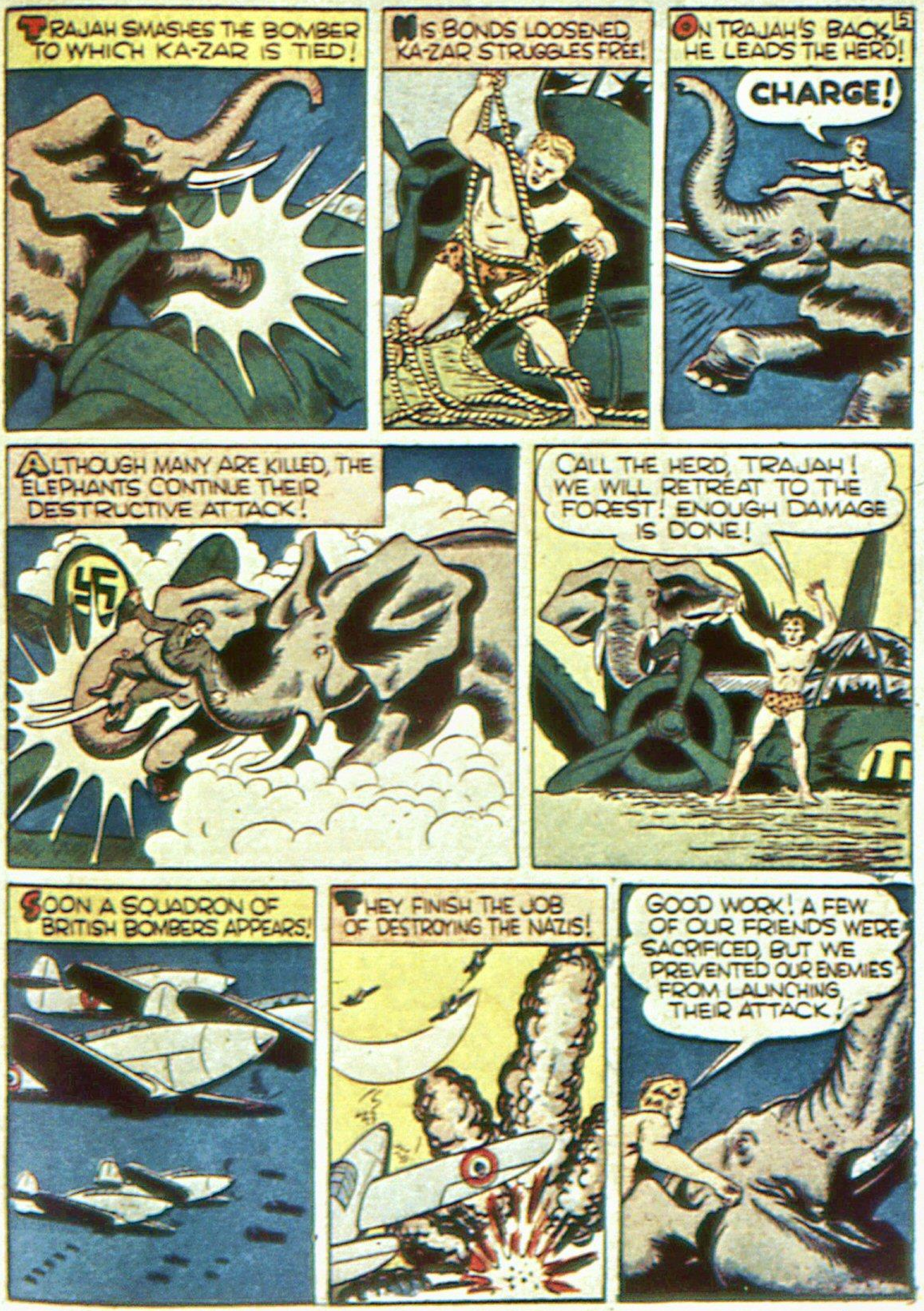
ANXIOUS TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY, KA-ZAR SUMMONS HIS LOYAL FRIEND, **TRAJAH** THE ELEPHANT!

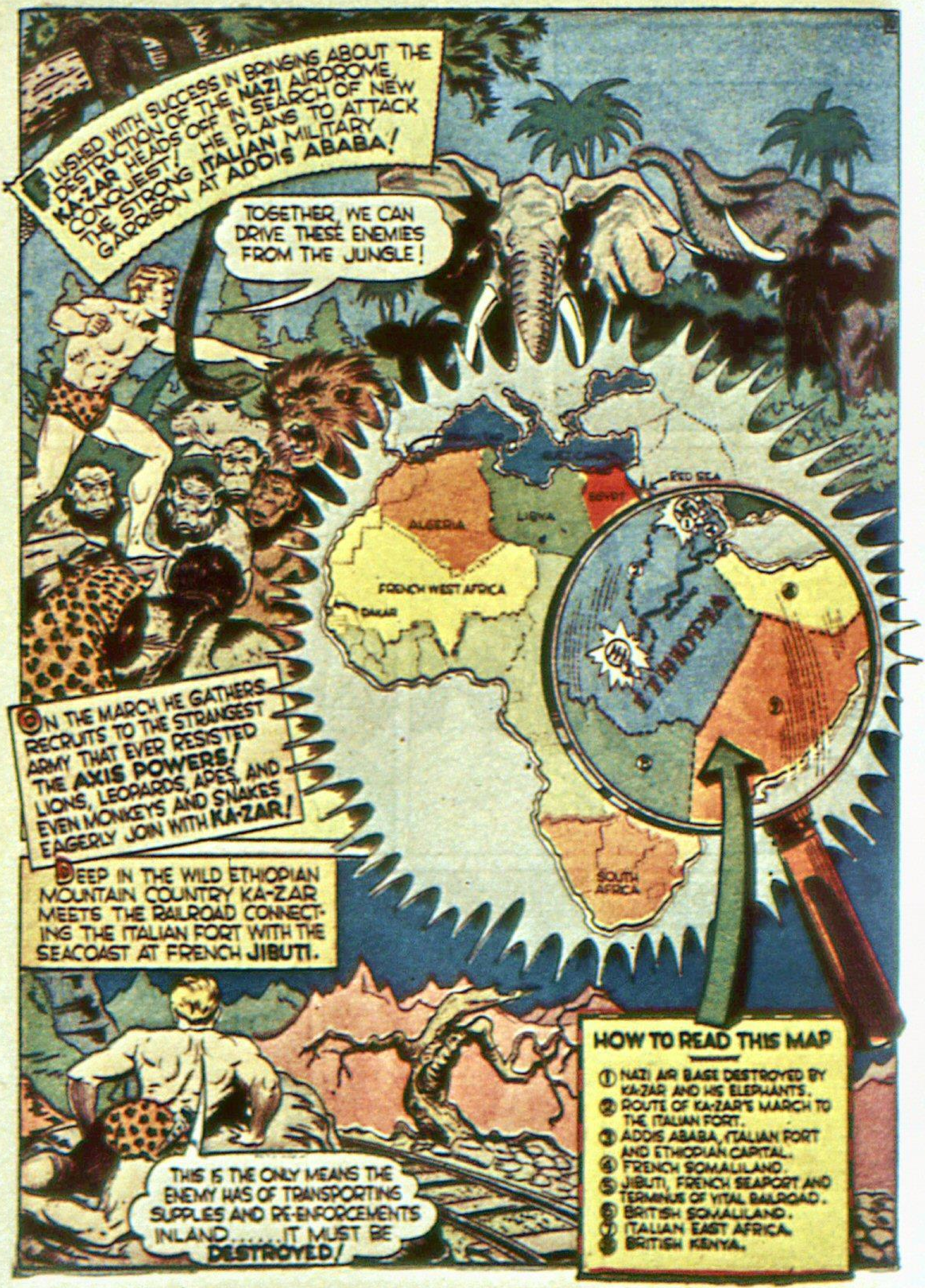
CALL THE LARGEST AND STRONGEST OF THE ELEPHANTS AND FOLLOW ME!
I WILL SPEED ON AHEAD!

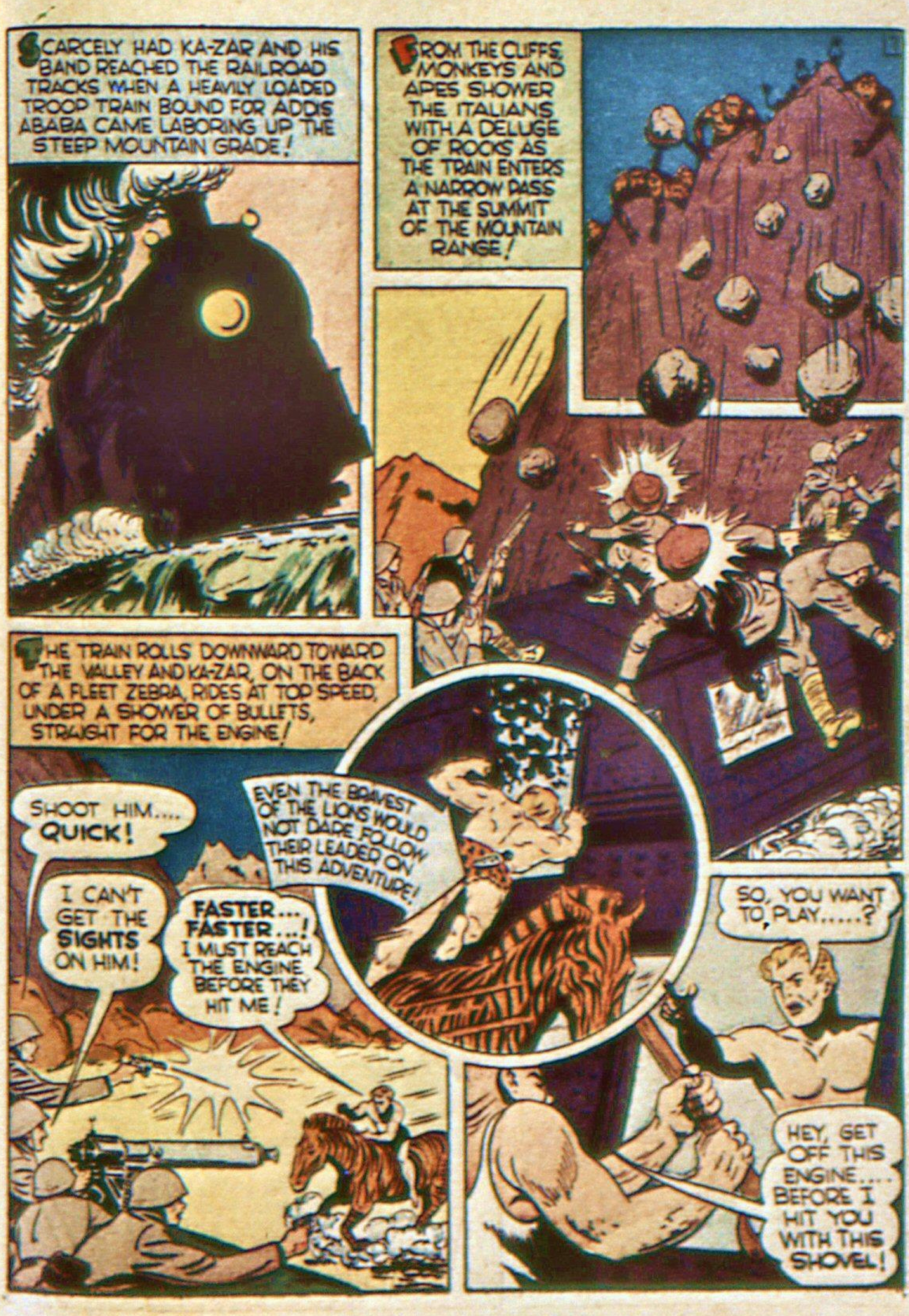

FOLLOWING KA-ZAR'S TRAIL, TRAJAH LEADS HUNDREDS OF ELEPHANTS!
AFTER MANY DAYS......
.....THE ENEMY'S CAMP!
WITH THE CUNNING OF A WILD ANIMAL, KA-ZAR QUIETLY SLIPS INTO THE NAZI BASE!
YAH! TOMORROW WE WILL START THE LONG RANGE ATTACK ....AND BOMB THE ENGLISHERS' VITAL SUEZ CANAL!
OFFICERS TALKING! THIS MUST BE THE STAFF HEADQUARTERS!
AND ON THE WAY WE SINK DER BRITISH AIRCRAFT CARRIER NOW IN THE RED SEA!
THE ONE FROM WHICH OUR TWO PRISONERS CAME?
RIGHT! IF WE HADN'T SHOT THEIR PLANE DOWN WE MIGHT NOT HAVE KNOWN THE CARRIER WAS NEAR....NOW WE SURPRISE THEM!
TWO BRITISH PILOTS IN PRISON HERE? I WILL FIND THEM! OH, OH.....A SENTRY!

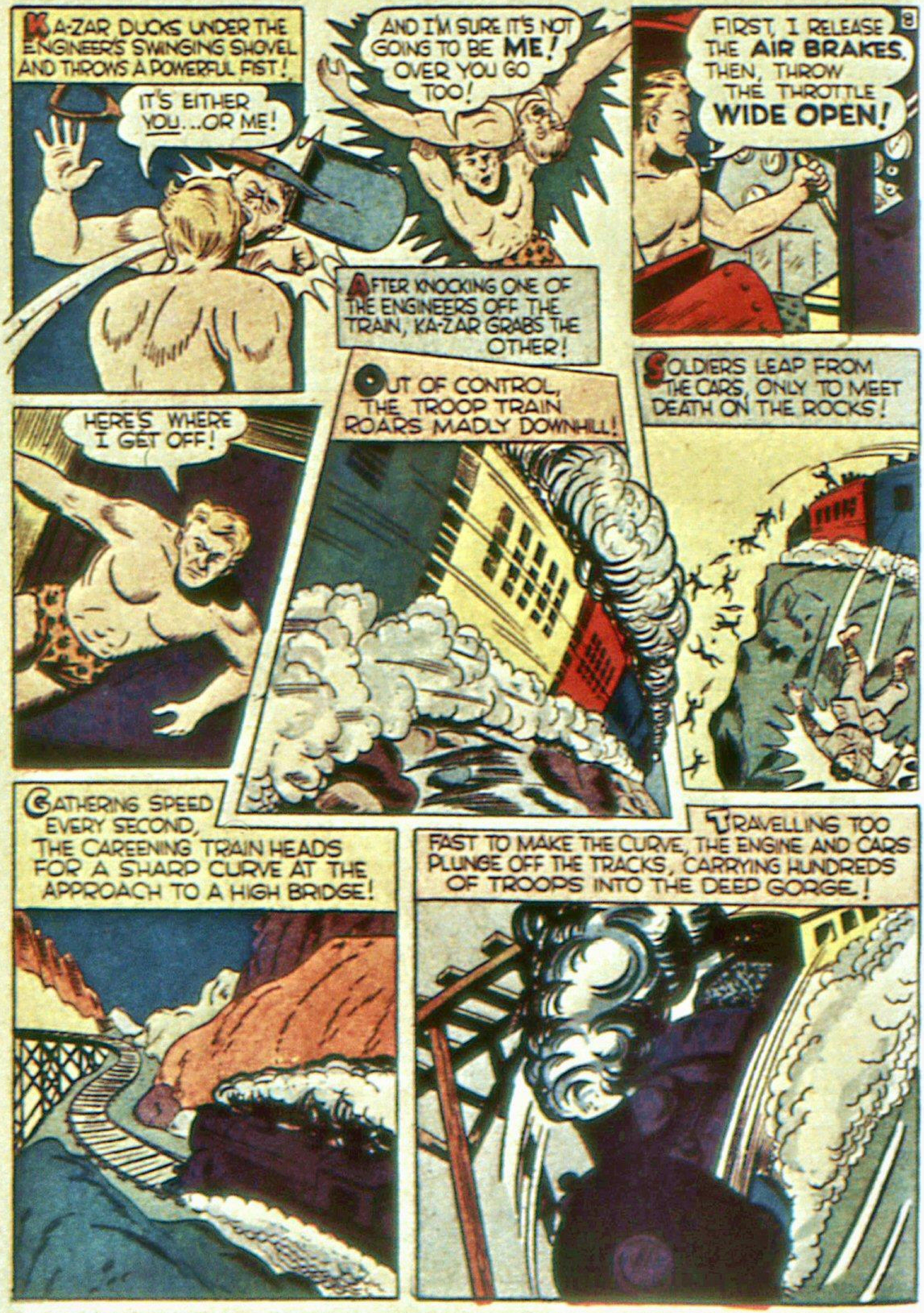

THIS GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE, MISTER GUARD!
OOF!
AH! THE PRISON KEYS!
HURRY UP...GET OUT OF HERE FAST! AND FOLLOW ME!
WHO ARE YOU?
I AM CALLED KA-ZAR..... WHAT IS MORE IMPORTANT, I AM ENGLISH, LIKE YOU!
THESE NAZIS PLAN AN ATTACK ON THE SUEZ CANAL! YOU CAN STOP IT BY ESCAPING IN ONE OF THEIR PLANES!
I KNEW THEY WERE UP TO SOMETHING BIG! THEY SHOT US DOWN WHEN WE ACCIDENTALLY FLEW OVER THIS BASE!
LET'S GO!
SIRENS SHRIEK AS THE TWO FLIERS ROAR AWAY IN A STOLEN NAZI PLANE!
WHOOOOO
IN A FEW HOURS THEY'LL BE BACK AT THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER!
OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE I'M IN FOR TROUBLE!
UP MIT DER HANDS!
THERE HE IS! THE SWINE THAT ATTACKED ME!

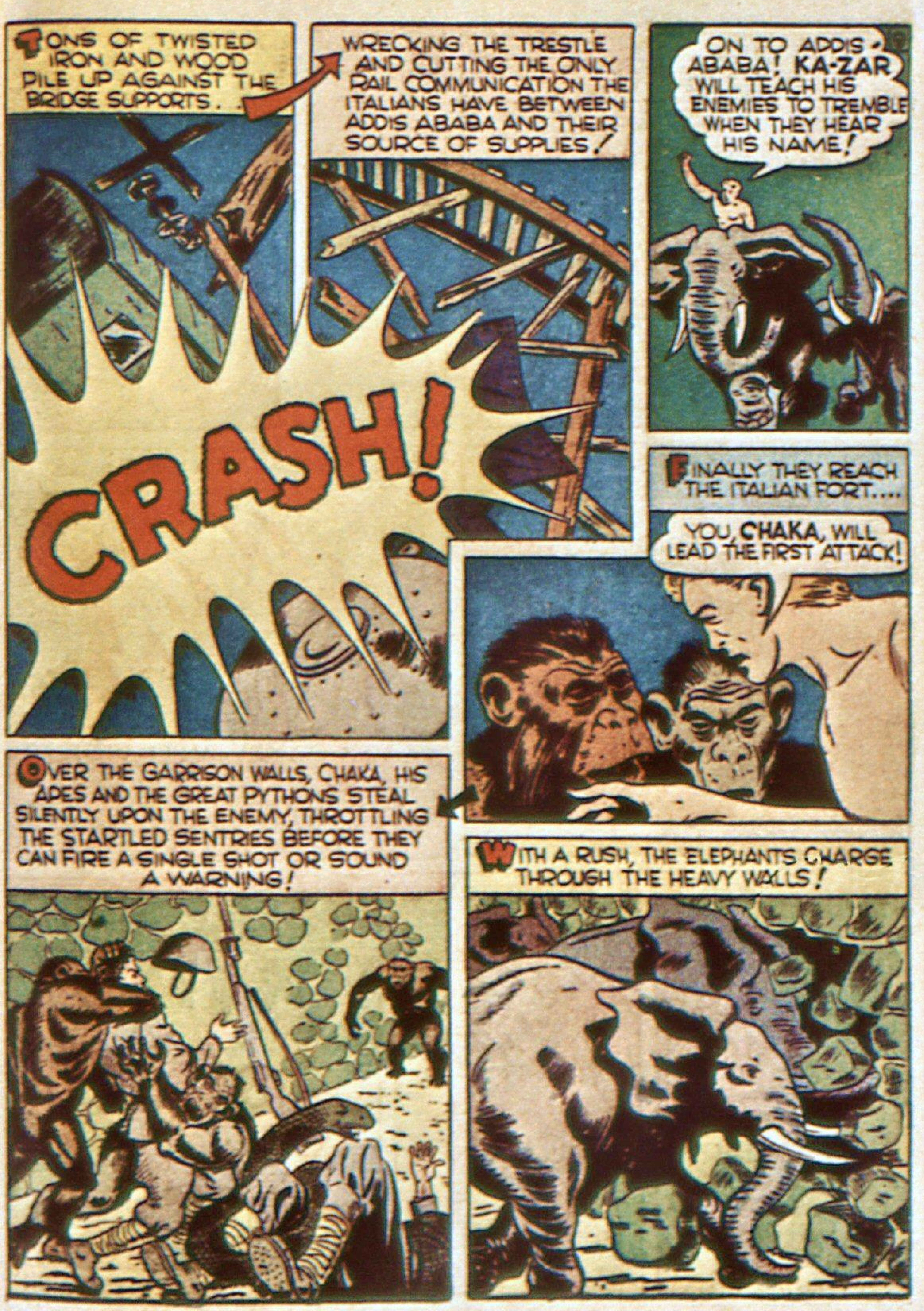

YOU FREED THE TWO ENGLISH PILOTS SO THEY COULD ESCAPE, EH? SO, NOW YOU WILL PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!
PERHAPS...BUT, THEY WILL WARN THE BRITISH OF YOUR PLAN!
TOO LATE! WE WILL PREPARE FOR THE ATTACK AT ONCE! TAKE THE PRISONER TO ONE OF THE BOMBERS!
4
TIE HIM TO A BIG 5-TON BOMB!
SOCK!
KA-ZAR IS ROPED BENEATH A NAZI PLANE!
NOW...PIG...YOU WILL BE DROPPED WITH THE BOMB DURING THE RAID!
FROM THE FOREST SURROUNDING THE AIR BASE COMES A WILD TRUMPETING!
A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS!
TRAJAH! I KNEW HE WOULD COME!
HURRY, TRAJAH, KA-ZAR COMMANDS!
THE ELEPHANT HERD CHARGES!
HIMMEL! SHOOT THEM BEFORE THEY WRECK THE PLANES!

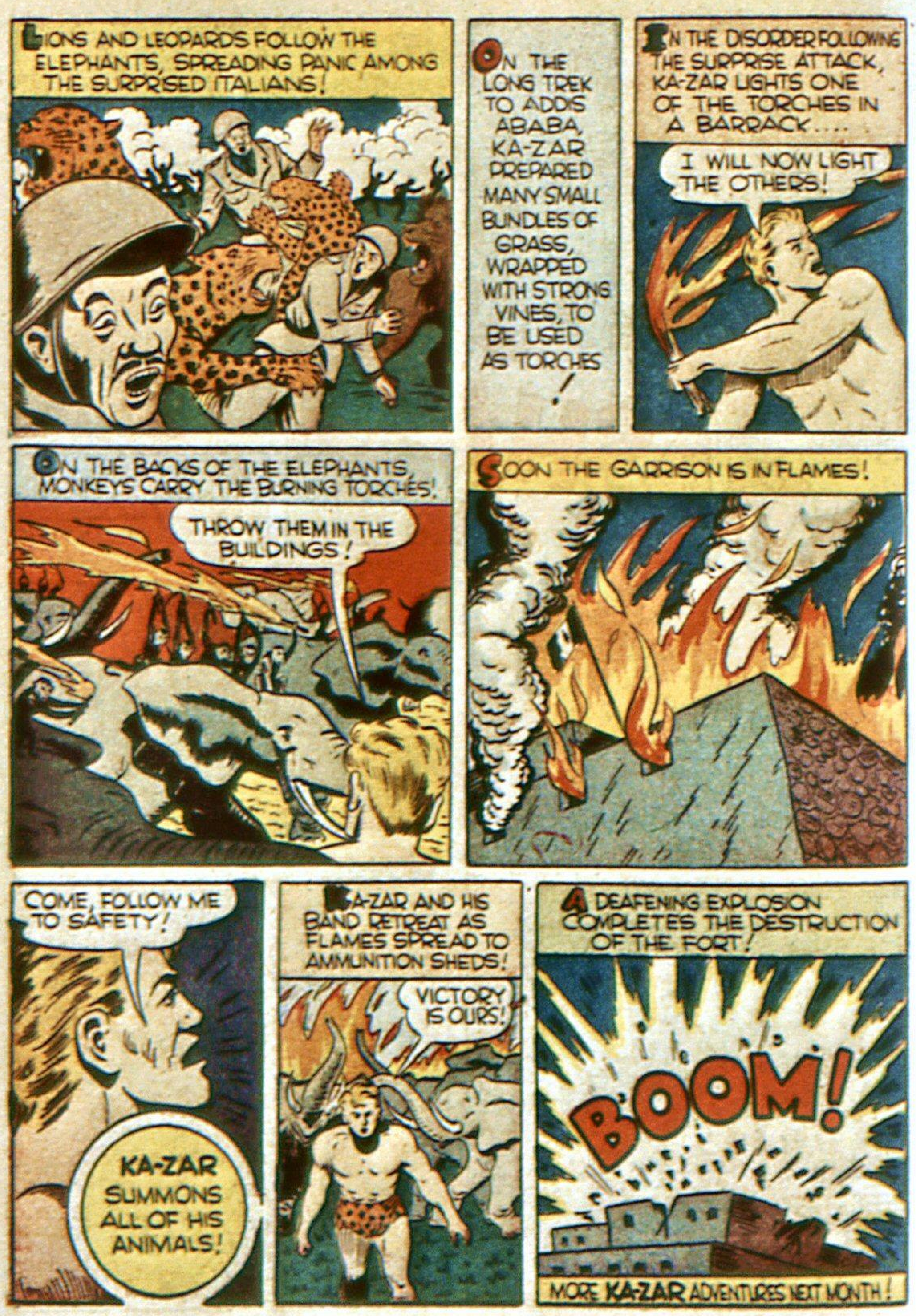

15
TRAJAH SMASHES THE BOMBER TO WHICH KA-ZAR IS TIED!
HIS BONDS LOOSENED, KA-ZAR STRUGGLES FREE!
ON TRAJAH'S BACK, HE LEADS THE HERD!
CHARGE!
ALTHOUGH MANY ARE KILLED, THE ELEPHANTS CONTINUE THEIR DESTRUCTIVE ATTACK!
CALL THE HERD, TRAJAH! WE WILL RETREAT TO THE FOREST! ENOUGH DAMAGE IS DONE!
SOON A SQUADRON OF BRITISH BOMBERS APPEARS!
THEY FINISH THE JOB OF DESTROYING THE NAZIS!
GOOD WORK! A FEW OF OUR FRIENDS WERE SACRIFICED, BUT WE PREVENTED OUR ENEMIES FROM LAUNCHING THEIR ATTACK!


FLUSHED WITH SUCCESS IN BRINGING ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE NAZI AIRDROME, KA-ZAR HEADS OFF IN SEARCH OF NEW CONQUEST! HE PLANS TO ATTACK THE STRONG ITALIAN MILITARY GARRISON AT ADDIS ABABA!
TOGETHER, WE CAN DRIVE THESE ENEMIES FROM THE JUNGLE!
ON THE MARCH HE GATHERS RECRUITS TO THE STRANGEST ARMY THAT EVER RESISTED THE AXIS POWERS! LIONS, LEOPARDS, APES, AND EVEN MONKEYS AND SNAKES EAGERLY JOIN WITH KA-ZAR!
DEEP IN THE WILD ETHIOPIAN MOUNTAIN COUNTRY KA-ZAR MEETS THE RAILROAD CONNECTING THE ITALIAN FORT WITH THE SEACOAST AT FRENCH JIBUTI.
RED SEA
EGYPT
ALGERIA
LIBYA
FRENCH WEST AFRICA
DAKAR
ETHIOPIA
SOUTH AFRICA
HOW TO READ THIS MAP
① NAZI AIR BASE DESTROYED BY KA-ZAR AND HIS ELEPHANTS.
② ROUTE OF KA-ZAR'S MARCH TO THE ITALIAN FORT.
③ ADDIS ABABA, ITALIAN FORT AND ETHIOPIAN CAPITAL.
④ FRENCH SOMALILAND.
⑤ JIBUTI, FRENCH SEAPORT AND TERMINUS OF VITAL RAILROAD.
⑥ BRITISH SOMALILAND.
⑦ ITALIAN EAST AFRICA.
⑧ BRITISH KENYA.
THIS IS THE ONLY MEANS THE ENEMY HAS OF TRANSPORTING SUPPLIES AND RE-ENFORCEMENTS INLAND.......IT MUST BE DESTROYED!


SCARCELY HAD KA-ZAR AND HIS BAND REACHED THE RAILROAD TRACKS WHEN A HEAVILY LOADED TROOP TRAIN BOUND FOR ADDIS ABABA CAME LABORING UP THE STEEP MOUNTAIN GRADE!
FROM THE CLIFFS, MONKEYS AND APES SHOWER THE ITALIANS WITH A DELUGE OF ROCKS AS THE TRAIN ENTERS A NARROW PASS AT THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGE!
THE TRAIN ROLLS DOWNWARD TOWARD THE VALLEY AND KA-ZAR, ON THE BACK OF A FLEET ZEBRA, RIDES AT TOP SPEED, UNDER A SHOWER OF BULLETS, STRAIGHT FOR THE ENGINE!
SHOOT HIM.... QUICK!
I CAN'T GET THE SIGHTS ON HIM!
FASTER... FASTER...! I MUST REACH THE ENGINE BEFORE THEY HIT ME!
EVEN THE BRAVEST OF THE LIONS WOULD NOT DARE FOLLOW THEIR LEADER ON THIS ADVENTURE!
SO, YOU WANT TO PLAY.....?
HEY, GET OFF THIS ENGINE.... BEFORE I HIT YOU WITH THIS SHOVEL!

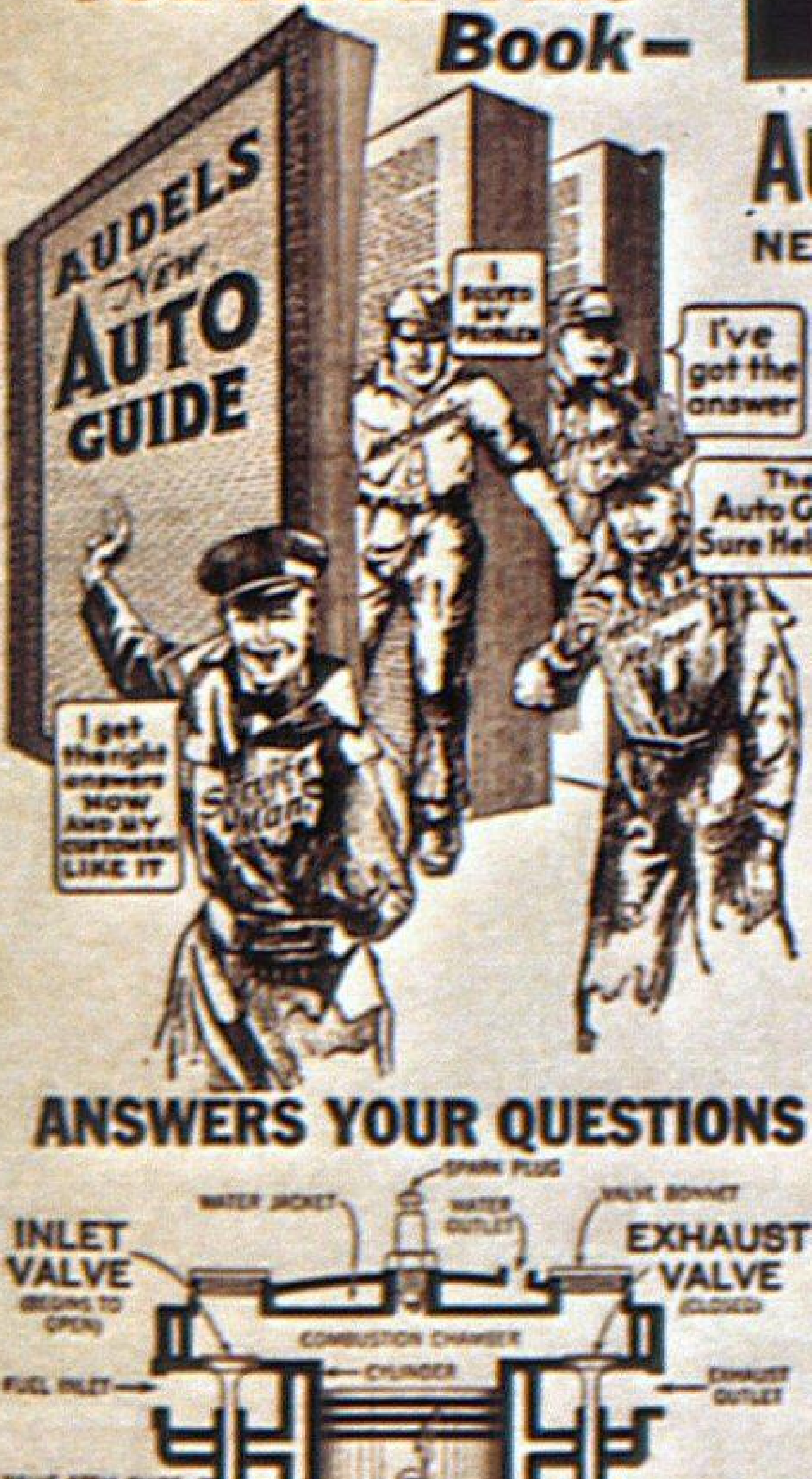

KA-ZAR DUCKS UNDER THE ENGINEER'S SWINGING SHOVEL AND THROWS A POWERFUL FIST!
IT'S EITHER YOU...OR ME!
AND I'M SURE IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ME! OVER YOU GO TOO!
FIRST, I RELEASE THE AIR BRAKES, THEN, THROW THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN!
AFTER KNOCKING ONE OF THE ENGINEERS OFF THE TRAIN, KA-ZAR GRABS THE OTHER!
HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF!
OUT OF CONTROL, THE TROOP TRAIN ROARS MADLY DOWNHILL!
SOLDIERS LEAP FROM THE CARS, ONLY TO MEET DEATH ON THE ROCKS!
GATHERING SPEED EVERY SECOND, THE CAREENING TRAIN HEADS FOR A SHARP CURVE AT THE APPROACH TO A HIGH BRIDGE!
TRAVELLING TOO FAST TO MAKE THE CURVE, THE ENGINE AND CARS PLUNGE OFF THE TRACKS, CARRYING HUNDREDS OF TROOPS INTO THE DEEP GORGE!


TONS OF TWISTED IRON AND WOOD PILE UP AGAINST THE BRIDGE SUPPORTS. . .
WRECKING THE TRESTLE AND CUTTING THE ONLY RAIL COMMUNICATION THE ITALIANS HAVE BETWEEN ADDIS ABABA AND THEIR SOURCE OF SUPPLIES!
CRASH!
ON TO ADDIS ABABA! KA-ZAR WILL TEACH HIS ENEMIES TO TREMBLE WHEN THEY HEAR HIS NAME!
FINALLY THEY REACH THE ITALIAN FORT....
YOU, CHAKA, WILL LEAD THE FIRST ATTACK!
OVER THE GARRISON WALLS, CHAKA, HIS APES AND THE GREAT PYTHONS STEAL SILENTLY UPON THE ENEMY, THROTTLING THE STARTLED SENTRIES BEFORE THEY CAN FIRE A SINGLE SHOT OR SOUND A WARNING!
WITH A RUSH, THE ELEPHANTS CHARGE THROUGH THE HEAVY WALLS!


LIONS AND LEOPARDS FOLLOW THE ELEPHANTS, SPREADING PANIC AMONG THE SURPRISED ITALIANS!
ON THE LONG TREK TO ADDIS ABABA, KA-ZAR PREPARED MANY SMALL BUNDLES OF GRASS, WRAPPED WITH STRONG VINES, TO BE USED AS TORCHES!
IN THE DISORDER FOLLOWING THE SURPRISE ATTACK, KA-ZAR LIGHTS ONE OF THE TORCHES IN A BARRACK....
I WILL NOW LIGHT THE OTHERS!
ON THE BACKS OF THE ELEPHANTS, MONKEYS CARRY THE BURNING TORCHES!
THROW THEM IN THE BUILDINGS!
SOON THE GARRISON IS IN FLAMES!
COME, FOLLOW ME TO SAFETY!
KA-ZAR SUMMONS ALL OF HIS ANIMALS!
KA-ZAR AND HIS BAND RETREAT AS FLAMES SPREAD TO AMMUNITION SHEDS!
VICTORY IS OURS!
A DEAFENING EXPLOSION COMPLETES THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FORT!
BOOM!
MORE KA-ZAR ADVENTURES NEXT MONTH!

MECHANICS

You Need This Book–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I get the right answers NOW AND MY CUSTOMERS LIKE IT
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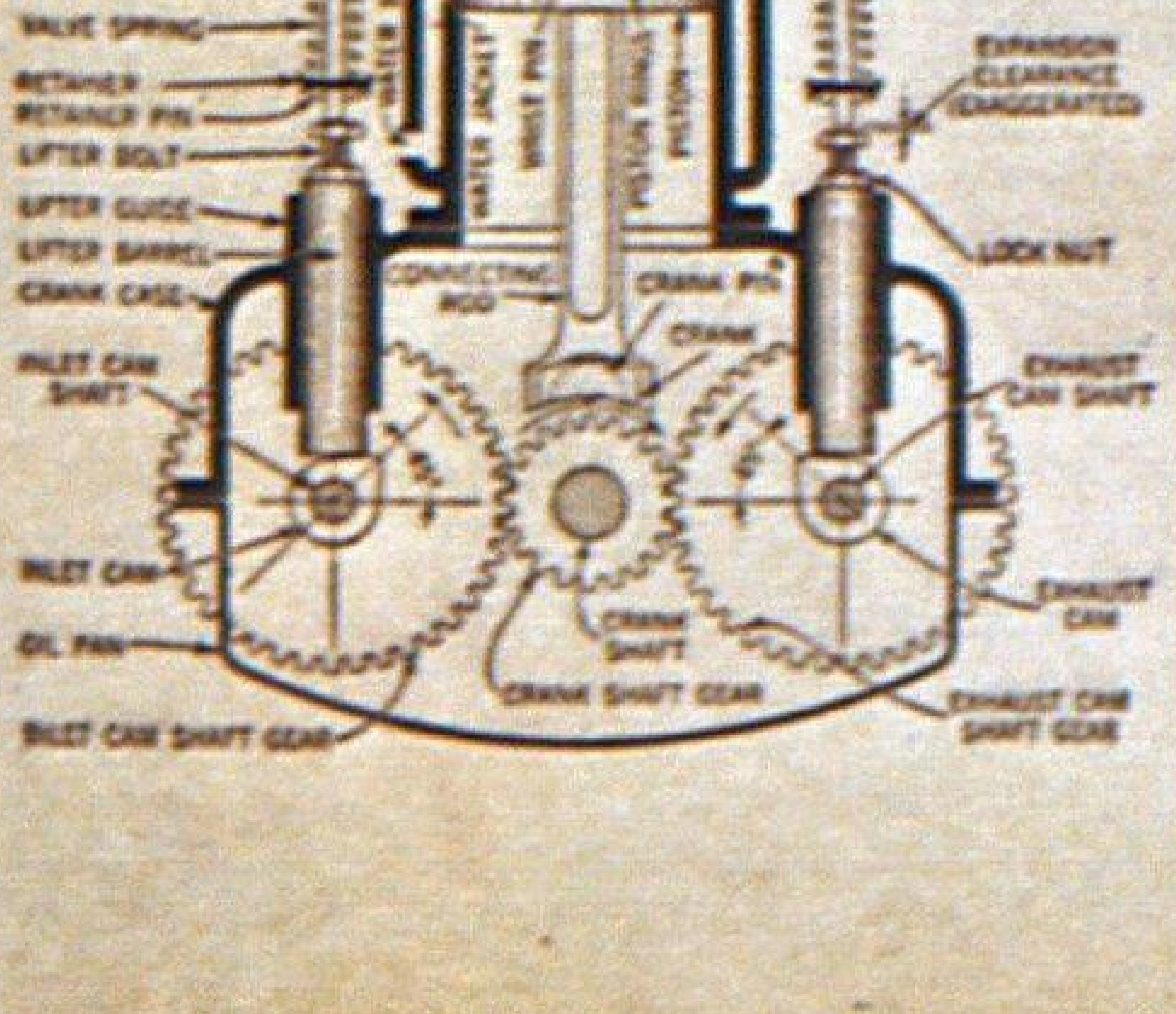
SPARK PLUG
WATER JACKET
WATER OUTLET
VALVE BONNET
INLET VALVE
(BEGINS TO OPEN)
EXHAUST VALVE
(CLOSED)
COMBUSTION CHAMBER
CYLINDER
FUEL INLET
EXHAUST OUTLET
VALVE STEM GUIDE
VALVE STEM
VALVE SPRING
RETAINER
RETAINER PIN
LIFTER BOLT
LIFTER GUIDE
LIFTER BARREL
CRANK CASE
WATER JACKET
WRIST PIN
PISTON RINGS
PISTON
EXPANSION CLEARANCE (EXAGGERATED)
LOCK NUT
CONNECTING ROD
CRANK PIN
CRANK
INLET CAM SHAFT
EXHAUST CAM SHAFT
INLET CAM
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OIL PAN
CRANK SHAFT
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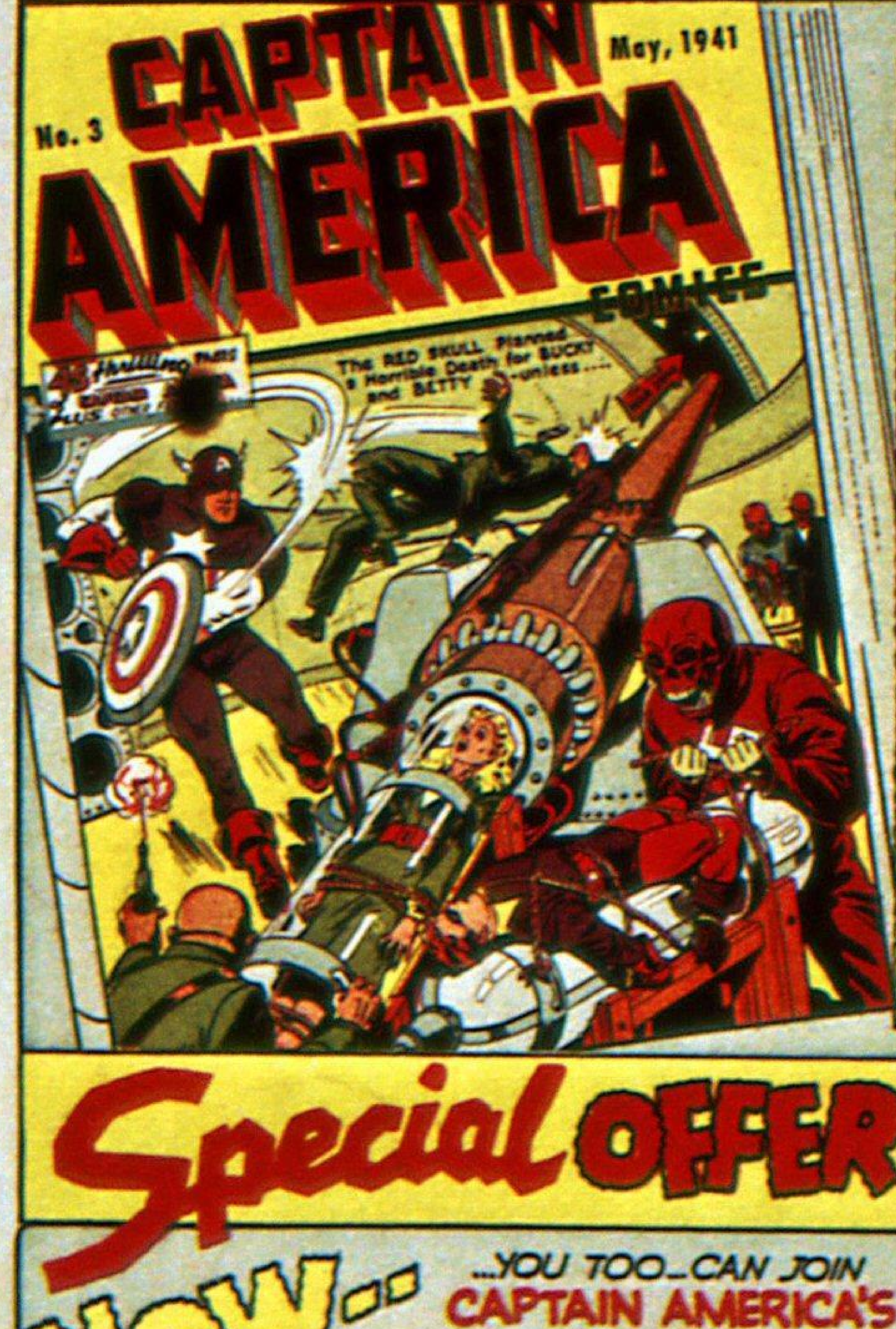
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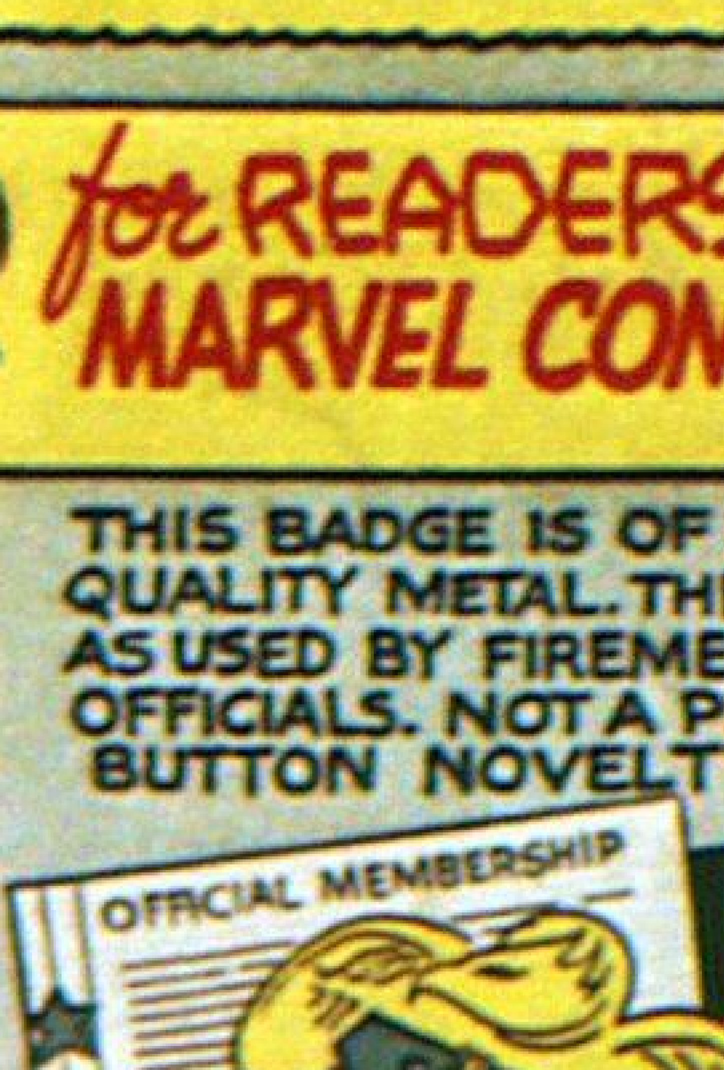

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